



accompanied by heavy snows, prevails here. The Cape mail was blocked in the snow at Springfield for twenty-four hours. It was necessary to employ three engines to extricate the train from the drift.

### POLICE COURT HEARING IN HIGH CRIMINAL CASE.

### EVIDENCE INTRODUCED AGAINST COL. ARTHUR LYNCH.

It is apparent from the statement of his advocate that the prisoner has no intention of denying the truth of the charge.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, June 14.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Bow Street Police Court was crowded this morning when the investigation into the charge of high treason brought against Col. Arthur Lynch, formerly of the Boer army, was begun. Lynch, who was elected member of Parliament for Galway in November last, was arrested at New Haven Wednesday upon landing from France.

Mr. Lynch and other friends of the accused were present. Colonel-General Sir Edward Carson, opening for the prosecution, alluded briefly to Col. Lynch's Australian birth, his residence in Paris and his departure thence to the Transvaal in January, 1900.

"The case for the prosecution," said Sir Edward, "will be that on arriving in South Africa, Lynch took service with the Transvaal government, raised a regiment of which he acted as commander, to fight in behalf of the Boers. Actually fought against Gen. Buller's forces in London and in Natal January 15, 1900, and wrote the Transvaal authorities, notifying them of his desire to take up arms. January 15 he signed a field cornet's certificate, describing himself as an Irishman, a British subject and born in Australia, but declaring his willingness to fight for the South African republic in order to maintain and defend its independence. Lynch also then took oath of allegiance as a full burgher, the certificate enabling him to do so, as well as to receive a pension from the Transvaal government. Lynch then raised the so-called Irish brigade, joined the invading army in Natal, and issued an appeal signed, "Arthur Lynch, Colonel Irish Brigade," inviting Irishmen to assist the two republics."

The Hon. Charles Russell, second son of the late Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Russell of Kilowen, in behalf of the defendants, said that Lynch had faced the prosecution as a man. What he had done had been done openly, and he desired to facilitate the inquiry as much as possible.

After the police had furnished evidence of the prisoner's arrest he was remanded to June 21. During the course of this evidence Detective Inspector Walsh testified to finding in Col. Lynch's pocket a visiting card of Col. Hamilton Holt, introducing Col. Lynch of the Boer army to three Americans, W. S. Hardy, United States Minister at Durban; Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to the Teheran (now Minister to Venezuela), and Prof. Richardson of the American School at Athens, and some testimony had been printed regarding Col. Lynch's presence on commando in Natal.

### LANDLORDS TAKE ACTION, IRISH LEADERS ARRESTED.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. DUBLIN, June 14.—(By Atlantic Cable.) At the instance of Lord De Freyne a writ has been issued against a large number of the Irish Parliamentary party on the charge of conspiracy in connection with the tenant troubles on the De Freyne estate, Roscommon County. Among the defendants are John Redmond, John Dillon, W. J. O'Brien, Judge Swift MacNeil, Conner O'Keeley and the members of the standing committee of the United Irish League, which includes Michael Davitt and a number of former Parliamentarians. The Freeman's Journal is also a defendant. Lord De Freyne seeks an injunction and damages.

Altogether thirty writs have been issued. The action is really taken by the Landlords' Association, and is the beginning of a struggle of the organized landlords against the United Irish League, which it is feared will be severe and far-reaching, for the landlords have ample backing.

John Redmond, in an interview in the House of Commons tonight frankly admitted that this was the biggest fight the landlords had in the support of Dublin Castle, had been undertaken against the Irish National League. He said he regarded the De Freyne action as evidence of recognition of the fact that the attempt of Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, to suppress the United Irish League, had failed, and that in his mind there was no doubt that Dublin Castle was an active ally in the prosecutions.

John Redmond, Sir John Haydon, Sir Thomas O'Brien, James O'Keeley, Patrick O'Brien, John Haydon, Sir Thomas O'Brien, James O'Keeley, and some of the best-known priests in Ireland are also among the defendants in the action of Lord De Freyne.

### BODIES FOUND IN BAY.

Identifications Point to the Murder of Clarence Foster and Sarah Lawrence by Their Companions.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, June 14.—The body of Clarence Foster, a man who has been missing since Monday night, was found in Shinnecock Bay, where Foster's body was found. A coroner took charge of the bodies and has started an investigation.

Foster was married, and he and his wife went from this city to Good Ground, L. I., for an outing. Miss Lawrence was staying at a hotel there with her mother. Miss Lawrence left the hotel Monday night, and walked toward Shinnecock Bay, where she is said to have met Foster. Several persons are said to have seen them entering a hotel on the bay, and that a young man, a friend of Miss Lawrence, was with them. This young man left Good Ground the next day, and has not been seen since.

## PITH OF NEWS FROM THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

CHICAGO, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The wind got back into the southwest today, and Chicago was given another taste of hot weather, the maximum temperature being 86, a rise of 25° from the day. While this did not equal Thursday's record of 1901, the excessive humidity made it more uncomfortable.

Temperatures at 7 a.m.: New York, 72; Boston, 62; Philadelphia, 74; Washington, 78; Chicago, 68; Minneapolis, 68; Cincinnati, 74; St. Louis, 68.

NO RELIEF FOR PUBLISHERS.

Judge Hutchinson overruled a motion for a new trial today in the case brought by George Barrie & Sons of Philadelphia against Mrs. Mary A. Jerome for the price of thirty-three volumes of Balsam's works. A jury in Judge Hutchinson's court decided recently that the books were not the ones that ought to be found in the library of any well-regulated family, and that Mrs. Jerome was not obliged to pay them.

MARRIES A NUN.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

MISHAWAKA (Ind.), June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Robert Voght of Fort Madison, Iowa, and Miss Celia S. Farrell of New York were married here last night. The bride was formerly a Sister of the St. Benedictine order and met Voght while he was helping to build the new academy here.

WOULD REGULATE MARRIAGE.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

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BALDWIN TALKS CRUZADOS.

EDWARD (Lucky) Baldwin arrived today from California. He says Cruzados will be sure stater in the Derby, and may run in the trial race now being arranged for Wednesday at Harlan.

DEATH SPOILS HONEYMOON.

While on his honeymoon trip, George A. Fleck of Louisville was accidentally raised a regiment of which he acted as commander, to fight in behalf of the Boers. Actually fought against Gen. Buller's forces in London and in Natal January 15, 1900, and wrote the Transvaal authorities, notifying them of his desire to take up arms. January 15 he signed a field cornet's certificate, describing himself as an Irishman, a British subject and born in Australia, but declaring his willingness to fight for the South African republic in order to maintain and defend its independence. Lynch also then took oath of allegiance as a full burgher, the certificate enabling him to do so, as well as to receive a pension from the Transvaal government. Lynch then raised the so-called Irish brigade, joined the invading army in Natal, and issued an appeal signed, "Arthur Lynch, Colonel Irish Brigade," inviting Irishmen to assist the two republics."

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FURNITURE COMBINE BREAKS.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

OSHKOSH (Wis.), June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The combine of furniture manufacturers recently formed at

### JUST TO CHINA.

United States Government Continues Its Efforts to Secure an Adjustment of Indemnity Matter.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. NEW YORK, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] In continuation of its policy of leniency toward China, the United States is taking the position that an equitable construction of the peace protocol would be that China's debt should be \$400,000,000 taels, equivalent to a gold debt, at the rates set forth in the protocol, regardless of fluctuations of silver. All the foreign powers are in agreement, excepting an opposite view, and it is doubtful if any power will support the American contention, though China's proposal to levy the customs duties at a gold standard is a great hardship to make the depreciation in the price of silver operate against China both in the payment of indemnity and in the collection of revenues.

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## Elsinore...

The pleasures of both lake and mountains at Elsinore, boating, riding, bicycling, tennis, golf—all the outdoor sports. Finest hot mineral baths. Southern California.

## The Lake View Inn

Elsinore Hot Springs. NEW and up-to-date. Write for booklet. C. S. TRAPAGNO & CO.

## Hotel Redondo,

Redondo, Calif.

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Special rates during June. Write and rates address.

A. D. WRIGHT, Prop.

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Where roses bloom and strawberries grow every day in the year.

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With its late modern improvements, capacity of four hundred guests, the most gay links in the State, and the most sumptuous hotel.

Perpetual May Climate All Ocean Bathing Every Day

Write for booklet.

E. P. DUNN, Prop.

Los Angeles office, 227 South Spring Street.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

## WASHINGTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Feeling that they should not take any chances, none of the Presidents have ever stepped a foot on foreign soil while serving his term.

It is settled that Secretary Moody will witness the summer movements of the North Atlantic squadron, involving a combined naval and army attack on and defense of the United States approaches to New York City. It is expected that he will board the Dolphin for the seas and he has invited as his guests Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, Representative Cannon, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and Representative Ross, chairman of the House Naval Committee. There will be other guests than these, but the Secretary has not yet announced their names.

## CUBA'S ALTERNATIVE.

## RECIPROCITY WITH ENGLAND.

HAVANA, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Unless the United States Senate takes early action on the Cuban Reciprocity Bill, there is a probability that the Cuban government will negotiate reciprocity with Great Britain.

It is known that England has already evinced a desire to make a treaty with Cuba on a liberal basis. While the Cuban government would prefer to have a reciprocal treaty with the United States, the economic condition of the island is such that immediate help is necessary. There must be a market for profitable trade in Cuban products to keep the planters from absolute ruin, and if the United States does not give the needed relief soon, they will look to England for succor.

The United States Minister, Squiers has been made acquainted with the effort on the part of Great Britain to alienate trade with Cuba, and will make inquiries. There is nothing, it is said, in the Platt amendment to prevent the making of such a treaty. The special message of President Roosevelt has created a very favorable impression here, and it is hoped that will stand in some definite form by the Senate on the reciprocity question. Discussing it today, President Palma said:

"President Roosevelt has always proved his friendship for Cuba. We appreciate it, and trust that his efforts in our behalf will be soon crowned with success."

## FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,

## REGULAR SESSION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—WASHINGTON, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Nicaragua Canal Bill was before the Senate for a short time today. Mr. Morgan of Alabama continuing his speech in support of the measure, and in criticism of the Panama project, and Mr. Johnson of North Carolina, for the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill. The measure carries a sum aggregating \$3,645,673. With some minor changes the bill was passed as reported.

The bill, which was passed by the House yesterday, was laid before the Senate, and, on motion of Mr. Hanchett of South Dakota, the House amendment was agreed to. This is the measure.

## MORGAN'S SPEECH CONCLUDED.

The Nicaragua bill then was taken up and Mr. Morgan of Alabama resumed his speech in support of the measure. He criticised many of the items in the allowance made to the Panama Company, showing that the Canal Committee had been negligent in its functions. Taking a hundred-year period, Mr. Morgan showed that the income derived from sailing vessels going via the Nicaragua route would turn the balance in favor of that route even on the basis of comparative cost. An announcement was made that Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin would speak on the canal bill next Tuesday.

The bill was laid aside, and a House bill was passed, paying certain claims heretofore reported to the Secretary of War, growing out of the war with Spain.

Private pension bills were then taken up. After passing a number of such bills the Senate, at 4 p.m., listened to Mr. Morgan of Alabama and Mr. Stokes of South Carolina, by Mr. Tillman and Mr. McLaurin. At 4:35 p.m. the Senate adjourned.

## HAT'S HOBBY TABLED.

The feature of the session of the House today was the attempt by Senator Hay of Virginia, to secure the adoption of a resolution calling upon the President to declare a War for information as to the cost from all sources of the war in the Philippines. The resolution had been referred to the Committee on War, and had not the time limit prescribed by the rules, became privileged. When Mr. Hay called it up, Mr. Crampton of Indiana moved to lay it on the table, and his motion passed, voted by a party vote of 91 to 6.

Mr. Cannon, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the General Appropriation Bill, and gave notice that at an early day next week, he would call it up.

The House then took up consideration of private pension bills. In all 328 bills were passed. At 4:35 p.m. the House adjourned until Monday.

## CHOLERA IN PHILIPPINES.

REPORT TO SURGEON-GENERAL BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.1 WASHINGTON, June 14.—An alarming situation with regard to the epidemic of cholera in the Philippines is reported in a report received by Surgeon-General, forwood from Lt. Col. Heinsman, at present in charge of the medical department of the army in the islands.

The appearance of the disease in Manila, in March, is attributed, in some quarters, to vegetables coming into the islands from infected Chinese ports, and in others to the drinking of Pasig River water, foul with the sewage of the city.

Lt.-Col. Heinsman says that the number of different points attacked by the epidemic, and the consequent infection of many streams which are universally used for drinking and bathing, and into which all foul material and garbage find their way, is the probable cause of a large number of deaths before the rains. The army, he says, is much better protected than the natives or than civil Americans in the islands, because of the care which is exercised in supplying good food and water.

## RYAN COURT-MARTIAL

## MEMBERS OF IT APPOINTED.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—By direction of the President, a general court-martial has been appointed to meet at Manila, on the 15th inst, for the trial of

Capt. James A. Ryan, Fifteenth Cavalry, on the charge that he was unnecessarily severe and arbitrary in his dealings with the natives of the provinces where he was stationed in the Philippines. The court also will try such other officers as may be brought before it. It is the usual order in court-martial cases, and may or may not have any significance.

The detail for the court follows: Brig. Gen. B. S. Bisbee, Col. Theodore B. Smith, Eighth Infantry, and J. S. M. Lee, Thirtieth Infantry; Lieut.-Cols. John F. Stretch, Twenty-first Infantry; C. A. P. Hause, Fifth Cavalry; and G. A. Anderson, Sixth Cavalry; Maj. William L. Pitcher, Eighth Infantry; W. W. Witherspoon, Thirteenth Infantry; William C. Butler, Twenty-fifth Infantry; C. S. Bishop, First Cavalry; and John P. Ryan, Sixth Cavalry, with Maj. Millward F. Wiltsie, First Infantry, as Judge-Advocate.

## STATEHOOD BILLS.

## TO COME UP NEXT SESSION.

## BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Senate Committee on Territories had a formal meeting today and decided that the bill was to be introduced in the Senate—namely, to report Statehood bills for Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma until the next session of Congress.

The vote upon this stood 6 to 4 in the committee. The Senators voting in favor of reporting the bills early next session were Bard, Beveridge, Dillingham, Nelson, Burnham and Tammie. Those in opposition were the Republicans. Senators voted to "kill" the Statehood bills. A motion was made that the committee report these three bills early next session, so they are actually ordered reported now and will come from the committee favorably or adversely next winter.

## CABINET CHANGES AGAIN CONSIDERED.

## MANY ASPIRANTS FOR SECRETARY HITCHCOCK'S PLACE.

Choice of Successor Seems to Lie Between McCormick of Utah and Metcalf of California—Secretary Wilson's Retirement also Mooted.

## BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Word comes direct from the White House tonight that the President is again considering Cabinet changes, and again comes positive information that he will give one place in California—that of Secretary of the Interior.

Discussion about the retirement of Secretary Hitchcock has gone on for such a long time that there is an unusually big list of candidates from all parts of the country to succeed him, but it can be stated, just now, that there are only two candidates under consideration at all seriously, and they are W. S. McCormick of Salt Lake City, Utah, and V. H. Metcalf of Oklahoma.

Metcalf is an open candidate for the place, and that operates against him. He is said to have been unable to induce him to letters to the White House, and at the same time it seems to be an open question whether he can get the full endorsement of both Senators from his own State. Any way, there are reports that Senators Kearns and Rawlins are not enthusiastically in favor of the selection of Mr. McCormick for a Cabinet place.

Mr. McCormick was seen this evening at the White House, and that operates against him, and his own selection. He said that he had not heard a single word about changes or the possibility of his entering the Cabinet, from any source. He reiterated that he has not at any time been a candidate for a Cabinet position, and that he considers it ill-advised for any public man to attempt to break into the President's official family.

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Private pension bills were then taken up. After passing a number of such bills the Senate, at 4 p.m., listened to Mr. Morgan of Alabama and Mr. Stokes of South Carolina, by Mr. Tillman and Mr. McLaurin. At 4:35 p.m. the Senate adjourned.

## HAT'S HOBBY TABLED.

The feature of the session of the House today was the attempt by Senator Hay of Virginia, to secure the adoption of a resolution calling upon the President to declare a War for information as to the cost from all sources of the war in the Philippines.

The resolution had been referred to the Committee on War, and had not the time limit

prescribed by the rules, became privileged.

When Mr. Hay called it up, Mr. Crampton of Indiana moved to lay it on the table, and his motion passed, voted by a party vote of 91 to 6.

Mr. Cannon, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported the General Appropriation Bill, and gave notice that at an early day next week, he would call it up.

The House then took up consideration of private pension bills. In all 328 bills were passed. At 4:35 p.m. the House adjourned until Monday.

## CHOLERA IN PHILIPPINES.

REPORT TO SURGEON-GENERAL BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.1 WASHINGTON, June 14.—An alarming situation with regard to the epidemic of cholera in the Philippines is reported in a report received by Surgeon-General, forwood from Lt. Col. Heinsman, at present in charge of the medical department of the army in the islands.

The appearance of the disease in Manila, in March, is attributed, in some quarters, to vegetables coming into the islands from infected Chinese ports, and in others to the drinking of Pasig River water, foul with the sewage of the city.

Lt.-Col. Heinsman says that the number of different points attacked by the epidemic, and the consequent infection of many streams which are universally used for drinking and bathing, and into which all foul material and garbage find their way, is the probable cause of a large number of deaths before the rains. The army, he says, is much better protected than the natives or than civil Americans in the islands, because of the care which is exercised in supplying good food and water.

## RYAN COURT-MARTIAL

## MEMBERS OF IT APPOINTED.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—By direction of the President, a general court-martial has been appointed to meet at Manila, on the 15th inst, for the trial of

## Words Fail

To describe the beauty to be found in pretty carpet designs.

Our tapestry Brussels are economical as well as durable—and our axminster carpets have a richness that adds charm to every household—there are many pretty rugs, too—that are worth more than the price.

The detail for the court follows:

Brig. Gen. B. S. Bisbee, Col. Theodore B. Smith, Eighth Infantry, and J. S. M. Lee, Thirtieth Infantry; Lieut.-Cols. John F. Stretch, Twenty-first Infantry; C. A. P. Hause, Fifth Cavalry; and G. A. Anderson, Sixth Cavalry; Maj. William L. Pitcher, Eighth Infantry; W. W. Witherspoon, Thirteenth Infantry; William C. Butler, Twenty-fifth Infantry; C. S. Bishop, First Cavalry; and John P. Ryan, Sixth Cavalry, with Maj. Millward F. Wiltsie, First Infantry, as Judge-Advocate.

## STATEHOOD BILLS.

## TO COME UP NEXT SESSION.

## BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

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The vote upon this stood 6 to 4 in the committee. The Senators voting in favor of reporting the bills early next session were Bard, Beveridge, Dillingham, Nelson, Burnham and Tammie. Those in opposition were the Republicans. Senators voted to "kill" the Statehood bills. A motion was made that the committee report these three bills early next session, so they are actually ordered reported now and will come from the committee favorably or adversely next winter.

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LABOR.  
FIVE WEEKS  
OF IDLENESS.End of Miners' Strike  
Not in Sight.Has Settled Down to  
Test of Endurance.Dynamite Outrage at Hazelton—Germany's Old Age  
Pension System.BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.J.  
WILKESBARRE (Pa.) June 14.—Today ends the fifth week of the anthracite coal miners' strike. Neither side has weakened. As the days go by, it becomes more apparent that it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The entire region was quiet today, and the territory affected by the strike presents a Sunday-like appearance. Including those who are not on strike, but are affected by the suspension, there are approximately 165,000 men and boys idle. The efforts of the strike leaders to bring out the fire bosses are not meeting with as much success as they expected.

President Mitchell today received advice from West Virginia, which he says are extremely favorable to the strikers. One telegram from the Kanawha and New River districts where a total of 15,000 men are employed, says that 12,000 men are on strike in that territory. Water is slowly accumulating in some collieries, but the company officials say they have the situation well in hand.

FOOD FOR SPECULATION.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.J.  
WILKESBARRE (Pa.) June 14.—There is much speculation among the strikers and others in this district in regard to the nature of the information the Illinois mine workers' officials will bring here in regard to a general strike of soft-coal miners to help their brother workers in the anthracite fields.

President Mitchell says the delegation is coming to Wilkesbarre to discuss local conditions within the State of Illinois, but there is a general belief that the miners will tell Mitchell that the feeling of the soft-coal men on the question of a sympathetic strike is more than four weeks since the the anthracite districts requested the call of a mining convention to propose considering the advisability of involving the soft-coal miners of the country over in the struggle. It takes five districts to call such a convention. The miners have already publicly consented to hold a national conference, and it is believed that Mitchell also has the consent of the West Virginia district.

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WORK OF STRIKERS.

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PELEE AGAIN ERUPTS.

ROSARIO (island of Dominica) June 14.

—The French revenue cutter L'Algier came in here today. She reports that while passing St. Pierre, Martinique, at or about the time of the eruption, she received from Mons. Goudeau, the quantity of volcanic matter settled upon the vessel's decks, although she was ten miles distant from the island.

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## THE ORANGE MARKET.

Special and Authentic Quotations by Telegraph.

## CITRUS FRUITS IN THE EAST.

THE NEW YORK MARKET.

OUTLOOK WERE TO THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, June 14.—(Exclusive) Advertisements of California citrus fruits amounted to but two or three each week, four or five last week. Compared with the corresponding week of last season, this difference at that time was not at all surprising that fancy oranges, sweets and Valencia oranges, were exceptionally high in price. Large sizes of the latter variety are particularly desired, and are down to occasional small lots and command fancy figures for even the best quality of fruit. The lemon market held steady under favorable offerings and unfavorable conditions the early part of the week, and now that the thermometer is moving upward again should be a marked increase in present prices. Buy now, before the weather becomes hot, and save.

"Short Line" is opened to public mail, and the express lines, West and East, will be within ten days we will be in Los Angeles, which is on the transcontinental train. While it is the city of 1,000,000 population.

Present prices. Buy now, before the weather becomes hot, and save.

Allocated according to time received or post or postal money order.

OUTR BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.

contractor, and Miss Gwendoline Angeles.

Dr. O. H. Taft of Buffalo, a guest of Dr. W. E. Helleman, a few days.

Rev. C. H. de Garmo has had a charge for the summer at the City, Nev.

R. D. Youkum, president of Louis and Sam Francescos at the Angelus.

A. D. McCandless of Redwood City, Calif., and McCandless &amp; Son, Iowa, are at the West.

W. L. Thacher of the Thacher is at the head of a party of the Ojai Valley, staying at the Hotel.

T. A. Blakeley, a capitalist in Los Angeles, is visiting friends in San Francisco, accompanied by his daughter.

Misses Ida Spinkerman, Mamie Hendon, Anna Creag are registered Westminster from St. Louis.

R. D. Youkum, president of Youkum Bros., Los Angeles, and with the Colorado Shrine at the Hotel.

Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch of Boston, Mrs. E. F. Bowditch of Birmingham, Mass., Dr. E. H. Bailey and Miss E. H. Bailey, Boston are quartered at the Hotel.

The key to the world of musical piano player. We have a circulation library of music and a room. Geo. J. Birkel, 101 Spring.

OCEAN PARK.

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) June 14, 1902.

FINANCIAL CHANGES.

The exchange through the hotel clearinghouse last week was \$1,000,000, as compared with \$1,000,000 the week before. May 21, the previous week, \$1,000,000, the present week was \$1,000,000.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS.

LOS ANGELES BANK.

Bid Asked.

Bank of Commerce 125 120

Central 125 120

Citizens 125 120

Farmers and Merchants 125 120

First National 125 120

Hibernia 125 120

Los Angeles National 125 120

Main Street Savings 125 120

National Bank of Commerce 125 120

New York and Trust Co. 125 120

State Bank and Trust Co. 125 120

State Bank of Savings 125 120

State National 125 120

Telegraphers and Savings 125 120

Union Stock and Bond 125 120

Wells Fargo 125 120

Wells Fargo and Co. 125 120

## San Bernardino, and Riverside Counties.

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

Woodmen's Thousands  
IN SAN BERNARDINO.CELEBRATION AND INITIATION A  
RECORD-BREAKER.Over Three Hundred Novices Intro-  
duced to the Goat—Men Sent to Take  
Santa Fe Strikers' Places to Quit  
Tomorrow.

SAN BERNARDINO, June 14.—The Woodmen of the World held a big jubilee here this afternoon and evening. Two thousand Woodmen from camps far and near were in attendance, and as many more, from distant out-of-town, were invited to participate in the festivities on the side. It was one of the biggest fraternal events in the history of Southern California. The keynote of the festivities was the initiation of over 300 candidates into the mysteries of the order, this being Southern California's quota of an increase of 3000 new members, who will join the organization in this Camp session when it is held. The candidates initiated today came from the San Bernardino, Riverside, Redlands, Pomona, Ontario and San Jacinto camps.

The town was easily decorated for the occasion, flags and bunting and the colors, mottoes and emblems of the Woodmen's order being combined with happy effect along the streets in the decoration stores and in private residences strutting in friendly rivalry to make the best showing. Three long special trains arrived at the Santa Fe Third-street station shortly after 3:30 o'clock. One came from Los Angeles, via Orange; another from Los Angeles, via Pasadena, and the third had rounded the loop, bringing delegations from Redlands and Ontario.

It was after 4 o'clock that about a thousand local and visiting Woodmen got in line, and marched down Third street to E, and thence to the pavilion. There were five divisions in the parade, each headed by a band. C. L. McFarland, chairman of the Riverside Board of Trustees, presided. City Attorney Haskell made the address of welcome, and Mayor M. P. Snyder of Redlands, and H. D. Dixey of San Bernardino. The competitive drill by degree teams was won by Pasadena; second, Eastlake, Los Angeles; third, Redlands. In the evening there was another big parade from the business section to the pavilion, where the candidates were initiated. A dance concluded the festivities. The affair was a Southern California record-breaker.

## SAINT FE SHOP TIE-UP.

All the bell-makers sent here by the Bissell Iron Works to take the places of the Santa Fe strikers have agreed to throw up their work, and as a result a complete tie-up of the shops here will occur Monday. The report that the new men will quit is authentic, being given out by one of the men, who states that they have received no orders from the strikers that they will be given transportation to any point desired. They will walk out in a body and will agree to offer any employment with the Santa Fe company at any other point. So far the bell makers have shipped thirty-three men from here, and state that twenty-one of the way to Chicago were induced to leave the city on a bus, and seventeen left at Ash Fork. The shops at Needles are closed, all the new men having left.

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of this city for a number of years. The funeral was held this afternoon from the family residence.

Judge Bledsoe has denied the defendant's motion for a new suit of Estelle Berry vs. John Ward Berry, and the plaintiff will stand trial on the plaintiff's appeal is taken to the Supreme Court.

The newly-elected officers of St. Bernard Commandery, K. T. were installed last evening by Past Commander Frank Clarke Prescott of Redlands.

The directors of the Southern California State Hospital at Highland met yesterday and today and awarded bids for hospital supplies for the coming year.

Miss Lucile Bright of Wichita, Kan., is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Pickering.

Mrs. David Anderson of Los Angeles is visiting Mrs. Hattie Benson.

Mrs. Fannie P. McGhee is visiting relatives in Los Angeles.

Mrs. P. Grubbs is visiting relatives at San Diego.

Ralph Swine will spend Sunday at Denver.

Mrs. T. R. Stone left yesterday for Denver.

Z. L. Parmelee Co., Los Angeles, sells gas and electric fixtures which will please you. Write for estimates.

## ONTARIO.

## FRUIT RUSH.

ONTARIO, June 14.—All the dry yards are putting things in readiness for a season of rush work. There is a tremendous crop of apricots, that will begin to come in about ten days later. The Malone Fruit Company will employ 100 cutters.

## ONTARIO BREVIETIES.

James Quibell has put down a 226-foot well on his peach orchard, and is pumping fifteen inches of water.

R. L. Hall will represent the Congregational Endeavor Society at the Santa Fe convention at San Jose, Calif.

The society has nearly 100 members.

The Odeon Fellows have elected as N. E. C. Blaine; V. G. A. W. Cavanaugh; Recording Secretary, J. S. Fink; Treasurer, R. O. Brackenridge; Vice-President, C. L. Holcomb of Minneapolis, Minn., has purchased ten acres in block 15, 15th and 16th streets, and will move to this city with his wife.

A strong Republican club is being organized here, composed of the most prominent people of the valley. Activity in local politics is on the increase.

The new officers of the May Queen are: N. G. N. M. Fink; Recording Secretary, E. G. Jane Piddington; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. N. Fink; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Hughes; Roland Johnson, Leon Leonard, Chester Herbst, Rupert Graettinger and Charlie Rankin.

## RIVERSIDE.

## CLUB AFTER BLOOD.

RIVERSIDE, June 14.—The Riverside Horticultural Club closed its successful season with weekly meetings with picnics yesterday at Fairmount Park.

An informal discussion was held in regard to the future of the club. It was agreed that there was no money in the treasury.

CROPS THIS YEAR.

This season's honey crop will be about one tenth of last year's.

Desiduous fruit is unevenly distributed, but between the heavily-laden and the moderately-well loaded trees, the whole will average a fair yield.

This year's hay is superior in quality to last year's, but in quantity about 50 per cent, and is probably about 50 per cent of last year's crop.

## RIVERSIDE BREVIETIES.

A son was born yesterday to the wife of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Scoville, of the Santa Fe camp.

The new camp was opened yesterday by Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Scoville, of the Santa Fe camp.

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"Liner" Sheet.

XI<sup>th</sup> YEAR.

## HOUSE

## FACT AND COMMENT.

## THE CITY IN BRIE!

## BREVITIES.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and as soon as possible; you, with scores of others in this fair city of homes, have figured on getting your own home, but have postponed the day of beginning. Why so? Do you not know? Well, we will be glad to aid you if you can manage to get the lot paid for. In such case you can command us for money to build on first-mortgage security; don't get humbugged into "something for nothing," because you cannot get anything worth having for nothing. Getting money to build a home, such as not a gambling proposition in which the few win and the many lose, is a safe investment. You had better figure to pay a reasonable interest, as any business man would, and then in return demand value received; we do not give something for nothing, but do give full value for every pledge. In borrowing from a purely mutual corporation, such as ours, is you pay for what you get, and get just what you pay for, which makes the business a safe investment for one. You can get the home promptly, and have it paid for in a reasonable time out of monthly payments; no more than rent. What more can any reasonable person want? Is there "interest" and "something-for-nothing" concerns you may have to pay for from one to ten years before your "contract matures" to give you a safe investment? Well, if you want such a home as you want, and to pay off the debt may take the remainder of your life. Certainly it is that no one who intelligently investigates the plan of getting a home into your hands in any stock in a scheme so full of chance and danger. Some of these concerns are now under the ban of the Washington postal officials, pending an investigation. The plan of the corporation is similar to that of a lottery—which is illegal—and hence forbidden in the United States laws. Do not have it said of you that "foolish in where you fear to tread." Go slow, investigate, be sure you are safe, then go ahead. We solicit your business along these lines. Having a large sum of money on hand to loan, and having large expenses to meet, you may be assured that we are here to serve you very advantageously; command us for information; no trouble to explain; uniform courtesy shown to all inquiries; no high expense for paying airmail; no extra compensation, and our 6 per cent. secured investments, than which there is nothing better on the market; note our authorized capital is \$2,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is in the Protective Savings Mutual Building and Loan Association, 101 North Broadway, W. G. Blewett, Secretary.

Times' Prize Cookbooks. The series of prize recipe contests is closed for the year. All entries are now brought out by it, some 450 in number, by California housekeepers, and including directions for cookies, puddings, salads, pies, picnics, cheeques, Spanish dishes, candies and caramels, in the form of a 60-page cookbook, and for sale by The Times and its agents at 15 cents per copy, 4 cents extra if mailed. Send orders at once.

"The Facts and Fallacies of Christian Science." Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D.D., will preach on this topic at Christ Episcopal Church, Flower street, corner of 7th (seventeenth street) Sunday at 11 o'clock, and will repeat the same discourse at the Chapel of Our Savior, East Ninth street, Corner Wilson, at 7:30 o'clock. All services in Pine Hill church pass Christ Church door. Welcome.

Admission free, no reserved seats. An excellent musical and literary programme has been arranged by the Western Business College for their graduation exercises on Thursday evening next. Dr. John H. Pitner will deliver the annual address, and the Hon. D. K. Tracy will preside. All are cordially invited to be present. Housekeepers, attention, look after your carpets and rugs, carpets are a breeding place for moths and disease germs; we take up, clean and lay; also repair borders and set carpets; make over hair and machine mending. Ring up M. 127, City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, office 456 S. Broadway. John Blesser.

We will draw special designs free for your furniture, with our expert designs and workmen, and in materials; we are sure to please you. Hand-made furniture, hardwood floors, grilles etc. F. B. Reichenbach, Manufacturer, 618 S. Broadway. John 321. Painted floors, we stain and paint floors or stain them so they look like polished oak floors; we also lay hardwood floors; prices low. "Nonpareil" was for sale. Jno. A. Smith, 455 S. Broadway. Tel. main 427. Established 1875.

Rating sales, Chicago Millinery store, special on everything; prices cut in two because the goods must go. Most complete line of stylish up-to-date trimming. It will pay you to take a look. Mrs. A. Burgwald, 311 S. Spring street.

George R. Potter & Co., 217 West Second st., wish to announce the arrival of a carload of Broadway mambous of all kinds and colors, all beautifully finished in various colors. They wish to show them to everybody.

The choir of the First Presbyterian Church, corner Twenty-first and Figueroa streets, will give a concert this evening, and successful praise services to-night. Free to all; every one invited.

Ladies, for fancy tailor-made gowns and the latest golf suits, call and see J. Korn, ladies and gentlemen's tailor, 222 S. Broadway, at the corner of 21st and Hill, between Broadway and Hill.

Golden Gate Ladies' Tailoring Parlor will have a special price on tailor-made suits; your own material made to order of \$10, any style. 212 S. Broadway, room 2.

The Natick House serves roast turkey, with dressing, today, in their new dining-room, seating capacity 200, from 4:45 to 7:30 p.m.; meals 25c; 21 for \$4.50. Mustard.

If you are puzzled over furnishing your house, talk to F. B. Reichenbach, manufacturer of odd furniture, hardwood floors, grilles, etc.; 618 S. Broadway.

Why not make your winter wear? Styling narrow French lace patterns, perfectly fitted, 50c; satisfaction guaranteed. 619 S. Hill st.

All the latest designs in accordion quilting and pinking. Sun-plated silk, cutting and hemming. 218 S. Spring street. Tel. main 301.

Zinnemann's button and button-hole factory. Sponging cloth a specialty. 254 S. Broadway, rooms 3-6.

Sketching, Terminal Island, next Wednesday. Art School, 614 Hill st. Evening classes, drawing, painting, embroidery, etc.

Have you seen that artistic furniture? F. B. Reichenbach, Manufacturer, at 618 S. Broadway.

Fine cabinet photos reduced to \$1.75 per dozen. Sunbeam, 236 S. Main.

Dr. E. F. Clegg, 233 S. Broadway, surgeon to the disabled women.

Cards made to order and repaired. Mrs. Sutern, 247 S. Broadway.

Camp Swiftfoot, Catalina Island, is now open for business.

Panama hats cleaned at Russell's factory, 418 S. L. A. st.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union telegraph office for Miss Elizabeth Bush, Mrs. H. H. Landis, Miss Harriet McCormon, Dr. A. M. O'Neil, Dr. T. R. Cunningham, Mr. Pickles, E. A. McFarland, E. C. Eddy, Charles L. Clegg, T. S. Reyes and John E. Healy.

Ready for Business

At our old location, 224-240 Commercial street, L. A. Farming and Milling Co.

## ALLEGED PETTY LARCENISTS.

Mike Powers, Bernard Tennis, Albert Williams and Fred Gallagher were arrested yesterday by Detectives Dixon and Smith, charged with petty larceny. The prisoners, all boys, are accused of stealing grain sacks valued at \$4 from a warehouse at the corner of Hewitt and Third streets.

## BURNS WERE FATAL.

Mrs. James H. Boyer, colored, died at the County Hospital early yesterday morning from the effects of burns received in an explosion of gasoline Friday evening at her home, No. 2420 South Main street.

## WILL FIGURE.

The Statistical Committee of the produce exchange will hold a meeting tomorrow at 3:30 p.m. at the callboard rooms. The members of the committee are Messrs. Sentous, Pieper and Simpson.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk, as follows:

George Hammond, aged 74, a native of Ohio and a resident of Whittier, and Mary G. Cooper, aged 64, a native of New York, and a resident of Pasadena.

Joseph Tate Kirk, aged 28, a native of California, and Millie Wiser, aged 25, a native of Missouri; both residents of Santa Monica.

Jackie P. McSwain, aged 27, a native of California, and Little, T. Whittle, aged 21, a native of Kentucky; both residents of Long Beach.

James E. V. Vierich, aged 35, a native of New York, and Mary Beader, aged 27, a native of Missouri; both residents of Lamanda Park.

Arnold W. Maher, aged 24, a native of Nebraska, and Florence M. Morton, aged 25, a native of Illinois; both residents of Los Angeles.

LeRoy B. Hackett, aged 23, a native of Wisconsin, a resident of Oakland, and Estelle A. Chapplain, aged 23, a native of California and a resident of Los Angeles.

Elmer L. Saunders, aged 27, a native of Missouri and Belle A. Ferris, aged 27, a native of Iowa; both residents of San Diego.

BIRTH RECORD.

BREIDENBACH—In this city, June 3, to the wife of Emile H. Breidenbach, a son.

## DEATH RECORD.

KILPATRICK—At Fort Townsend, June 4. David Kilpatrick, late of Prescott, Ariz. Funeral from residence of his sister, Miss Kilpatrick, 212 S. Main street, June 5. Burial at 2:30 p.m. at Rosedale Cemetery. RIGGINS—In this city, June 13, to his wife, Mrs. Riggins, aged 41, a native of Falmouth, from residence at 1215 New Hampshire st., June 14, 1902. Edward M. McCullum, aged 21, son of Marshall and Ada McCullum, and the wife of Alice Sanders Maude and the late Albert D. McCullum. Funeral services Monday, June 17, at 1 p.m. at the Church of the Good Shepherd, 222 S. Main street. Hon. Emilie H. Breidenbach, a son.

NOLAN—In this city, June 16. George F. Nolan, beloved brother of Mrs. V. F. Nolan, of Newmarket, Ontario, Canada. Funeral from residence at 1215 New Hampshire st., June 17, 1902. Edward M. McCullum, aged 21, son of Marshall and Ada McCullum, and the wife of Alice Sanders Maude and the late Albert D. McCullum. Funeral services Monday, June 17, at 1 p.m. at the Church of the Good Shepherd, 222 S. Main street. Hon. Emilie H. Breidenbach, a son.

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## Real Estate.

LINERS.

WANTED—  
To Purchase, Real Estate.

WANTED—WE HAVE PURCHASER FOR 4-5 ROOMS, 2 BATHS, 1000 to 1200 sq. ft. \$2000 cash, \$1000 down, 10% interest, 10% down, monthly payments; \$250 down, balance monthly. Call Monday, 10 a.m. A. S. C. FOSTER, 107 South Main, 15th and Main and San Pedro, Fourth and Eighth sts.

Another worth from \$2000 to \$3000, any interest, \$300 cash, balance \$15 to \$25 per month.

Another worth \$1000 to \$1200, \$100 cash, balance \$10 to \$12 per month, or a cheap lot.

We also have parties wanting good rooming-houses, restaurants, delicatessens, fruit stand, cigar stand or any clean little business. DODGE & TOWNSEND, 109 S. Broadway.

WANTED—NOW IF YOU HAVE ANY PLACE IN LOS ANGELES, IT IS YOUR TIME TO LIST WITH US, FOR THREE DAYS ONLY, FOR WE HAVE CUSTOMERS WITH CASH WHO ARE LOOKING FOR A HOME. THEY KNOW LOS ANGELES PROPERTY IS BETTER THAN CASH. NEED NOT APPROACH US, WE WILL NOT TELL YOUR PROPERTY, FOR IT WILL ONLY BE A LOSS OF TIME, BUT ANY CLOSE IN PROPERTY IS A BARGAIN. WE CAN SELL AT ONCE FROM \$600 UP.

E. G. DOYLE & FULCHER, 116 SOUTH BROADWAY.

WANTED—ALL THE HOUSES AND LANDS THERE ARE IN LOS ANGELES AT BAR-GAINS, REGARDLESS OF LOCATION. WE WANT TO PURCHASE YOUR HOME CARD WITH NUMBERS OF PROPERTY TO LOOK UP AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE. WE ALSO HAVE MANY INQUIRIES FROM PEOPLE WHO HAVE YOUR SOUTHERN REALTY CO., 202 S. Broadway, room 215.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE BARGAINS IN EAST LOS ANGELES. WE CAN GET CLIENTS lots in all parts of the city to build for them. EASTON, ELDERSHAW & CO., 121 S. Broadway.

WANTED—WE HAVE 14 DIFFERENT PARTIES registered wanting small acreage places in or near city, bring in your descriptions. WASHBURN LAND CO., 116 Broadway, room 215.

WANTED—TO BUY 3 OR 4-ROOM COTTAGE, price \$800 to \$1000, with 10% down, monthly payments; \$100 cash, balance \$10 to \$12 per month.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE BARGAINS IN EAST LOS ANGELES. WE CAN GET CLIENTS lots in all parts of the city to build for them. EASTON, ELDERSHAW & CO., 121 S. Broadway.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE CITY PROPERTY. WE ARE NOW MAKING THE SALE OF PROPERTY AT A SPECIAL PRICE. IN CONNECTION WITH OUR RENTAL BUSINESS, MANY INQUIRIES FOR CLOSE IN PURCHASES. LEAVE YOUR LIST WITH THE BUSINESS OFFICE IN TOWN, WRIGHT & CALLENDER.

WRIGHT & CALLENDER BLDG. 15

WANTED—REAL ESTATE MEN TO BUY 1000 ACRES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. WHO WILL BUY, BUT FOR NO MORE ACRES ENOUGH LAND, PLENTY WATER, NEAR CITY, WITH A ROAD, AND A BUDGET BUDGET. PAY, WITH 10 PER CENT. STRAIGHT. PRESIDENT HAS SIGNED E. A. CROWNE, LONG BEACH, CAL.

15

WANTED—About ten acres of good land, free from small, south of the city limits, between Main and 10th st. If you have a house, will buy it to me.

Vacant lots in Westside, and good S.W. locality if you have anything desirable and the price is right, bring description; I need property to satisfy new customers.

FRAN KLEINCH, 112-12 Henna Block.

WANTED—SEVERAL GOOD LOTS IN A DESIRABLE LOCATION TO HOLD FOR INVESTMENT. Do not expect something for nothing, but must be reasonable. Kindly give comprehensive description and location, as my occupancy is limited. The evening is only available time to look at your property. Price considered according to location and description of property. Address O. Box 25, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE, LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH US IF YOU WANT TO SELL IT AS WE HAVE CUSTOMERS WHO WANT TO BUY, BUT LAND AND HOUSE IN SOUTHWEST. STEPHEN AD. CLARK & CO., 100 S. BROADWAY.

WANTED—4 GOOD CHEAP COTTAGES FOR adults. E. K. ALPAUGH, 205 Currier Bldg. 15

WANTED—WE HAVE SEVERAL EASTERN clients waiting to buy cheap, large, well-located, and very improved, large and small values; owners will find it to their advantage to list at once. E. G. DOYLE & FULCHER, 116 South West Fourth st. Telephone Joseph 6321.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE.

We have a customer who wishes to purchase a lot near First street and Union Avenue.

O. F. SCHERER, 217 West First st. Tel. Main 283.

WANTED—I WOULD LIKE TO purchase a 4-room cottage with all modern conveniences in a good location southwest. Do not want to pay too much, but want to sell; send your best cash price and exact location. Address X, box 27, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE, TRACT OF land and in suburbs of city, accessible to car line, available for subdivision. CALIFORNIA CONTRACTORS CO.

15

WANTED—I HAVE A CUSTOMER wanting a nice home on Pasadena ave., bet. Daly and Ave. S, and will pay from \$800 to \$1000 cash, improve, and improved, large and small values; owners will find it to their advantage to list at once. E. G. DOYLE & FULCHER, 116 South BROADWAY.

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WANTED—I WOULD LIKE TO purchase a 4-room















## Real Estate.

## LINERS.

## TO LET.

## Furnished Houses.

TO LET—FURNISHED COTTAGE, SANTA MONICA, cheap. Address 745 S. SPRING ST., room 9. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED, 5-ROOM COTTAGE, lot full of fruit and berries. 144 WEST LAKE AVE. 15

TO LET—2 MONTH, COMPLETELY FURNISHED, 4-ROOM HOUSE, 125 W. 11TH ST., map. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM FURNISHED HOUSE, 163 S. MILLS ST., Call Monday, owner, 227 S. MILLS. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED COTTAGE IN REAR on Washington at Ingles 112 W. SIXTH ST. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED 5 ROOMS, MODERN improvements. S. MAPLE AVE. 15

TO LET—6-ROOM FURNISHED MODERN 120A N. OLIVE ST., rear First St. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE AT 127 ARAPAHOE NO children. inquire at house. 15

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED 4-ROOM flat for month of July. 65% S. GRAND. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM HOUSE, COMPLETELY FURNISHED, 125 S. 11TH ST., map. 15

TO LET—A PART OF FURNISHED HOUSE; rent reasonable. Call to E. MTH. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED 4-ROOM COTTAGE, 107 E. 11TH ST., map. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED 4-ROOM, SUMMER HOUSE; summer prices. 136 E. HOPE. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE, FOUR ROOMS, 617 N. BELMONT AVE. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED 4-ROOM COTTAGE, located 2425 HOOVER ST. 15

TO LET—5-ROOM FURNISHED COTTAGE, TAYLOR, 16 Broadway. 15

TO LET—7-ROOM HOUSE FURNISHED, 2111 TEMPLE ST. 15

TO LET—5-ROOM COTTAGE AND BARN, 111 W. SIXTH. 15

## TO LET.

## Plaza.

TO LET—FURNISHED PLAZA IN BEAUTIFUL large, new building, S. PLAZA ST., gas and electric light; porcelain bath; water heating; water closets; no car; an elegant home for a very moderate rent. 7, WISCONSIN, 105 S. Laughlin Bldg. 15

TO LET—4-6-ROOM FLATS, NEAR 2nd and 3rd, very centrally located; beautiful large rooms; all stone walls and floors. These flats are modern and up to date. Call and see them at 1404 S. FLOWER from 3 to 6. Adults only; rent reasonable. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM MODERN CONVENIENT, ON 11TH AND 12TH STS., map. 15

TO LET—4-ROOMED LOWER PLAT, completely furnished for housekeeping, east front, back yard back yard. 211 CROCKER ST., or 612 S. Spring. Monday, 15

TO LET—FURNISHED PLAT, 4 ROOMS, of good size, all conveniences, and clean; splendid chance to right parties. Inquiry Monday, 140 S. HOPE. 15

TO LET—AT 80% S. GRAND AVE., FURNISHED, 4-ROOM, 11th and 12th, map. 15

TO LET—JULY 1, 4-ROOM 14-ROOM HOUSE, furnished flat on W. Ninth; 1 miles' walk to Third and Broadway. Address X. M. 15

TO LET—5-ROOM MODERN SUNNY PLAT, partly furnished, to party buying furniture; price \$150. for adults. Address T. M. 15

TO LET—IN LARGE RESIDENCE, THREE desirable furnished rooms; all modern conveniences; very comfortable. 1116 FIGUEROA. 15

TO LET—MODERN PLAT, 5 ROOMS AND BATH, all nice and modern; completely furnished for housekeeping. Apply to J. R. KELLY, 208 S. Flower St., Los Angeles. 15

TO LET—WELL FURNISHED, 4 ROOMS, of good size, all conveniences, and clean; instantaneously heated; piano. 1108 S. SANTEE. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM PLAT, 120 A MONTGOMERY, including bath, all conveniences, including a month. J. M. McLEOD, 123 S. Broadway. 15

TO LET—A 4-ROOM PLAT, FURNISHED completely for housekeeping, bath, all bath, screen porch; rent \$11. 612 CROCKER ST. 15

TO LET—MODERN 4-ROOM PLAT, including bath, all conveniences, including a month; no children. 160 W. 11TH ST. 15

TO LET—NICE CLEAN, 4-ROOM SUNNY furnished flat, gas stove, bath, 110 W. 11TH ST. 15

TO LET—A PLAT OF THREE VERY DESIRABLE rooms, furnished complete for housekeeping, bath, all conveniences. 1122 N. HOPE. 15

TO LET—ONE OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL UP-TO-DATE, colonial flats, 228 S. Alvarado St. Inquiry of owner, E. W. BARTETT, 228 S. Alvarado St. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH board at reasonable rates; ocean view, 213 Ocean St., Santa Monica. 15

TO LET—NICE, CONVENIENT, 4-ROOM PLAT, Long Beach, small store and grove for 6 tents. 147, LONG BEACH. 15

TO LET—AT OCEAN PARK, 2 AND 4-ROOMED, 11th and 12th, map. 15

TO LET—LONG BEACH, FURNISHED, 2-4 ROOMED, 11th and 12th, map. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED COAST, OCEAN front, Astoria Station, Long Beach. Inquire at 212 S. 11TH ST. 15

TO LET—TERMINAL ISLAND, FURNISHED, 4-ROOMED, 11th and 12th, map. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED, 4 ROOMS, 11th and 12th, map. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM PLAT, 1108 S. HOPE, Hollingsworth & CO., 346 Wilcox Bldg. 15

TO LET—3 ROOMS, IN PER MONTH, FURNISHED for short, 60% S. GRAND. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM FLAT, FURNISHED, all modern improvements close in price room. 1108 S. HOPE. 15

TO LET—FURNISHED 5-ROOM PLAT, with instantaneous heater; piano. 1609 S. HOPE. 15

TO LET—4-ROOM FLAT, 1108 S. HOPE. 15











# The Social World. ✪ Men and Women in Society. ✪ Personal Intelligence.

## EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

**A SWIFT**, exhilarating ride from the north through the sunshines and keen air, the tropic-like lighting on past level stretches of green and out over softly-rounded brown slopes, hillocks that merge in the distance into the foothills, growing anon into a miniature mountain chain, in whose hollows soft blue shadows are put to sleep each evening; on past isolated ranch houses to the beginning of North Monica, and at last to a full view of Pacific Ocean. One such was the experience of the women who were guests of Mrs. S. C. Hubbard and Mrs. E. P. Clark yesterday, and who, starting at 1 o'clock from the Fourth-street station, were conveyed in the "Mermaid" or "Four Hundred" to the clubhouse at Ocean Beach.

An afternoon spent at hearts, where the contest is keen and the prizes well worth the winning, in a charming section where the wood finish was a backdrop for golden cornucopias filled baskets and overflows, and diners and wall brackets; where the mandolin music that floats down from the mandolin is drowned at times by the boom of the organ; where the hostess is being entertained after an ideal fashion?

The hostesses were assisted in their hospitality by Misses William H. Miller, William H. Hook, Clinton M. Sharpe, Richard Morris, Fred J. Miller, Nathan W. Stowell, Z. D. Mathews, O. H. Churchill and S. S. Salisbury.

The dainty score cards were pinned to the garments of the girls.

Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Hubbard will entertain another party of ladies at the same place next Saturday, and they, too, will play "hearts."

**A Mexican.**

Mrs. Secundo Quastil gave a Mexican luncheon Thursday at her home on West Third street, entertaining her guest afterward with cards.

Standards of red and green plants invited entrance in the reception room, and refreshments were served.

The house was lighted entirely by many colored lanterns inside and out, and many gay sorority pennants adorned the walls.

Decorations, which were artistic, were arranged on the tables.

Miss Quastil received her guests in a Japanese costume and each one on arriving was presented with a similar gown, which was donned for the games, and then removed and worn as a souvenir.

The house was attractively decorated with potted plants lent an added charm to the parlor.

The dainty refreshments, which were artistic, were served.

Miss Quastil was the hostess.

**At the small gables.**

The Venetian Ladies' Orchestra furnished the music.

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the Glen Holly Hotel, Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Adams, Uncle, Col. H. W. Keween, Mrs. J. Eugene Keween, Webster, Buffalo, N. Y., June 14, to be with their son. She will also visit Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Miller arrived from that State Thursday, and will be with the son for the summer with their son who was born at this cottage at 1230 1/2 Third Street.

## OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY.

MISS STELLA LAURA BEMIS and Thomas M. James were married Tuesday evening by Rev. F. M. Peacock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bemis, 50 South Molino avenue. The ceremony was performed in the parlor, using a living bell of white roses. All the rooms of the house were prettily decorated with flowers and greenery.

The bride was a charming frock of damask cream museline de sole.

She wore a veil, and carried a bouquet of camellias and ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. James were married Wednesday from a two week trip to the Colorado Valley side of the Sierra Madre mountains.

They went up Big Rock Creek, top of North Bandy, visiting a horn mine; from there they

came to their cottage at 1230 1/2

Third Street.

Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Dickey, their daughter, Cosette, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Price, Wednesday from a two week trip to the Colorado Valley side of the Sierra Madre mountains.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bellamy of Dakota, and her daughter, Mrs. E. B. Gardner of La Jolla, were married at this cottage on June 14.

Mr. and Mrs. J. and Mrs. L. M. McCreary and wife of Los Angeles, spent a few days at the beach.

Laguna Beach.

MISS KATE OVERTON, manager

of the Western Union telegraph office; Mrs. Agnes O. Hall and Miss Dolph, Riverside, arrived here yesterday and have opened their cottage at Arch Rock and will remain until fall.

Miss Freda Shand, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have rented a cottage and will spend this summer at the beach.

Dr. Owen Stafford is making a visit here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. San Francisco is visiting her daughter Mrs. L. H. Long.

Miss Nannie Bish of Lompoc is visiting her sister, Mrs. Victor Tracy.

Miss Muriel Wheaton left Friday morning for Sanger and will visit her sister, Mrs. Dr. Harrell, for a short time.

Miss Clara D. Easton of this city is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. A. Brookman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Starnes, of Los Angeles, will decorate their home in Rosedale, and New Calvary cemeteries at 2 p.m.

Mrs. Curtis Hawcroft will be present to Hove No. 1, Ladies reception at the home of Mrs. H. M. Bemis, 50 East Twenty-third Street, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Bertha East of Denver, Burrell, Neighbors of Los Angeles, are to be married at the home of the parents in Downey on June 16. Both are well known socially in city and in Downey.

Shrine L. E. Parsons and Mrs. Parsons, with their son, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson of No. 149 Park avenue, returned last evening to join their party at the beach, and with them visited the town east over the Northern Pacific.

Mrs. James H. Dobson of San Francisco has returned from a six month around the world. Her daughter, Mrs. John H. Norton, who was married in San Francisco, has come to George Saint Clare of New York, where they now reside.

Col. John H. Norton has made his annual trip. During his absence of two months he has visited several large cities, and everywhere deep interest in California, particularly the southern part of the state, and has visited every talked-of city in the country.

Mrs. D. J. Jackson of Missoula gave a dinner last evening to a thirty-first anniversary of his marriage to Mrs. Mary Jackson, Pitner and family, Mrs. M. Crocker and family of Missoula, and Mr. and Mrs. Durie of Denver.

The Westlake Tennis Club at "Ping-Pong Park" at Keweenaw on the 25th inst.

Mrs. N. W. Myrick, with her husband and numerous left yesterday for a vacation in San Franisco.

She was accompanied by Dr. G. Griffith and little daughter, Miss Minnie A. Koom of Chicago.

John H. Doyle of Los Angeles, son of John H. Doyle, of the Doyle's of Piru, at the home of the officiating clergyman, who is relative of the bride. Mr. and Doyle went north to Santa Barbara after the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Whitham, Mr. Doyle is a member of the W. C. Patterson Wholesale Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stevens of Carroll avenue, leave on the

15th Monday evening for Cleveland, O., where they will spend the summer.

Miss Josephine Bumiller, Miss Edna Dallas, Tex., are the guests of Uncle, Col. H. W. Keween, Mrs. J. Eugene Keween, Webster, Buffalo, N. Y., June 14, to be with their son, who has been visiting her mother and other relatives in Indiana and Missouri.

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# THE PUBLIC SERVICE—OFFICIAL DOINGS.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

City Assessor Ben Ward yesterday stated that he has on record some wonderful bank statements, showing remarkable fluctuations in the money market.

Water Commissioners will suggest the use of meters to the Council on Monday and will recommend changes in the meter rates.

Gov. Gage has filed the criminal libel complaint against Spreckels and Leake in the Justice Court at San Pedro.

"El Hutch" had a painful experience in court yesterday, when his client mysteriously disappeared.

**AT THE CITY HALL.**  
**BANK STATEMENTS**  
**WORRY ASSESSOR WARD.**

**DISAPPEARING MONEY KEEPS HIM AWAKE NIGHTS.**

Why Do Money Deposits Take Wings and Fly Away About the First Monday in March?—Bad Mortgage Tax Provision in the Constitution.

Nobody knows how many troubles confront City Assessor Ben Ward at this time of year. The final work on the assessment rolls is being done, and the Assessor is engaged in reviewing a number of prior statements filed by local banks.

Assessor Ward deems it a great pity that he did not have a long course of training as a banker before he became Assessor. With sufficient preliminary education, he believes there is a remote possibility that he might understand more about some of these statements. To the ordinary business man, they are as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on the tombs of the Phoenician dynasty.

Assessor Ward thinks the bank officials have knowledge of some mystic incantations that will make money on hand vanish into thin air about the first Monday in March. Statements published by the banks just prior to that eventful day and the statements given the Assessor show such a state of affairs we have it, and now we don't that great furrows of perplexity have plowed their way across the forehead of Ward.

When it comes to the mysterious disappearance of money, some local financiers could tell "Hermann the Great" to go and get a reputation according to the Assessor.

Since these days Assessor Ward is liable to give up after the strain and place some arbitrary assessments that will cause the Board of Equalization to lie awake nights. All this would be very harrowing on the City Fathers and the City Assessor is kind-hearted man.

Last week the City Assessor had a dream. He had lain awake many hours trying to make \$75,000 in bank deposits look like \$10,000 in tax money, and when he fell asleep he found himself locked in a vault with a financial magician. All around were great heaps of shining gold and stacks of currency. The magician had magnetized his right hand and all the gold seemed drawn to it like a magnet. Then there were some words of incantation that sounded like the biblical psalm. "Let your right hand know what your left hand doeth." Suddenly the magician's right hand knew what your left hand doeth."

"How do you do it?" asked Ward. "It's very simple," said the magician. "First, get your gold."

But Ward woke up right there. It was too bad, for if he had fathomed the mystery, the rank and file of the taxpayers might have had cause for rejoicing.

As it is, the statement mill of the banks is grinding out just as merry a grime as ever. Some of the local institutions have figured out that they should not be the ones to bear the recommendations of the board will bear his indorsement.

President Silver admitted last night that he is prepared to work out the details of the ordinance at the Council to take some action on the water rates.

Judge Smith did not say anything to the boy when the case was finally re-sumed.

On his return with over \$500,000 due to depositors, is willing to be taxed \$15,000 or thereabouts. Another institution, with \$600,000 due depositors, is able to scrape together by emptying the tank of its cashbox and getting through the mattress just a little over \$500 of money on hand for taxation.

A bank with something like \$5,000,000 due to depositors, is willing to be taxed \$15,000 or thereabouts. Another institution, with \$600,000 due depositors, is able to scrape together by emptying the tank of its cashbox and getting through the mattress just a little over \$500 of money on hand for taxation.

A State bank with \$4,000,000 due to depositors, has but \$200,000 on hand, while a national bank, with only \$4,000,000 due depositors, has \$800,000 on hand. The latter bank is the protection of the national banking laws.

One bank with only \$300,000 due depositors is willing to pay taxes on \$3,000. The statement of this bank is regarded as the most liberal.

As it is, the statement mill of the individual banks or to give specific instances when questioned regarding the statements that have been made this year. He displayed some reluctance to discuss the subject, but admitted that he already has troubles enough.

Speaking generally, however, Assessor Ward declared that the mortgage tax law, so-called, should be amended to provide for the payment of one fiscal year shall not be paid out of the revenues of the next. With a deficit of \$62,883.92 in the fund many merchants and some brokers are a bit worried.

**AT THE COURTHOUSE.**  
**EL HUTCH'S CLIENT**  
**A GOOD SLEEPER.**

**PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF THE LABOR UNION LAWYER.**

Worn Out With the First Day's Eloquence, the Client Slept Till Noon and Cost His Bondsmen \$900—Gage's Libel Complaints Filed at San Pedro.

institution loans it on a mortgage, then both the money and the property escape taxation. The general effect of the law is to provide a loophole by which either the money or the land escape taxation, and in some instances both. It requires much extra expense in the Assessor's office to keep the record of mortgages, and to compute the mortgage debt.

"The so-called mortgage-tax law should be repealed," declared Assessor Ward yesterday. "If for no other reason than to relieve municipalities of the expense of maintaining it. It is in this office the expense amounts to hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars every year. Nothing is gained.

The court rulings have killed the interest of the Legislature in the matter of the legislature to adopt an amendment to the Constitution until it is voted at the polls.

"In my opinion, the national bank is not an institution against the State banks. The latter have about the same privileges, but not the same immunities."

**FINE SHOWING MADE.**

City Assessor Ward has made a fine showing in the collection of the personal property tax this year. Yesterday the collectors made \$1,000,000 in 1921, as against \$45,671.47 for the same date last year. This indicates an increase in taxable personal property unsecured, of about \$700,000.

It is much better than I anticipated," declared Assessor Ward yesterday.

Last year the total collection of unused personal property taxes amounted to \$45,731.84.

**"HERE'S A HOWDYDO."**

**LABORERS AT A PREMIUM.**

Great difficulty has been experienced by the officers of the domestic water system in securing laborers because of the necessity of paying them in monthly installments. Most day laborers expect to be paid at least once a week and because of the nature of the work to be done the water department has been seriously handicapped in the city methods.

Yesterday President Silver of the Water Commission sent to the Council a communication which had remained from Superintendent Mulholland, asking the city to establish an emergency fund, if there are no legal objections.

In his letter to President Silver, Superintendent Mulholland writes:

"I bring to your attention to a very serious condition that confronts us in procuring laborers to carry on improvements now under way in the water department. The laborers refuse to work on the condition that they shall be paid monthly. The monthly method of payment is not a serious hardship to men employed steadily, but the nature of the work such that their fragments have to employ men for a few days at a time. These men must seek other employment in the intervals between our needs, and in some cases leave the city altogether."

"The class of laborers becoming scarce in the city owing to the activity in railroad building and other industries throughout the country, and are seriously hampered by our inability to secure this transient class of labor."

In conclusion Superintendent Mulholland asks that a provisional fund be established to meet the emergency.

Since these days Assessor Ward is liable to give up after the strain and place some arbitrary assessments that will cause the Board of Equalization to lie awake nights. All this would be very harrowing on the City Fathers and the City Assessor is kind-hearted man.

Assessor Ward thinks the bank officials have knowledge of some mystic incantations that will make money on hand vanish into thin air about the first Monday in March. Statements published by the banks just prior to that eventful day and the statements given the Assessor show such a state of affairs we have it, and now we don't that great furrows of perplexity have plowed their way across the forehead of Ward.

When it comes to the mysterious disappearance of money, some local financiers could tell "Hermann the Great" to go and get a reputation according to the Assessor.

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Last week the City Assessor had a dream. He had lain awake many hours trying to make \$75,000 in bank deposits look like \$10,000 in tax money, and when he fell asleep he found himself locked in a vault with a financial magician. All around were great heaps of shining gold and stacks of currency. The magician had magnetized his right hand and all the gold seemed drawn to it like a magnet. Then there were some words of incantation that sounded like the biblical psalm. "Let your right hand know what your left hand doeth."

"How do you do it?" asked Ward. "It's very simple," said the magician. "First, get your gold."

But Ward woke up right there. It was too bad, for if he had fathomed the mystery, the rank and file of the taxpayers might have had cause for rejoicing.

As it is, the statement mill of the banks is grinding out just as merry a grime as ever. Some of the local institutions have figured out that they should not be the ones to bear the recommendations of the board will bear his indorsement.

President Silver admitted last night that he is prepared to work out the details of the ordinance at the Council to take some action on the water rates.

Judge Smith did not say anything to the boy when the case was finally re-sumed.

On his return with over \$500,000 due to depositors, is willing to be taxed \$15,000 or thereabouts. Another institution, with \$600,000 due depositors, is able to scrape together by emptying the tank of its cashbox and getting through the mattress just a little over \$500 of money on hand for taxation.

A bank with something like \$5,000,000 due to depositors, has but \$200,000 on hand, while a national bank, with only \$4,000,000 due depositors, has \$800,000 on hand. The latter bank is the protection of the national banking laws.

One bank with only \$300,000 due depositors is willing to pay taxes on \$3,000. The statement of this bank is regarded as the most liberal.

As it is, the statement mill of the individual banks or to give specific instances when questioned regarding the statements that have been made this year. He displayed some reluctance to discuss the subject, but admitted that he already has troubles enough.

Speaking generally, however, Assessor Ward declared that the mortgage tax law, so-called, should be amended to provide for the payment of one fiscal year shall not be paid out of the revenues of the next. With a deficit of \$62,883.92 in the fund many merchants and some brokers are a bit worried.

In his letter to President Silver, Superintendent Mulholland asks that a provisional fund be established to meet the emergency.

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# INQUEST OF HYPNOTISTS

alists in America. Philadelphia.

ism. Try to Outdo Each. Startling Exhibitions of Mind Control.



## Save on Linens

There is not an item in household linens but what can be bought at a substantial reduction from regular prices during this sale. All of the prices quoted during the past two weeks, including table cloths, bed linens, bath room supplies, etc., are still on sale at the reduced prices, except an occasional article which has been exhausted by the selling caused by these reduced prices.

It is only twice a year that we offer householders, hotel and restaurant men an opportunity to buy in supplies at such reductions, and this present sale ranks all of our previous sales, both in the extent of the stock offered and the price reductions which are made.

Here are a few prices on towels. They are quoted merely to give you an idea of the reductions we are making.

1/2-inch hemmed huck towels; extra heavy with white and colored borders. Reduced from 10c to 8c.

1/2-inch hemmed huck towels in all white. A double towel for hotel use. Reduced from 15c to 12.25 the dozen.

1/2-inch unbleached Turkish towels. A double towel for beach use. Reduced from 12c to 10c each.

1/2-inch unbleached Turkish towels; extra heavy. Reduced from 30c to 23c each.

## Wash Waist Sale.

This is a shirt waist sale planned on the same liberal lines as the other important sales which we have been conducting. It is not a special price on a handful of seconds or older waists, but there is an ample assortment to select from—350 altogether—and they are strictly up-to-date and desirable in every way.

It is not often that so choice and complete an assortment of shirt waists is put on special sale, and it is even more rare that the price is reduced a full third. These waists are in all the latest styles, cut on the most approved lines and made of the most popular materials. In other words they are just such waists as you would expect to find at the Boston Store.

### Percale Waists 1-3 off

Just two or three words about these percale waists. They are made of the finest of percale, the colors and the patterns are more than pretty—they are acceptable to the most fastidious taste, they are made with Bishop sleeves and have pearl buttons. During the special sale you get them at 2-3 the regular selling price.

### White Lawn Waists 1-3 off

These white waists are made of Persian lawn, of nainsook and of Indian lawn. They are made in the latest styles with soft collar and cuffs, and are therefore acceptable to those ladies who do not care to wear the stiffer sort of waist. The price for this special sale has been reduced in every case a full 33 1-3 per cent.

### Gingham and Cheviot Waists 1-3 off

These gingham and cheviot waists come in plain and fancy stripes in the most pleasing and desirable color combinations. They are made with the very latest style sleeves and collar and are particularly trim-looking. The price is a third less now than when they were in regular stock.

## Cool Clothing

can't change the climate, can make a man so comfortable that he would say "hot weather." The latest styles yet are here in suits for business or leisure or black and everything. A perfect fit for Mr. Thin Man, and Mr. Thin Man. Prices \$8.50 up. Youths' suits just as swing up.

## SMITH & ENTHORN

EXCLUSIVE CLOTHIERS.

37 South Spring St.

## Domestic Finish In Laundry.

As a means to greater satisfaction you should test our way of washing, folds and shapes in the rough edges. Our search, which does not produce the first to introduce the best, is trying to imitate us. Surely we get the best.

Laundry Main Street.

## Modern Dentist

Full Set of Teeth. (\$5.00)

Gold Crowns. Porcelain Crowns. Silver Fillings.

Dental Parlors, Inc.

GARDEN HOSE, REFRIGERATOR, GASOLINE STOVE.

10, 330 S. Spring St.

Wines do you want?

Wines do you want?

Wines do you want?

Wines do you want?

### CHURCH MUSIC.

Programs to Be Presented by Los Angeles Chorus at Services This Morning and Evening.

Programs will be published weekly, written with the name of the author.

WILLIAM FAR ALEX. (Gordon.)

"Hark! Hark! My

(Rouse.) Mrs. Thimmins and

Chorus: Prof. Theodore Martens and choir master.

WILLIAM METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, corner Eighth and

South Hill Far Acre. (Gordon.)

"Bright Shines Another Side

Day." Offertory. "Choir

Prayer: John Paul Pinner

"Lectio Capitula." Andante

from a shanty (Linen) and

"Abide With Me" (Linen)

"I'm a Pilgrim" (Linen)

"Away to the

"Land" (Denton.) John H.

organist and director.

WILLIAM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 27th and Figueroa street, Preludes: "Offertory" (Prayer) "Christians the Born" (Shelley) "Post-

Scripture Service. Preludes: "Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart" (Messerer.) "Ventre" (Randall.) "Deum" (Field.) "Benedictus" (Crotch.) Litany hymn. "Save Us O Lord" (Thee) (Soprano chant) hymn "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" (Roe) "Gloria Patri" (Reinagle) offertory. "To Thee Do I Lift Up My Soul" (King Hall) recessional "At the Name of Jesus" (Mack.)

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WILLIAM



Home."

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

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RESSES OF IMPORTANCE

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## THE DESIGNER FOR JULY

Is now on sale in our pattern department. It contains many valuable hints on summer costumes for women and children. Ideas on making stylish and comfortable neckwear, as well as much 10c valuable information in regard to summer millinery. For copy \$1.50.

## STANDARD PATTERNS.

These patterns have world-wide reputation. They are always accurate and have been sold for years. For July, we have a new line. Many new ideas for summer garments of all descriptions, including bathing suits and outing costumes.

## Note These Notion Prices:

Linens thread—black or white—good full spools, all numbers, per spool.....	1c
Dressmaker's thread for basting, large full spools, white or black, all numbers, per spool.....	1c
Hat elastic, flat—black or white—a sort that sells regularly at 2 1/2c; on sale at per yd.....	1c
Hose supporters, women's or misses' sizes, fancy ruffled elastic, elastic belt; all colors, including black; regular 25c ones; on sale at per pair.....	15c
Large cube of assorted black pins, perfect points, jet heads, worth 5c; special Monday, per cube.....	3c

## Underwear Specials.

Women's union suits fine knit, V-shaped neck, short 22c sleeves, knee length; worth 25c; sale price, per suit.....	22c
Women's fine knit union suits, Swiss ribbed, bleached, high neck, long sleeves, knee length; really \$1.00 value; sale price, per suit.....	75c
Women's vests fine knit, Swiss ribbed, high long sleeves, white, or black, and sleeveless; silk taped neck and arms; better than the average 20c vest; Sale price, each.....	49c
Women's fine lace bleached vest, high neck long sleeves, wide silk taped neck; 50c values; sale price, each.....	49c

## Waists and Corsets.

Women's corset girdles, made of batiste or fine net, straight front, 10-inch clasp, extra short under arms, neatly trimmed at top and bottom, better than the average 50c girdle. Sale price.....	45c
Children's Ferris waists, well corded, white or tan, all sizes, price each.....	25c
Children's fine satin corset waists, button front, lace back, an improved cut; these have garter fasten.....	50c
Ferris waists for young ladies, plaited bust, extra fine cloth; the plaits are arranged so as to lay flat or stand at bust; especially adapted to growing girls; size 19 to 27, price, each.....	75c

## Rich Silk Ribbons, Appealingly Priced.

Fancy ribbons—wash silk, stripes, plaids and plain colors. Nos. 6, 7 and 9, also satin tafta ribbons, a large assortment to choose from, values up to 10c; on sale while they last, per yd.....	5c
No. 14, satin ribbon in 10-yd. bolts, pink, blue, red, green, yellow and white—just the right for edging ruffles for hats, caps, etc., and regularly at 20c per bolt; priced for this sale, while they last, per bolt.....	8c
No. 2 satin gros grain ribbon—in pink, blue, red, yellow, green and white—extra heavy, finely finished, 10 yards to the bolt, regular price 50c; priced for this sale, per bolt.....	35c
1000 Yards Fancy Ribbon 6 1/4	
Values up to 15c at -	

Here's a ribbon offering of importance; we have a little more than 1000 yards of tafta and wash ribbons in charming colors and patterns—that were used for decorations during our department managers sale, that became slightly soiled and mussed, they represent values up to 15c; on sale while they last, at per yard, 6 1/4c.	
Beautiful, lustrous all silk ribbon, 6 inches wide, all colors; ribbons that are especially adapted to the making of bows and sashes; samples of bows made from this ribbon may be seen at our ribbon counter. These goods sell regularly at 50c; priced for this sale, per yard.....	29c
Plain Louisiana ribbon, fancy striped ribbon, sofa pillow ruffles, large variety of colors, widths up to 8 inches; goods that sell regularly at 40c; priced for this sale, per yard.....	25c
A special lot of wide wash ribbons in broaded edges, widths up to 10 inches; all colors; ribbons that are especially adapted to the making of bows and sashes; samples of bows made from this ribbon may be seen at our ribbon counter. These goods sell regularly at 50c; priced for this sale, per yard.....	25c
Wool, Ferre, and trimming ribbons, widths up to 10 inches; beautiful effects for bows, bows, and hat drapes, values from 10 to 50 yds. quantity limited, while they last. per yard.....	75c
Plain edge lace ribbon, several pretty, extra wide, extra long, from 10 to 50 yds. quantity limited, while they last. per yard.....	10c
Ribbon Bows Tied Free.	

## Second Floor Offerings.

40 dozen shirt waists, lawn, fancy swiss, batiste, etc.; medium colors, black and white and linen effects; excellent mid-season styles; all sizes in the lot; values 98c up to \$1.50; a Monday special, each.....	98c
Imitation Panama and Sumatra hats, trimmed with silk drapes; also the straw walking-hats, semi-dress styles, trimmed with silk drapes and lace; values up to \$1.48 to \$2.00; a leader for Monday, each.....	29c
Sample Suits, \$15 Values at \$7.39	
A special lot of about fifty new sample suits from one of New York's leading manufacturers; blacks and colors; all late spring styles; medium range of sizes; splendid values at \$18.00. Your pick Monday, per suit.....	7.39
6.00 Walking Skirts \$3.98	
Here's a special bargain in walking skirts; made of fine all wool material, plain colors, batiste stripes and other new things; regular values \$4.98, \$5.50 and lots of them at \$6.00; an assortment of not less than 100 to choose from; on sale Monday at each.....	3.98
10.00 Automobile Walking Coats \$4.98	
A special lot of children's automobile coats, some lined throughout with taffeta silk, wide sailor collars; some handsomely trimmed in lace, values up to \$10.00; on sale Monday, each.....	4.98

## 50 Pieces Crepon Worth 20c, at per yd. 9c

As a leader for Monday's business we place on sale 50 pieces of fancy crepon, a beautiful soft, silky wash fabric in pretty colorings, including black, white and colored grounds, stripes and figures as well as solid colors, good values at 20c; on sale Monday only, per yd. 9c.	1.50
Special Values in Hair Goods.	
50c value switches of covent garden human hair, short stems, 24 inches long, hand finished. 25c values; on sale Monday and Tuesday at each.....	3.00

Pompadour janes, well made, natural curly hair, 24 inches long, on sale Monday and Tuesday at each.....	2.50
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## STANDARD PATTERNS.

These patterns have world-wide reputation. They are always accurate and have been sold for years. For July, we have a new line. Many new ideas for summer garments of all descriptions, including bathing suits and outing costumes.

## The Broadway Department Store

BROADWAY COR. FOURTH, LOS ANGELES. ARTHUR LETTS, PROPRIETOR

## A Solid Page of Seasonable Bargains

Here's an array of attention-compelling values that will appeal to any economical purchaser who chances to scan this page. Values of a nature that, were they to emanate from any other source, would be considered sensational, but the Broadway has forced its way to the front and grown from a little one-room store to the gigantic institution of the present time by dispensing just such values as these. The article you need most may not be mentioned in this list, but no matter the nature of your wants you can judge all prices by these:

## Beach, Cottage and Tent Furnishings.

PRICES NO STORE BUT THE BROADWAY WOULD ATTEMPT.

## Comforts and Blankets.

Pure white cotton-filled comforts, covered with good grade of silkette, fancy top and plain lining; sizes 63x74 inches, 4½ pound weight; an extra value at \$1.25; on sale Monday and Tuesday at each.....	95c
Better and Larger Comforts at \$1.19, \$1.39, and up to \$3.50.	
10 quarter white blankets, made from nice, soft, fleecy cotton, full size, better than the average 75c blanket; Monday and Tuesday, per pair.....	65c
10 quarter gray cotton blankets, finished with fancy border, soft, fleecy and fair weight, an ideal blanket for cottage or tents; cheap at 80c; Monday and Tuesday, per pair.....	65c

## 3-lb. Feather Pillows 39c

All feather pillows, weight 3 pounds, size 18x25 inches, in good quality ticking; these feathers are steam cleaned and cured; you rarely buy as good a pillow as this at 50c; these are on sale Monday and Tuesday only at each, 39c.	
Better grades of feather pillows, all weights and all sizes; guaranteed saving on every pillow; prices range from 39c to \$3.25 each.	
11 quarter gray cotton blankets—with handsome borders, good—soft and fleecy, grade that is sold all over town at \$1.25; special for Monday and Tuesday per pair.....	98c
11 quarter gray blankets, extra heavy twilled—finished with fancy borders, good weight—cheap at \$1.75; Monday and Tuesday per pair.....	1.59
11 quarter white blankets—soft and smooth, red, blue or pink borders, stitched edges—showy and serviceable—superior to the average \$1.00 blanket; on sale Monday and Tuesday per pair.....	1.25
Extra fine 11 quarter white blankets—heavy and fluffy, new red or pink borders, stitched edges, full size, splendid value at \$2.00; Monday and Tuesday per pair.....	1.69
All wool gray blankets—11 quarter size—5½ lbs. weight made from Oregon lamb's wool finished with stitched edges—and handsome fancy borders, value at \$0.50; on sale Monday and Tuesday per pair.....	4.79

## 60 Piece Dinner Sets \$4.74.

Lined Russia iron ovens—suitable for gas, oil or gasoline stoves—good size, the sort that always sells at \$1.75; on sale Monday only at each.....	1.34
2½ quart lip sauce pan—made of best steel double coated enamel—absolutely perfect, cheap at 35c; Monday and Tuesday each.....	24c
3 quart white enameled deep pudding dish—made of imported ware—worth 40c; Monday and Tuesday each.....	24c

## Men's \$8.00 and \$10.00 Suits at \$5.00.

Men's all wool suits—stylishly cut and excellently tailored—sizes 34 to 44 chest measure—more than 25 different styles to choose from; not much in value less than \$8.00 and many worth \$10.00; our price per suit.....	
Men's \$2.00 Straw Hats at \$1.00 each.	
High grade straw hats in fedora, yacht, turban and sombrero shapes, soft or stiff brim, rough or smooth, braids, some children's straw hats in the lot; splendid values up to \$2.00; on sale Monday at each \$1.00.	
10.00 Automobile Walking Coats \$4.98	
A special lot of children's automobile coats, some lined throughout with taffeta silk, wide sailor collars; some handsomely trimmed in lace, values up to \$10.00; on sale Monday, each.....	
6.00 Walking Skirts \$3.98	
Here's a special bargain in walking skirts; made of fine all wool material, plain colors, batiste stripes and other new things; regular values \$4.98, \$5.50 and lots of them at \$6.00; an assortment of not less than 100 to choose from; on sale Monday at each.....	
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6.00 Walking Skirts \$3.98	
Here's	

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1902.

CHARLES HILL  
WROTE LETTER?Dated in the  
"Spirit Land."Heir to Hill's  
Big Fortune.Trick Attempted  
the Union Bank of  
Savings.Identity of  
the man who  
died at the Good  
Spiral in this city  
leaving \$12,000 in  
savings and other  
possessions.A letter received by  
the author of Savings is what it  
is."It" but the letter is  
not interesting because it  
is accepted in a court  
of law.

The distribution of the

letter is of spiritualistic or-

the postmark, "spirit

as somewhere between

St. Louis, Mo. and

a railway mail

between those points.

which is an order on

the bank of Savings to the alleged heir,

the SPOOK LETTER.

Dear Sir, you will find

myself in several packages of

amounting to \$140,000

left in my box before my

my request as soon as

myself to hand over full

to Mrs. Cox on St. Ver-

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AUTHORS ABROAD.  
MAKERS OF BOOKS, WHAT THEY  
HAVE DONE AND ARE  
DOING.

(Special Correspondence of The Times.)

LONDON, May 21.—If R. D. Blackmore were alive today he would be considerably disgusted by the announcement of still another—this time a popular issue at sixpence—edition of "Lorna Doone," the novel that made him famous, but for which he never could be induced to say a good word. The literary man who never concealed the fact that he inferior writers pattering in his market garden near Teddington to writing, would fume, too, could he know that the secret as to the identity of the real John Ridd, which he kept so well, is now a secret no longer. Quizzed as to his model for the burly Devonshire yeoman, Blackmore, occasionally, without getting angry, "But," persisted one unusually courageous inquirer, "was the real Ridd as noble a character as you pictured him?"

"Certainly not," snapped Blackmore,

"he was a coarse brute." Further than that the novelist never could have gone. The folk at the London hospital, where the original of Ridd died, however, were more communicative. His name was John Barnwell, and like the hero of "Lorna Doone" he was the King man of St. John, he was a man of extraordinary strength. When he was 60, however, paralysis seized him and he ended his day in the King's Room, a small curburies at Wandsworth, just outside London. He was in this institution for over three years, but it was not until long after his death that the people who had tended him discovered that he was the Exmoor man from whose unusually retentive memory Blackmore had drawn the local color for his tale of the Doones and whose personality had suggested the character of Ridd.

Herman Merivale, author and playwright, has been having theatrical performances at which most of the leading London stage folk are to appear, will be given the coming week, is the third of his surname who has had a prominent place in the English world of letters during recent years. His grandfather, the first Herman, wrote poetry of such excellence that Love's "Fayre" poem, "The Rose of the Rose," which he also bore his name, was a much esteemed writer of reviews and a constant contributor both to the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. He was succeeded as the most educated man in England, with the possible exception of Mr. Gladstone. The third Herman Merivale, who recently lost both his mother and father and his health, is known best as the author of the play "Forget-Me-Not."

The beautiful Countess of Warwick, late years given to good works, and lots of them, has been busy in the intervals of flying from Warwick Castle to London, attending committee meetings and looking after the various industrial organizations. In writing a book that will have much interest in America as well as in England. It is a history of Warwick Castle from its earliest days. It has been long ready for publication soon, but Miss Merivale's serious illness, from which she is now slowly recovering, has delayed the finishing touches.

Too much novel reading has sent many an unfortunate to the insane ward of a hospital. Novel reading in moderation, however, will be recommended to any nurse this week by Sir James Crichton Brown, the great English authority on mental diseases. The scientist, who was addressing the National Asylum Workers, said that were he an asylum autocrat he would make it obligatory on every asylum nurse and attendant to read two standard novels each year, and that the more she excused herself from these ideal realms they would return to the ward and work room invigorated by a fresh trip to the seaside. Sir James added that he expected some would draw up a list of "hundred best novels" for asylum consumption, all, of course, to be entirely free from idocy, but said he feared such a provision would exclude most modern works.

Coronation books by the dozen are tumbling off the presses, but the general idea that the season will be a poor one for novels is leading to the postponement of most of those that are ready for publication, including Mrs. Gaskell's new "Trollope Power." Reprints of standard works are taking their places. The most successful of these are the half dozen editions at varying prices of "Paul Hubsch," which had a big boom through the success of the play at Drury Lane. Three new editions of Dickens has just been issued and many more are in the works. The "Post" is the only paper that has not yet reported any news of the recent disaster in Martinique, has resulted in a tremendous demand for "The Last Days of Pompeii."

"Passionate Pip" is not the name of an amateur form of the most common childhood disease. This alliterative phrase, which has promptly leaped into fame, has been coined by the author of a slim volume of poems which has just been given to the public. The passionate pip, the passion of the poor, is the thought which serves as a vehicle for the chaotic expression.

An Australian reporter with a sense of humor has demonstrated yet again the risk courted by the wight who removes his gloves before handling the humble "representatives of the press." Fault had been found by some of the members of the Sydney Legislative Council because some of their speeches were not published verbatim. Whereupon the reporter in question hit upon the idea of confounding his critics literally out of their own mouths. He did so by reporting one speech exactly as it was spoken. This is how it read in print: "The reporters—ought not to—read what is said, but ought to—try to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but the members can only judge of what is important. As I say my speeches—at the reporter—what is important sometimes, no one—no one—can understand from the reports—what it is—I mean. So it strikes me that has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean to make a brief statement—that the paper thinks of interest—is reported."

C. B.

THE WEDDING RING.

It is not, as Prof. Starr asserts, a feather, a relic of barbarism, but a symbol of Eternity.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Fame some university professors fail to acquire by learning they are liable to strain after by sensationalism.

A claim that Prof. Starr was informed the other day by a professor attached to the staff of a university that the wedding ring is a relic of barbarism. He alleged that it represented the nose ring by which in past ages the slave was led away from the mark by his new master.

The proverbial "little learning" was never so great as the truth that even chain composed of links which are frequently circular, but it is also true that the circle possesses an ancient symbolism both sublime and

98 Last week's wonderful in-  
crease over corresponding  
Per Cent. week one year ago.

Sample Line Ladies' Belts  
Worth \$1.50 at 48c

Monday we put on sale a sample purchase of ladies' belts. They come in leather and satin in a variety of styles, worth up to \$1.50, special 48c.

Most brilliant week of all! The Record Breaking June Sale swings into the third week with a flood of new bargains on every counter. To

more than half gone. We shall have to bring forward the special values in a bewildering number.

Jacoby Bros.

331-333-335

South Broadway.

Mail Orders  
Filled.

\$1.35 Children's

These are made of per-  
sonal trimmings with embroidery  
crash sailor suits, extra wide

# Breaking the Record Faster Than Ever

Most brilliant week of all! The Record Breaking June Sale swings into the third week with a flood of new bargains on every counter. To

more than half gone. We shall have to bring forward the special values in a bewildering number.

## Record Breaking Hosiery

12c Children's Hose 9c.

These are absolutely fast black made extra strong, especially desirable for vacation wear, all sizes.

Iron Clad Hose 25c.

This celebrated Iron Clad Hosiery are without doubt the strongest boy's stocking made. They come in a heavy rib with a triple knee. All sizes.

35c Lace Hosiery 18c.

We make up a bargain table of handsome lace hose for women, in all shades, strong, well shaped. Regular price 88c.

48c Lace Hose 23c.

This comes in mercerized finish in beautiful designs, perfectly shaped, nicely finished.

75c Imported Hose 48c.

This is the best 75c imported hosiery made for women. Come in fancy stripes and figures and lace in the newest styles, 48c.

## Record-Breaking Corsets

Kabo Corsets.

Non-Rustable.

You will be interested in a shipment of Kabo Corsets just received. They come in the newest styles with cotton loops instead of metal eyelets, the most becoming and comfortable corsets made.

New Girdles \$1.00.

These come in white, pink and blue. Very stylish and serviceable.

52.50 Girdles \$2.25.

A splendid new stock of satin corsets in white, pink and blue. Finest workmanship and materials.

Corsets \$1.00.

These are equal to any \$1.50 corset on the market; come in straight front style in white, black and drab. Latest Parisian makes.

\$2.75 Corsets \$2.50.

These are especially for stout women, being very strong and very comfortable.

Corset Announcement.

Jacoby Bros. carry a complete line of the following various corsets, each warranted and fitted:

W. B. R. &amp; G., Thompsons, prices \$1.00 up.

50c Summer Corset 48c.

These are the daintiest imaginable little corsets made in white, pink, drab and blue. Also new styles in corsets at the same price.

## Record-Breaking Undermuslins

65c Corset Covers 50c.

With high neck and long sleeves, in white, black, pink and blue. A style that is becoming popular among many well dressed women.

\$3.00 Muslim Skirts \$2.50.

These are daintily embroidered and trimmed with lace. Just the thing for graduation. Made of extra fine muslin.

12c Dainty Vests 8c.

We shall sell tomorrow the daintiest and prettiest ladies' vests imaginable. They come in Richelieu ribbed in pink or blue. Regular price 12c.

25c Lisle Vests 19c.

Special lot of ladies' splendid swiss ribbed vests in lace finish, perfectly shaped and made.

25c Children's Pants 15c.

Children's knit pants, lace trimmed, strong and well made, 15c tomorrow only.

## Record-Breaking Notions

25c handsome satin belt hose supporters for ladies, special at 8c.

25c genuine Glovines, a perfect glove cleaner, special at 19c.

2c hooks and eyes, Monday price, 2c.

2c safety pins, Monday's price, 2c.

2c Eagle pins, Monday's price, 2c.

2c cabinet hairpins, Monday's price, 2c.

2c handkerchiefs, Monday's price, 2c.

2c lace, Monday's price, 2c.





## Musical Notes

Low Capitalization. Conservative Management. No Indebtedness. A Good Safe Business Investment.

## NEW ERA MINING CO.

Owns seventeen full claims in the famous Searchlight District, Southern Nevada, free of all debt. The ore is free milling and runs from \$20 to \$400 per ton in gold.

\$20,000 per Month in Gold Bullion

Is the amount that will be taken from the lower group of the New Era Mining Co., if the company only mills twelve tons of its valuable free milling ore per day. A complete Hercules Hoist just erected upon the property. Several hundred feet of work already done.

You Must Sow a Few Dollars Before You Can Reap Dividends.

## REPORT ON COMPANY'S RICH ORE.

MARTIN & CARPENTER,  
Gold and Silver Refiners and Assayers,  
Mining Experts, Consulting Metallurgists,  
116 N. MAIN STREET, Ground Floor.

## ASAY AND ANALYSIS CERTIFICATE

Highest Cash Price Paid for Old Gold  
and Silver Placer and Refr. Ores.

Los Angeles, Cal., Assay for New Era Mining Co., of Searchlight, Nevada.

SAMPLE      GOLD OZS. PER TON      GOLD VALUE PER TON.      SILVER OZS. PER TON.      SILVER AT 60c.      TOTAL VALUE PER TON.

No. 622      12 1/20      \$260 44      6 1/10      \$3 166      \$264 10

TOTAL VALUE PER TON \$264.10

MARTIN &amp; CARPENTER, Assayers and Chemists

## SPECIAL REPORT OF MILL RUN

On one ton of ordinary ore, which was made to test the improved Eliasas Roller Quartz Mill. Free Gold in ore, per ton, \$56.70. Value of concentrates, per ton, .45. Value in tailings, per ton, 4.84. Value in headings, per ton, 5.88. Value lost and not accounted for, per ton, 1.82. Total values, per ton, \$66.04.

Remarks: Ore shows Tellurium very distinctly. Per cent. of values saved from ore milled: 90 per cent. Respectfully submitted, E. A. ANDERSON, E. M.

To enable the company to work its valuable ore and to purchase a mill, a limited amount of treasury stock is being sold at the low price of 25 cents per share, fully paid and non-assessable.

For further information, prospectus, etc., call or address

## THE NEW ERA MINING CO.,

434 Byrne Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## CANANEA MINES.

Wonderful Wealth of Ore and Great Development of the Copper Industry in Old Mexico.

BY REV. WINFIELD SCOTT.

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

CANANEA (Mex.) May 28.—One can get no adequate conception of the immensity of the new Compania Consolidated Copper Company plant and the work done by it, without visiting and inspecting. The mines, works and town lie in Old Mexico, twenty-five miles from the boundary line, and by rail, forty miles southwest of Naco, Ariz. The company has a broad-gauge railroad, thoroughly equipped and in splendid condition, running from Naco to the mines. It runs through an open country with mountains in the distance, and valleys and meadows covered with cactus and other desert growths, out in beautiful panoramas as far as the eye can see. The railroad is fenced, and the large tracts of land owned by Greene &amp; Packard are inclosed—thousands of cattle are grazing upon these ranges. Pumping plants are installed to provide water for these here.

THE MANAGEMENT.

W. C. Greene is president of the company, M. L. Sperry of Waterbury, Conn., first vice-president, and Burchard in the second vice-president and comptroller. Mr. Burchard is at the mines and is one of the trusted business managers in whom every one has confidence. The general manager is George Mitchell, who for six years was manager of the United Verde, who built the furnaces and placed the machinery and brought success to that plant. The furnace is one of his own invention, and with some improvements are the duplicates of those of the United Verde. James H. Kirk is superintendent of mines.

## THE PLANT.

There are six smelting furnaces, with an average capacity of 350 tons each. The furnaces are of the Mitchell hot-blast type, providing for the use of heated air for smelting purposes, thereby effecting a large saving in coke. The coke and ore are delivered and discharged from steel cars of twenty-five tons capacity, into large bins. These bins have a mechanical self-dumping device. From these bins the coke and ore are fed into the top of the furnaces. The bottom of furnaces are large crucibles into which molten slag is drained off on one side into large slag cars of a capacity of four tons each, which are taken by an electric locomotive for drainage, insuring good sanitation, all that are needed. With an altitude of 5300 feet and abundant good water brought in five miles from wells in the mountains, nothing can be done to compare with all sanitary laws could make this an unhealthy place. Being on the ground, inspecting and inquiring of those who know, I unhesitatingly declare that the rate of mortality is high, or an epidemic of any kind disease is false, and the most rank fake.

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Here is a town of 12,000 people, the majority of them English, French, Americans, yet the death rate, as shown by the resident physician, Dr. Van Dorn, and as shown by the records of the Commissary, to whom all deaths must be reported, has been one-half per cent. in the past eleven months. When we consider that this city is only two years old and everything in a favorable state, this report is most favorable. The health conditions will improve, and the camp will be a better place to live in.

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## GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN--By Walt McDougall

## How the Good Fairy Sandeline Helped Poor Little Amanda, the Hogans' Nurse



'THE BABY SEEMED TO GROW MORE SPITEFUL'

**W**HAT I am going to tell you about happened at the sea-shore.

There was a girl named Amanda Stuyvesant, who was an orphan, having neither father nor mother, and who had been taken from the poorhouse when only 4 years old by Mr. Adolphus Hogan. She helped about the house, but mostly took care of the baby, who was never more than a year old. There had been four of them at that time. The mother of them died and went to heaven, leaving one in Amanda's charge. Amanda thought this one, which was called Ruth, was the most beautiful baby in all the world. She was born at daybreak, and she woke up in time to give extra performances. Indeed, poor Amanda often wished that the baby's mother had taken her to heaven, for she was very fond of her. She was not 10 years old, had really no time at all to do anything but attend to Ruth.

One morning early in the summer they were all sitting at the breakfast table, when Ruth, who was not allowed to eat at the same table with the Hogan family because she came from the poorhouse, and Mr. Hogan told them he was going to take them all to the seashore for a month.

"This will be fine!" cried young Egbert Hogan. "We'll have fun on the sand. I am going fishing every day!"

"The gallaghers are going to the shore this summer," said Hermione Hogan, "but I don't think the children will enjoy themselves at all."

"Why not?" inquired her father.

"Because," she replied, "they now have a stepmother."

"That's all nonsense about stepmothers," said her father. "You children have been reading Grimm's fairy stories about bad stepmothers and have got a wrong idea. There are many lovely stepmothers in the world and many happy children who are cared for by them as though they belonged to them."

"I am sorry," interrupted Egbert. "I knew a boy who has one, and he never has his buttons sewed on his torn clothes, and when he cuts his finger she doesn't tie a rag on nor nothin', and he never gets half as much to eat as her children do."

*The Beach Fairy*

"All tom-rot!" said his father, as he rose from the table.

"I'll bet he's just thinking about getting a nasty, mean, new stepmother for us now," said Hermione. "He was so red in the face."

"Well, I don't know. I saw him talking to a lady down by the market last Saturday," said Pauline. "That looked sort of like a pirate."

"I'll run away from home if he does," asserted Egbert, decidedly. "I'll go and be a pirate or go to the Philippines."

"It never will be nice to her at all," echoed Pauline.

Then the baby, as if contributing her opinion, began to cry and kick her toes against the table, so Amanda had to come and remove her. They all went to the beach in the next hour. Pauline and Amanda had their hands full taking care of the baby, the baggage and the clothing, while the children forgot and left on the seats of the sun. But Ruth had been left at the shore, and they could wander from morning until night along the broad, white sand, or wade in the salty, foaming waves that rolled solemnly up the slants of the hard beach, she thought that she was a mermaid.

The baby, however, seemed to grow more spiteful and disagreeable than before. When she was not crying outright in her chair, she would be writing on the sand in the sun, and she knew that Amanda was hunting constantly for pins that she never found, but which she imagined were sticking into Ruth. Instead of playing in the water, white sand like other girls, she sat snarling and gnashing her red toes savagely into it as if spurning what all children so dearly love.

If she went to sleep, which she did occasionally but accidentally, Amanda, thinking she could enjoy it all for a brief moment, stole away a step to play with some other children, who didn't know that she came from the poorhouse, that name being an insult when used up there.

"I don't wonder if you were right," said Amanda, "but I don't care if I even find a real baby at all. What shall I do?"

"You can do nothing, but because you have brought me back to life I will make them take her back again," retorted Ruth.

"The baby will find in the morning that a new baby is in the house, and one, I am sure, who will be far less troublesome to you, for the babies that live here are always very well behaved."

"Oh, I am tired of watching this baby," cried the girl. "I never have a moment to read or play; every instant has to be given to Ruth."

"That's too bad," said the fairy, and she walked to the sleeping Ruth and looked at her.

"This is a changeling," she said, after a moment's scrutiny.

"What is a changeling?" asked Amanda.

"The baby was taken away the real baby at some time and substituted one of their own. I can always tell them, almost at a glance."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right," said Amanda, "but I don't care if I even find a real baby at all. What shall I do?"

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"Oh, that's all attended to already," said Sandeline, smiling. "You must need lots of things."

"I need new clothes and shoes and a parasol. Why, dear me, I have them already."

Sure enough she was all dressed in a delicate blue gown, with a blue hat and a blue parasol. There was not a lessler little girl on the beach.

"Dear me! It's really too fine for a nurse girl," she said, as she felt of her dress.

"I think you ought to have a carriage and ponies to go with your fine attire."

"That would be nice. I wish I had them," said Amanda, without really thinking of the result, but instantly there stood beside her such a sweet little blue phaeton with two of the dearest little

wonder and Amanda crawled into the hole. She found at once that it was too small for her and she began to dig out the sand and wash her hands, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye on baby.

She had hollowed out the hole to a much greater depth and was about to lie down in it and measure her grave, when her hand touched something soft and yielding beneath the sand at the bottom. It did not feel cold and clammy as things you find in the sand generally do, but it was warm and nice to the touch.

She was so frightened and dug farther, when, to her amazement, came upon a queer thing embedded in the sand several feet below the surface, which was unlike anything she had ever seen or heard about. She turned out the sand and examined it carefully. It was about as large as a big doll, but soft and more like a gray jelly than anything else. It had a real shape, but was just fluffy and formless, like a cloud. It was soft and warm, dry sand and grazed at it in wonder. As she watched it she saw that it moved. This startled her, for the thought of a living thing of her size and who ate things, you know, was new to her. As she watched, a head formed on it, and then arms and legs, and it turned white, and then a rosy pink all over. Then she saw that it was breathing into the hole, for lovely, fair hair came upon its head, its eyes, blue as violets, opened, and a rosy mouth disclosed pearl teeth as it smiled up at her. In a few minutes the beautiful crea-

ture ponies with tails that swept the beach and all the time she marveled, for both looked very lovely. The baby remained sound asleep all the time as though under some spell. By and by they passed Hermione and Pauline, both of whom stared at the sight of nurse-girl Amanda in such a phantasm. Then she saw Egbert, who also stared with all his might at her, for at first he didn't recognize in the beautiful girl in the carriage their household slave.

"It's truly wonderful how nicely Ruth is sleeping," said Amanda after a while. "I don't think Mr. Hogan had ever seen a baby before, for he did stare awfully, and she blushed as they drove past. 'What's that?' cried Amanda, and the next minute found herself standing at the door of the Hogan cottage. The ponies and phaeton were just vanishing into thin mist, and Sandeline stood beside her, smiling.

"Good-bye, until to-morrow," she said, and she, too, disappeared. Then Ruth began to bellow as if a whole paper of pins were sticking into her, and Amanda ran to get at once.

"Will you have some candy?" asked Amanda.

"Of course I will," answered Pauline, and she ran off with the box, followed by her sister and brother.

"How mean of her!" exclaimed Amanda. "Why, I never even had a taste of plain old candy!"

"Well, wish for some more," said Sand-

eline and when Amanda turned to her to see what she would do, as he took off his hat, she was amazed to find that the little girl was smiling at Mr. Hogan and she was smiling at him. She was a different woman, dressed just like Amanda, and she was smiling at Mr. Hogan, and she was smiling at him. She was smiling at him suddenly: "It's almost night. We must get home, or the carriage and ponies will disappear and leave us here, for, you know, it will be low tide at 7 o'clock."

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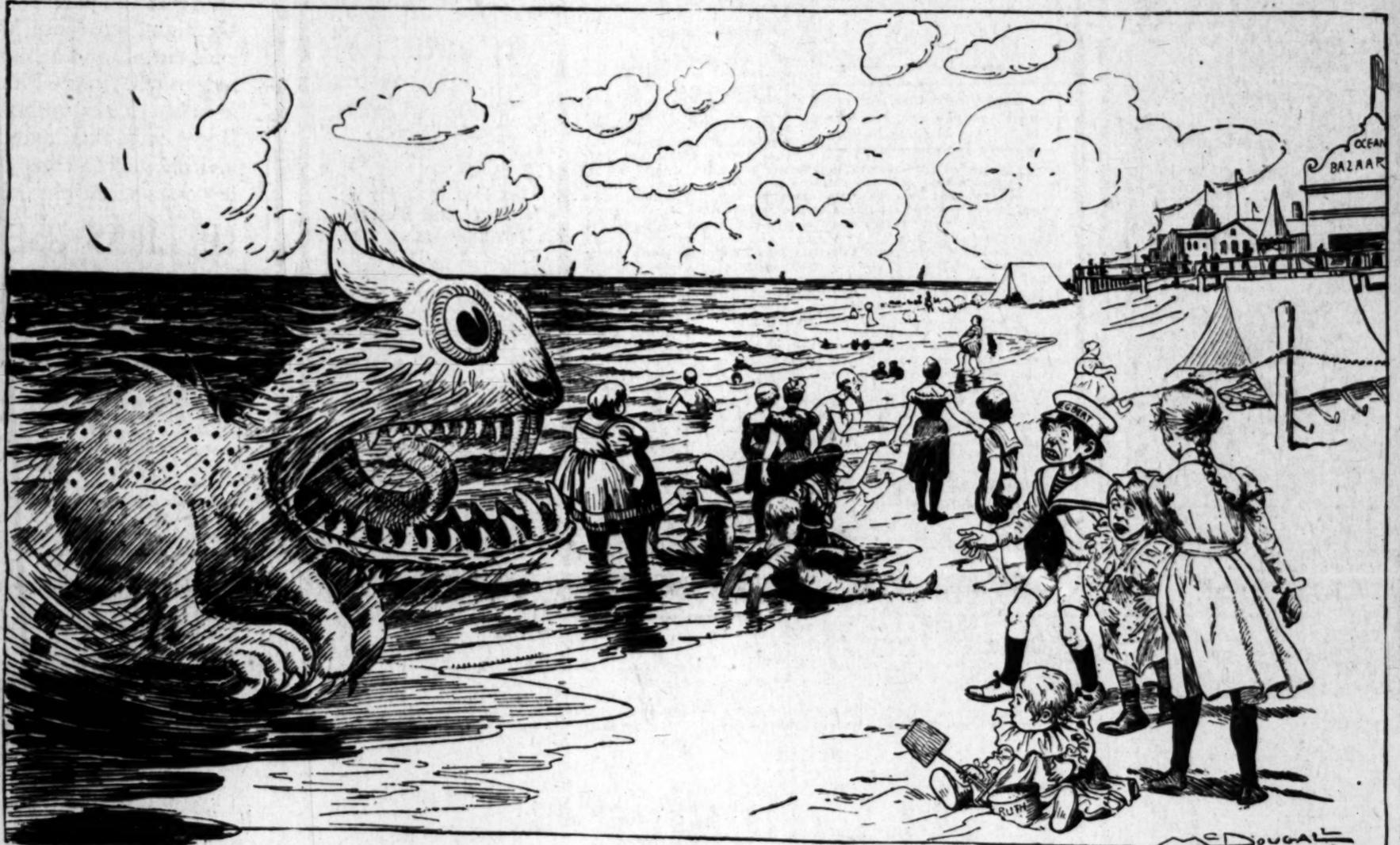


'THE FAIRY APPEARED  
MR. HOGAN'

**APOLEON** said if he could have officers enough with the right sort of noses he would conquer the world, and there is no doubt that much is indicated by this constant feature.

He decides many points in the defense of a face.

There are five conspicuous types of noses, the Greek or peaceful nose, the nose of conquerors, the Jewish or oriental nose, the snub, or the nose of the retronous, which is between



"AN AWFUL THING CAME ROARING UP OUT OF THE SURF"

**deline**, laughing. "You can fill the carriage if you wish."

"Won't it make any difference to you?" asked Amanda.

"No, indeed, and you may as well ask for some nice flowers, also. All girls love them so."

"I've never had any flowers. I wish the carriage were filled with them," cried Amanda, and the baby she was holding was buried in magnificent roses and other flowers, so that she could scarcely see to drive the ponies. Then, as they went along, the pony's head and the carriage were all talking about the fairy, for all girls never talked so much after she had expressed an opinion. Suddenly Hermione said: "What's the matter with baby? She hasn't blubbed once this morning. And see how soft and blue her eyes are, too."

"She turned into Ruth's face and added, "Nice blue eyes! What kind of eyes baby dot?"

she loved her dearly. Amanda examined her closely, and was sure her eyes were different in color, and well expression. She was the dearest little thing imaginable now, all smiles and cooings every hour. Amanda could scarcely believe her eyes and ears. Before they went to the beach as usual that morning they were all talking about the fairy, for all girls never talked so much after she had expressed an opinion. Suddenly Hermione said: "What's the matter with baby? She hasn't blubbed once this morning. And see how soft and blue her eyes are, too."

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"She turned into



SAFEST PLACE  
TO TRADE127-147  
N. SPRING  
LOS ANGELES

## HAMBURGER'S

127-147  
N. SPRING  
LOS ANGELESTHE ONLY PLACE  
TO TRADE

**\$45.00 Tailored Dresses at \$45.00.**  
Just 24 handsome tailored dresses of imported materials in fancy checks, stripes and plain broadcloth. These suits are made in the most correct, up-to-date styles, perfectly tailored in every detail; have eton jackets with postillion backs or tight-fitting jackets. They are made over a foundation of the finest taffeta silk and the regular prices range from \$50.00 to \$60.00; they will be offered for Monday at, choice second floor.

**\$45.00**Matchless Reduction Sale  
Of Fine Rugs.

Absolutely the greatest merchandising event in fine rugs ever attempted in this city. You can always find room in your home for rugs—and you can not afford to miss this sale at these incomparable prices.

Pro-Brussels Rugs—as heavy as body Brussels; the colors running through without the coarse burlap back, makes them an almost reversible rug. The colors are guaranteed for wear and the prices have been reduced from one fourth to one third:

24x12 ft. rug, 11 styles, were \$12.00; reduced to \$8.00.  
24x15 ft. rug, 12 styles, were \$15.00; reduced to \$11.00.  
24x18 ft. rug, 13 styles, were \$18.00; reduced to \$13.00.  
24x21 ft. rug, 14 styles, were \$21.00; reduced to \$15.00.  
24x24 ft. rug, 15 styles, were \$24.00; reduced to \$18.00.  
24x27 ft. rug, 16 styles, were \$27.00; reduced to \$21.00.

Smyrna Rugs—the reversible kind; exact copies of the real Oriental rugs costing from \$50.00 to \$200.00 each. Prices reduced as follows:

24x12 ft. rug, 8 patterns, were \$12.00; reduced to \$8.00.  
24x15 ft. rug, 9 patterns, were \$15.00; reduced to \$11.00.  
24x18 ft. rug, 10 patterns, were \$18.00; reduced to \$13.00.  
24x21 ft. rug, 11 patterns, were \$21.00; reduced to \$15.00.  
24x24 ft. rug, 12 patterns, were \$24.00; reduced to \$18.00.  
24x27 ft. rug, 13 patterns, were \$27.00; reduced to \$21.00.  
24x30 ft. rug, 14 patterns, were \$30.00; reduced to \$24.00.  
24x33 ft. rug, 15 patterns, were \$33.00; reduced to \$27.00.

Handsome Axminster Rugs—all one piece; a limited quantity but all choice patterns:

24x12 ft. rug, solid color, were \$27.00; reduced to \$18.00.  
24x15 ft. rug, solid color, were \$30.00; reduced to \$21.00.  
24x18 ft. rug, solid color, were \$33.00; reduced to \$24.00.  
24x21 ft. rug, solid color, were \$36.00; reduced to \$27.00.  
24x24 ft. rug, solid color, were \$39.00; reduced to \$30.00.  
24x27 ft. rug, solid color, were \$42.00; reduced to \$33.00.  
24x30 ft. rug, solid color, were \$45.00; reduced to \$36.00.

FOURTH FLOOR

FOULARD SILK  
CLEARANCE SALE

20,000 Yards Best Silk Textiles at the Prices of Cotton Stuffs.

The most notable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our claim to silk headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on your memory. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as Foulards. In previous seasons we have reserved our silk clearance sale until later; but we have decided to make it co-relative with our White Fair Sale. The most of these silks were made by the well known firm of Cheney Bros.—the best in America. Every woman knows the value of this superior goods; and will realize that the present clearance prices are but little more than ordinary cotton goods sell for. These silks were all new this season, and are the best in color and pattern.

At **38c** 85c and \$1.00 Satin Finished Twilled Foulards. 500 yards of Foulards at one-half and less their regular prices. They are in all the most wanted shades of blue, green, brown, red, pink, old rose, tan, gray and lavender. They are in large and small figures, polka dots, vine and leaf effects, scroll and Persian designs—all of rich satin finish with small twill effects. There are no better wearing silks made. They are actual 85c to \$1.00 qualities and have never sold for less. They are all 24 inches wide, are strictly pure silk. Priced for our Foulard Silk Clearance Sale at per yard 85c.

At **48c** Cheney Bros. \$1.00 and \$1.25 Satin Foulards. 8000 yards of satin Foulards at less than half regular prices. All new up-to-date designs in the newest, most wanted colors in two tone effects. Shades of blue, red, tan, golden brown, green, pink, old rose, gray, castor, lavender, and black and white combinations. They are in floral and Persian designs, polka dots, large and small figures, scroll and vine effects, leaf and pansy patterns. All printed on light and dark grounds of a handsome quality satin that will not fuzz up. They are 24 inches wide, strictly pure silk and actual \$1.00 to \$1.25 qualities, cannot be matched for less. Priced for our Foulard Silk Clearance Sale at per yard 85c.

At **68c** Cheney Bros. \$1.25 and \$1.50 Satin Foulards. 4000 yards of the well known Cheney Bros. satin Foulards, the best of American makes. This line includes all choice patterns for street and evening wear in two and three tone effects printed on light and dark grounds of extra fine quality satin. The designs are large and small patterns with scroll, figures and vine effects, large and small leaf patterns, all over Persian designs, floral patterns and other high art novelties. These Foulards are 24 inches wide, are strictly pure silk, actual \$1.25 and \$1.50 qualities and have never sold for less. Priced for our Foulard Silk Clearance Sale at per yard 85c.

At **98c** \$2.00 Imported Satin Foulards. 3000 yards of imported Foulards in all the newest Parisian novelties and smart designs for fine costumes for street and evening wear. Come in two and three color effects and are the finest Foulards made. The patterns consist of large oriental, all over Persian and floral designs, scroll and vine effects, Persian stripes, leaf patterns and figures, scrolls and polka dots. There are 100 pieces from which to make selections, they are printed on light and dark grounds of the finest quality satin, liberty, will not rub or fuzz up. They are 24 inches wide, are absolutely pure silk and cannot be matched in quality anywhere. Priced for our Foulard Silk Clearance Sale at per yard 85c.

Cut Price Sale of  
Sample Refrigerators.

The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator Co., of Grand Rapids, are the foremost manufacturers in their line in the United States. We have sold hundreds of these refrigerators in Los Angeles and have yet to learn of any that have disengaged from them. We have several dozen of these refrigerators which have been used for samples and have become somewhat marred and scathed, so will dispose of them this week at fully 25 per cent under regular prices.

\$15.00 Refrigerator—33 inches long; 20 inches deep; 47 inches high. Reduced to \$17.50.  
\$17.50 Refrigerator—37 inches long; 18 inches deep; 43 inches high. Reduced to \$16.00.  
\$16.00 Refrigerator—37 inches long; 18 inches deep and 50 inches high. Reduced to \$19.50.  
\$19.50 Refrigerator—33 inches long; 20 inches deep and 46 inches high. Reduced to \$18.50.  
\$18.50 Refrigerator—32 inches long; 24 inches deep; 47 inches high. Reduced to \$21.50.  
\$21.50 Refrigerator—31 inches long; 20 inches deep; 45 inches high. Reduced to \$22.50.  
\$22.50 Refrigerator—42 inches long; 28 inches deep and 39 inches high. Reduced to \$22.00.  
\$22.00 Refrigerator—32 inches long; 24 inches deep; 47 inches high. Reduced to \$22.50.  
\$22.50 Refrigerator—36 inches long; 21 inches deep; 47 inches high. Reduced to \$25.00.  
\$25.00 Refrigerator—37 inches long; 24 inches deep; 42 inches high; reduced to \$26.00.  
\$26.00 Refrigerator—40 inches long; 24 inches deep; 46 inches high; reduced to \$30.00.  
\$30.00 Ice Chest—28 inches long, 21 inches deep and 24 inches high; reduced to \$36.00.  
\$36.00 Ice Chest—30 inches long, 18 inches wide and 25 inches high; reduced to \$40.00.

THIRD FLOOR

## Second Week of Great White Fair Sale.

## 50c Drawers 29c.

Good quality Muslin Drawers, with pretty embroidery in bow knot designs; finished with cluster of tucks; actual 50c values. made a leader for the second week of our White Fair Sale at per pair.

**29c**

SECOND FLOOR

## \$1.50 Gowns 98c.

A superior quality Cambric Gown—in Empire and other leading styles; prettily embroidery trimmed; all neatly finished. Taken from our regular \$1.50 stocks. Priced for the second week of our White Fair Sale as a leader, choice.

**98c**

SECOND FLOOR

## 75c Corset Covers 50c.

Fine quality Nainsook Corset Covers—trimmed with lace and insertion in cloverleaf design; very neat; dainty patterns; sell regularly at 75c. Made a leader for the second week of our White Fair Sale, at.

**50c**

SECOND FLOOR

## 15c Lawns, 10c.

One lot of Corded Stripe Victoria Lawns—actually worth 15c. Monday's White Fair Sale leader per yard.

**10c**

15c India Linon, 10c. One case India Linon—pure white, sheer and fine; worth 15c. Monday's leader for our White Fair Sale per yard.

**10c**

## Crisp New Undermuslins of Snowy Whiteness.

The great sale of last week left an impression in the minds of our public which will be long remembered; for we are confident that such matchless bargains were never before heard of in California merchandising annual. Every stock has been rearranged and tomorrow morning will see our

Fine Cambric Drawers—with very wide flounce of two rows of lace insertion, lace ruffle and hem-stitched tucks. Regular \$1.50 value.

**98c**

White Fair sale price.

Fine Muslin Gowns—with yoke of embroidery insertion and cluster of fine tucks. Sell regularly at 75c. White Fair sale price.

**48c**

Fine Nainsook Gown—very soft; made with round yoke of lace insertion, beading and baby ribbon; regular \$2.50 value. White Fair sale price.

**\$1.98**

Cambrie Corset Cover—extra fine; front elaborately trimmed with Linen lace, insertion; cut low square neck; priced regularly at \$1.50. White Fair sale price.

**98c**

Cambrie Skirts—of very elaborate design; trimmed with lace and insertion, presenting a handsome appearance. White Fair Sale price.

**\$2.98**

Cambrie Chemise—fine and soft; trimmed with embroidery edge—an unexcelled value.

**98c**

For our White Fair Sale, price.



22 pieces

SECOND FLOOR

## \$1.50 Cambric Skirts.

Lacy, fluffy skirts of fine fabric; the flounce elaborately trimmed with rows of lines and insertion and cluster of fine tucks; also embroidery trimmed. Priced for the second week of our White Fair Sale.

**98c**

SECOND FLOOR

## \$1.68 Skirt Chemise.

Made of fine lawn with Empire yoke of lace insertion, embroidery beading and ribbon. The line of garments is the pride of our popularly priced store. Sells regularly at \$1.68. Priced for the second week of our White Fair Sale.

**98c**

SECOND FLOOR

## Infants' \$3.00 Cloaks.

Infants' long Bedford cloaks, made with fancy collar; trimmed with pearl buttons; \$8.00. Priced for the second week of our White Fair Sale.

**\$1.50**

SECOND FLOOR

## 50c White Ribbons.

The handsomest of White Cream Satin and Gros Ribbons of fine quality; of beautiful sheen; width about 1 1/2 inches; never sold less than 50c a yard—also embroidered double-satin ribbon and fancy Louisiane ribbons in pretty shades; width 3 to 5 inches combined assortment all in regular 50c values. White Fair Sale price per yard.

**29c**

## Knit Underwear.

Ladies' low neck and sleeveless Vests, pure white, made with lace front; regularly sold at 50c. White Fair Sale price.

**19c**

Ladies' long sleeve, high neck Vests, pure white; also sleeveless vests with low necks. Both regular 38c values. White Fair Sale price per garment.

**29c**

## STATE OF CALIFORNIA, County of Los Angeles,

A. L. Paddleford, being duly sworn, deposes and says: that he is the chief accountant of A. Hamburger & Sons, Inc., and as such has supervision of the salary account of the employees of said corporation. That during the month of April, 1902, the total amount paid out to employees, not including cash boys or cash girls, was \$20,098.00.

That the average amount per person paid to male employees for said month was \$60.40, and the average amount per person paid to female employees was \$30.35.

(COPY)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of June, 1902.

(Signed) ALBERT D. BARNHAM, Notary Public.

## Lace Mitts.

Ladies' Lace Mitts—black or white; also plain silk mitts in black or white; all long lengths; regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 values. White Fair Sale price per pair.

**75c**

Ladies' extra long lace mitts, white or black; also black lace gloves and black lace mitts; both regular \$2.00 and \$2.50 values. White Fair Sale price per pair.

**\$1.50**

White Fair Sale price per yard.

able Refrigerators, Rapids, are the  
turers in their  
We have  
and have yet to  
satisfied pur-  
several dozen of  
which have  
and have be-  
red and scratch-  
of them this  
per cent under

— inches, long; 20 in.  
high. Reduced to... \$12.50  
— inches long; 18 in.  
high. Reduced to... \$13.50  
— inches long; 18 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$14.50  
— inches long; 20 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$15.50  
— inches long; 24 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$16.50  
— inches long; 20 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$17.50  
— inches long; 28 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$17.50  
— inches long; 24 inches  
high. Reduced to... \$18.50  
— inches long; 21½  
inches high. Reduced to... \$19.50  
— inches long; 24 inches  
high; reduced to... \$21.00  
— inches long, 24 inch-  
high; reduced to... \$22.00  
— inches long, 21 inches  
high; reduced to... \$23.00  
— inches long, 18½ inches  
high; reduced to... \$24.00  
THIRD FLOOR.

Sale.

Cambric Skirts 98c

fluffy skirts of fine cambric  
the flounce elaborately  
ed with rows of linen lace  
insertion and clusters of  
tucks; also embroidery  
ed. Priced for the  
week

98c

SECOND FLOOR

Skirt Chemise 98c

of fine lawn with Empire  
lace insertion, embroidery  
and ribbon. This  
garment is the prettiest  
and popularly priced styles  
regularly at \$1.68. Priced  
second

98c

SECOND FLOOR

Cloaks \$3.00 \$1.98

long Bedford cord  
made with fancy  
collar; trimmed  
elegantly made; finished  
with pearl buttons; worth  
Priced for the second

\$1.98

SECOND FLOOR

White Ribbons 29c

handsomest of White  
Satin and Gros Graine  
of fine quality; of  
width about 4 inches  
and less than 50c a yard  
embroidered double-faced  
ribbon and fancy Tatting  
silk ribbons in popular  
width 3 to 5 inches. The  
and assort-  
in regular  
s. White  
price

29c

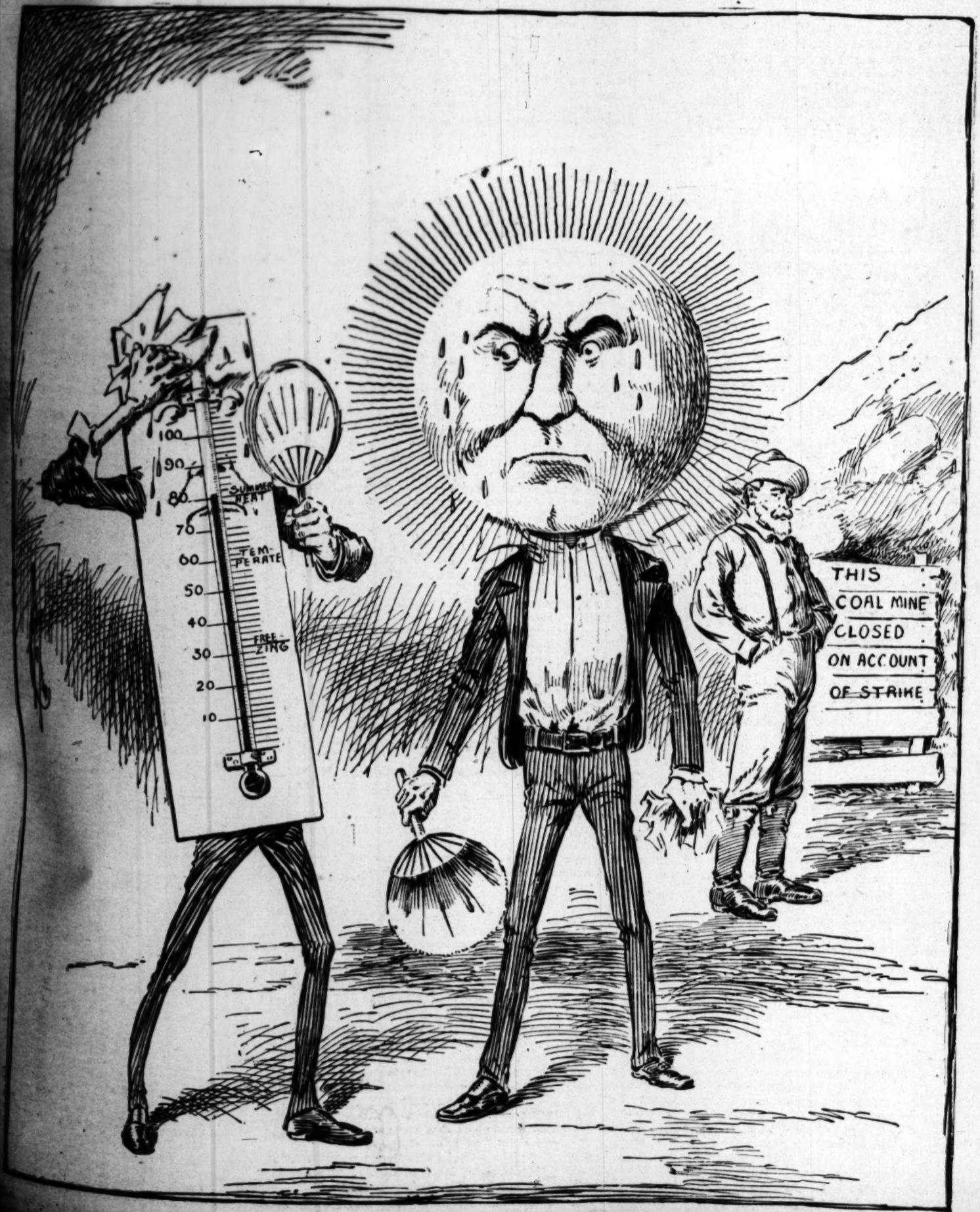
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

JUNE 15, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR... \$2.50  
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS

"A CASE OF WAT 'ELL DO WE CARE."



The Thermometer, to Old Sol: Who wants coal, anyhow, this weather?

... a great  
headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression  
... of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as  
... in previous seasons we have... our silk clearance sale will... but

## Cut Price Sale of Sample Refrigeration

Small Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week—Mr. Ralph Stu

## Los Angeles Sunday Times.

[June 15, 1902.]

### OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE. SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; the Development of the Southwest; Current Literature; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Pen Pictures Sketched Far A-field; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 200 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy. \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

### ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

#### VACATION IN CALIFORNIA.

HERE must be some significance attaching to the fact that two young men of Columbus, O., starting this spring, for a summer's outing, chose to turn their faces westward and paint upon the side of their camping wagon, "California or bust." The summer resorts of the Appalachians and the Great Lakes, the Thousand Islands and the forests of Maine lie behind them, comparatively close at hand, and the Rockies to cross before they reach us.

Those who have lived in California for a few years will be likely to infer a further reason for the journey, beyond the pleasure of a ride across the country after the example of the pioneers. We who know California and know the East realize that, while the Pacific Coast is a pleasant place in which to be in the winter, it is the only place to pass the summer in. Everybody hopes that it will be many years at least before the East will be visited by so deadly a temperature as that of last summer; and we are all profoundly sorry for our friends back there; but none of us who are here can avoid feeling deeply grateful for the fact that our homes are in Southern California. Even the coolest summer resorts of the East cannot compare in average comfort of temperature with California.

That is not all. Within the radius of a few miles we can choose between the exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains and the salt breezes of the sea, the healing dryness of the arid plain and the dew-distilling airs of the fruitful valley. When we go on our summer vacation, we can pitch our tent in the primeval forest, a day's journey or more from sight or sound of human life, near neighbors of the bear and deer and mountain lion, or we can camp out at the end of a street-car line, within a half-hour's ride of the center of a city. We can live in aboriginal simplicity, replenishing our larder by the use of rod and gun, or we can sit down, at mountain or shore, in dinner dress, to a luxurious table, provided without our aid or care. And between these two extremes there is the pleasant mean of tenting at some camp, lying, perhaps, far back in a wooded cañon, beside a stream of whose music the woods is full by day and night, where one may bring what one chooses and buy what one lacks of utensils or provisions. There is no fear of storms to disturb the camper, no provision to be made against rain or hail or destructive wind. In this part of the State there are cloudless skies all summer long.

Moreover, the special advantage, beyond that of climate, which California has over nearly all the other resorts of summer guests, is the unspoiled, virgin beauty of its scenery. You may ride for miles along the foot-hills and look out upon the marvelous grays and browns and reds of the Sierras and the cactus-covered plains at their feet, with scarcely a glimpse of a house. The cañons are full of wild creatures, in fur and feathers, every thicket is a-thrill with wing, a choir of mocking birds awakens you with morning hymn, and sings, perhaps, a love-lilt at midnight on your tent roof; blue jays sit about the kitchen, the civet cat thrusts an inquisitive nose into your dining-room, numberless squirrels and mountain rats sit back and forth among the leaves, and rabbits and quail and other small creatures are glimpsed at a little distance. The hunter finds an abundance of

game for his gun, and the lover of nature, who had learned, with Emerson, to name the birds without a snare; the follower of Ernest Thompson-Seton, armed with a camera, has here a rich field for his work.

Verily, it is a good thing that the people of the East do not know all there is to know about California; for while our State desires more settlers, at the present time, we who are already here would like to continue to have something more than mere standing room for our accommodation; and there would seem little likelihood of this, if the advantages of our mild and stormless summers were understood.

Those two young men from Columbus are surely of the right Ohio material, and know what they are about.

#### AFAR IN THE DESERT.

NOTABLE movement for the restoration and preservation of ancient landmarks of the pre-American occupation of California furnishes the subject of a recent editorial of the San Francisco Chronicle. An appeal was therein made for unity of sentiment in the preservation of the missions, the old Mexican government buildings and the ancient structures which are associated with the romance and poetry of the State. Mention was made of some organizations which have united in the work for the preservation of places of historic and archeological interest. Every loyal citizen of the State should heed the call.

The effort to restore the California of the past is also being aided by the service of irrigation which discloses not only the fossil treasures of the sand dunes, but hidden forces of vegetable life and growth. Prof. Agassiz told long ago of well-authenticated cases where seed taken from the catacombs bloomed into fresh life, and Dr. Carpenter asserts from his researches, in an article published in the London Chronicle, that there is really no limit to the possible duration of latent vitality.

The dullest imaginations have been roused by the mighty blow which with one stroke, during the catastrophe at Martinique, nature has demolished old theories concerning the composition of the earth. In the Barbadoes Advocate, a newspaper published upon the island, one learns that the fall of dust fourteen miles from Soufrière was about twenty-seven tons to the acre. An analysis made by a local expert, Prof. d'Albuquerque of Barbadoes, is said, in a preliminary examination, to have disclosed a different dust in the chemical analysis from that made after the eruption in May, 1812, by Sir Humphrey Davy. The most matter-of-fact conviction can never be quite certain of the gifts of Mother Earth, however earnestly one would know the secrets of the mountains that repel, the valleys that collect or the rivers that divide.

The romance of the dust is more and more recognized in the arid West for its power to show forth the brightness and verdure of an immemorial past, though covered by sodden gray spaces. In the light of the sum of organized knowledge the silver atoms are recognized as dynamic forces of material peace and plenty. The poetry of the desert is haunting the hearts of men with something of the spell of the sea:

"We are of one kindred whereso'er we be  
Red upon the high road or yellow on the plain,  
White against the sea drift that girts the heavy sea,  
Thou hast made us brothers, God of wind and rain!  
When I bend my head and listen at the ground  
I can hear vague voices that I used to know  
Stirring in dim places."

Thus sings one of our younger poets in sympathy with the life-giving power of the sands.

Science has told many engrossing pages of the fragments weathered from rock masses, and shown the sculptor's marbles and the hints of microscopic life, but the restoration of sleeping forces in the depths of the soil is a more significant study. For at first thought the desert seems not a part of the smiling earth with her songs and blossoms. Its desolations appear beyond the beguilements of human companionship. When lo! the spring shower falls and masses of crimson and gold rise from the earth and all the silver trails seem to show the future homes of a sunlit land.

The will power of civilization has felt the thrall of the desert. Field work is gaining ground in the teaching of physical geography, and notwithstanding the difficulties of distance and other formidable obstacles, an observational study of irrigation is winning the most enlightened thought.

Affinity, gravitation, caloric and electricity are the servants of the ancient landmarks, and will bring to light divine phases of the Golden State under the agency of modern enterprise. Man's house of life has many beautiful chambers, and specimens of initial creative efforts are too multifarious to escape the persistent intelligence. Even the cacti, with their enigmatical first cause and erratic powers of defense, open a vista of speculation concerning the tides of terrestrial events. The smallest lichen on the rocks may be the child of the centuries, and its apparently impressive life one of Nature's cabalistic manifestations of perpetual motion or of the stability of the earth. While the physicist speculates concerning the voice of the desert wind, and the motion of the clouds, is it not a waster study with a more mysterious response, which is shown in that conservation of will which has decreed that our government shall formulate some practical mode of action and become the providence of the desert? Irrigation has its allies in spectacles of deteriorating lands which are destined to become ministering forces in the chain of beneficent events.

We dimly understand the inspiring power of the sleep-

ing dust when on memorial days the nation in its service of remembrance to carry on the world with a deepened sense of obligation. A man of man's resurrection may lie in his grave, but from the dust of the energizing influence of humanity.

There are few persons so insensitive as not to be moved from a day of close listening to the heart of man, out hearing the call of many voices urging charity and noble justice.

The pilgrim of the desert may help in the lost trails for his fellow-men, may add to the lower creation which have so long slept and feared the races of mankind. With the mercy and the vivifying gift of love the world may recognize the old landmarks of the heart.

#### WHO KNOWS?

The hush of calm is on the air,  
The winds scarce breathe within the air.  
The grasses slumber everywhere,  
And lovely roses, red and white,  
Shed richest fragrance; lilles sweet  
Wall in the pathways of my feet.

The lake uplifts its shining face,  
With scarce a ripple on its breast;  
Within the sky there is no place  
For any cloud; the sunbeams rest,  
A soundless sea of golden light,  
Filling the spaces infinite.

The soul of fragrance seems to lie  
Within the air; the soul of song  
Is hidden, too, within the sky,  
And ev'ry breeze wafts it along.  
O, who can solve the mystery,  
Of air-filled deeps of melody?

As the poet sings, "The graves were Gothic Temples," and mayhap He walketh still In their cool, shadowed aisles, while Nature Her thousand tongues pours forth His psalms And fills the wide, infinite deeps of sky. And with His unseen presence thrills the Telephonic air till every breath in Those far azure fields is message laden For all winged things. Who knows, and can Answer?

#### CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT

England will be fortunate if she finds in a popular diplomat as Lord Pauncefote to represent her interests in Washington.—[Washington Times.] Count Tolstoi has written a vigorous letter demanding a constitution for Russia. Count evidently does not take his recent book seriously.—[Atlanta Journal.]

The transaction of public business in England is indefensible in a democratic government, and is also in violation of the charter it is both physically and morally wrong.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Those magazine artists who are shown in Edward VII in his coronation robes ought to be ashamed. They have pictured His Majesty as clad in a décolleté empire gown en train in a [Kansas City Star.]

Dr. Conan Doyle and Michael Davitt have had bad guesses. The former assumed, more than a year ago, that the Boer war was over, while the latter just announced, also in book form, that it would continue indefinitely.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The longest days in the year are the best when June is gracious. Life in the open air is the best worth living, and this is the month when the choicest experiences of such life are to be had. As James Russell Lowell wrote, "Come perfect, days."—[New York Tribune.]

Uncle Sam does not look for practical color of the flag, when human beings are to be fed and saved. In doing more for the people of the West Indies than France did herself, Uncle Sam again showed the same prompt and generous spirit that fed the starving of Ireland and the masses of Russia and India.—[Saturday Evening Post.]

An Illinois man has been found willing to post made vacant by the death of the man who succumbed to the outpourings of the fire at St. Pierre. Had there been any eligible volunteer, we feel sure that he would have come to the rescue as a last resort.

The only adequate remedy for lynching is a just and enlightened public sentiment, now all the necessary machinery of law and order is established so sound that a man can find that the limit of governmental power has been reached.—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

Another college student has paid tribute to the spirit of hazing, which modified form is still able to stamp out of our colleges. It is a pity that a promising young life must be ruined as the apologists of this practice defend the boys will be boys.—[Baltimore American.]

#### TRIED IT INVERTED.

An amusing and somewhat curious incident recently befell a certain French painter, nameless. He had gone to the Salons, a friend, who was a member of the Committee, and who had been instrumental in the acceptance of the painter's work. When near his picture he exclaimed, "Good God, exhibiting my picture the wrong side up!" to the reply, "the committee rejected it."—[Modern Society.]

## Electric

### TRANSIT IN ENGLAND

THE STREET-RAILROAD ENTERPRISE

UNITED KINGDOM

From Our Own Correspondent

HAVE spent some time this week in London, and the electric possibilities of this tight little island have been well illustrated. The Americans expect to make in carrying out their part of it another. I have done

over 100 million rides taken every year, two

million or more miles or tram cars hauled by horses,

and the schemes are under way to change the

conditions in the United Kingdom. Most of the large cities have electrical facilities, and there are a score of towns of fifty thousand and upward which have

roads whatever. Many of the large towns are built connecting them. It is safe to say that as large as that of our steel trams and with the same ease as in

the big towns of Great Britain.

This country is full of big towns with electric roads. It has scores of cities which we hardly know, and the size

is a constant surprise to me. Take

for instance. It is more than twice

as large as that of our steel trams and with the same ease as in

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for instance. It is more than twice



able toward silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on all of us. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as those we have seen.

In previous seasons we have seen our silk clearance sale until later, but

building and furnishing of electrical machinery for these towns of Great Britain. Whether the railroads and other electrical works are put in by private parties or by the cities the demand for the machinery is the same, and much American capital is already invested to supply this. There is a British Westinghouse Company here which has a large capital, and which has its agents scattered on every part of the United Kingdom. It is the American Westinghouse Company with American and British directors and with American and British capital.

It owns a big office building just off the Strand in the very heart of business London, and it is putting up an enormous electrical plant near Manchester.

The General Electric Company of New York is largely interested in the British Thomson-Houston Electric Company (Limited), and is working with it. Its offices in London are on Cannon street, not far from St. Paul's Cathedral, and it has its agents everywhere. It is erecting a great factory at Rugby, which will cost something like a million dollars. The building is already completed, and within a short time will have 1500 men working in it.

#### American Shops at Rugby.

I had a chat with Howard C. Lewis, the managing director of the British Thomson-Houston Company. He is well known in connection with the General Electric Company of New York, by whom he has been employed for years. He was very particular to say that the British Thomson-Houston Company is a British concern, although a large part of the stock is held by the General Electric Company of New York. It has a capital in debentures and shares of about £1,000,000 or \$5,000,000, and the stock is held not only in the United States and Great Britain, but also in France and Germany, although the operations are confined to Great Britain and Ireland.

The chairman of the board is a member of Parliament, W. A. McArthur. The company has been paying dividends for years and as far as I can learn is in excellent condition.

Mr. Lewis tells me that the field for the sale of electrical machinery in Great Britain is large and constantly growing. His company is not trying to introduce American machinery nor to crowd in American goods to the exclusion of English. Its aim is to find out what the people want and give it to them as they want it. In the new Rugby factory the most of the machinery will be American, as the Americans are further advanced along such lines than any other people, but the output will be made by British labor and in this way the sensitiveness here as to the American invasion will be catered to. Indeed, the company is using British labor as far as possible and so far no trouble has been experienced with the workingmen.

The British Thomson-Houston Company has some interest in tram lines and other undertakings in different parts of the United Kingdom, but its chief business will be to make and sell electrical machinery, appliances and supplies. It is a manufacturer and seller rather than an operator of concessions.

#### Concessions Hard to Get.

There is one thing I want to emphasize as to the electrical field here. This is that it is entirely different from that of the United States. Americans are coming to England with the idea that they can get concessions for nothing, and penniless promoters land expecting to go back on the next month's steamer with valuable charters in their breeches pockets. There is no chance whatever for such men. It costs from \$25,000 to \$50,000 and upward to test any sort of a street railroad concession. You have to pay that much before you can know whether the concession will be granted. It takes months and months to learn, and at the close there is a fair possibility that the undertaking is one not worth carrying on. Both promoters and contractors have all sorts of qualities which are unknown in the United States. No contracts or concessions are awarded except by special act of Parliament, and that only after a costly and thorough investigation undertaken at the expense of the promoter.

#### A Talk With a London Lawyer.

I had a chat yesterday with A. R. Monks, the solicitor of the British Thomson-Houston Company, on this subject. He explained to me the methods of procedure necessary to acquire a street car concession, giving the different steps that are absolutely necessary before such a concession can be granted. We took up one car line which had been recently built and looked over the papers. They embraced detailed maps and plans made by civil engineers of high reputation, showing every inch of grade, every street corner and every detail of the line of the road. There was a great deal of printed matter necessary to present the matter to Parliament, and the special act which had to be made before the work could be begun covers forty-eight foolscap pages and embraces all the details of the construction of the road and its operation, including regulations as to the dividends on the shares and the fares for the laboring classes as well as to Sundays and holidays.

Said Mr. Monks:

"In securing an electrical railroad concession in England, you must first take your civil engineers and go over the route and make out plans showing that the road will be built according to law. The gradients have to be of a certain measure and the streets wide enough to allow a space of nine feet on each side of the track. If they are not so wide you will have to tear down buildings and widen them, and, of course, build new buildings and pay the damages necessary to put the property in the same condition as before you began to work. In constructing the Chatham railroad it cost the British Thomson-Houston Company \$60,000 for widening a street. Maps showing all this must all be laid before the commissioners of Parliament. The plans must be gotten out by civil engineers and every detail filed with the commissioners.

"After all this is done notices must be served upon the land owners and the local and railroad authorities, and upon all parties who may be affected by the road,

and they all have the right to oppose the granting of the concession.

"When the matter comes up before the commissioners it is necessary to have good counsel to present it, and this is expensive. At the same time a deposit of 4 per cent. of the estimated cost of the undertaking has to be made as a surety that damages to public and private property will be repaired if the undertaking is not carried out. This amount is released when the road is completed, but if abandoned so much of it as is necessary to indemnify damages and losses is forfeited. Quite a lot of printing and advertising has to be done, and the result is, as I have said, that the cost is from £5000 to £10,000 before you really know whether you have anything or not.

#### Low Fares for Workingmen.

"Take, for instance, this Hamilton tramway, which was recently built in a small city near Glasgow. The act of Parliament granting it lies before me. It has all sorts of provisions as to fares. It provides that from 5 until 9 o'clock every morning and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon the company shall run cars for artisans, mechanics, daily laborers and clerks at fares not exceeding one ha'penny, or one cent, per mile. It requires that no baggage shall be taken into the cars that cannot be carried in the hands, and also that the company shall not use the line as a freight line, although it may carry parcels up to twenty-eight pounds. The rate for such parcels is fixed at 6 cents up to seven pounds, 10 cents to fourteen pounds and 14 cents to twenty-eight pounds.

"There is a provision that whenever the profits of the road exceed 4 per cent on the capital certain amounts shall be paid to the municipality and district through which the road runs corresponding with the increase of the earnings, and also a provision that after twenty-five years, and at periods of seven years thereafter, the company shall sell the road to the locality at a fair market value if the municipality wishes to buy it.

#### How Roads are Equipped.

"Another important matter is that of construction and equipment. The plans for these have to be presented to the London Board of Trade and the rails and equipment must correspond with its ideas of what is necessary. On this Hamilton railroad to which I have referred the company had adopted a rail similar to the Glasgow rail. It is an excellent rail, but the Board of Trade objected to it, and it was only because the road went into Glasgow and connected with the road there having the same rail that it permitted it."

Nearly all the cars used in England are double deckers. Those of suburban London have twenty-two seats inside and twenty-four above, and there is a difference on some roads as to the inside and outside fares. Some of the roads are trolleys and some run by a third rail like the underground.

#### John Bull Versus Uncle Sam.

I am surprised at the backwardness of street-railroad building in Great Britain. During a tour which I made through Ireland in 1886 I took a trip over the first electric railroad in the United Kingdom. This was one eight miles long running from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway. It was opened in 1883 at a time when there were many electric railroads in the United States. The Portrush track has a narrow gauge of three feet and its electric current is applied by the third-rail system with shoe collector.

At present many of the towns outside London are far better equipped as to rapid transit than London itself, but nearly all of them leave much to be desired. There are now in the United Kingdom less than 4000 miles of street railways, and of these only half are worked by electricity. In the United States there are over 18,000 miles of electric roads alone, or nine times as many as Great Britain and Ireland.

We have less than 1500 miles of horse railways and more than 20,000 miles of street railroad tracks. Our capitalization of street railroads is ten times as large as that of the street railroads of Great Britain, and we have about ten times as many cars.

The English are, however, rapidly awakening to their need of rapid transit, and from now on electric roads will be built in all parts of the empire. It is estimated that a thousand miles of such roads could be put in every year, and within the next decade at least the United Kingdom will have a network of such tracks. The towns are so large and so close together that electricity rather than steam is bound to be the motive power of the future. The American electric works which under British names are already in operation will have more than they can do to supply their share of the machinery, and such concessions as are granted under favorable terms will probably pay good dividends. In the far future, however, it is probable that nearly every town will control its own railroads.

London, May 31.

[Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

#### OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

The young man looked proudly at the sweet-faced girl beside him.

"Dearest," he said, "I would urge you to marry me at once, but for one horrible doubt."

"A doubt, Edgar? Why, what can it be?"

"I will tell you, my love. You know what my salary is. You know just what our expectations are. With care we could get along nicely."

"Yes, Edgar."

"We could get along nicely if I could be convinced of one thing."

"What is that, Edgar?"

"Do you—can you—will you try to get along without beef?"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

#### SCIENTIFIC FACT.

Doctor: Speaking of your trouble with your husband, do you know that it is a scientific fact that meat causes bad temper?

Mr. De Jarr: Oh, yes, I have noticed it always does, and especially when it's burnt.—[New York Weekly.]

## Cut Price Sale of Sample Refrigerators.

Small Prices, 12c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Next Week—Mr. Ralph St

## BIACNABATO.

A PART OF OUR NEW POSSSESSIONS NEVER EXPLORED BY SPANISH CONQUISTADORS

By a Special Correspondent.

IMMEDIATELY east of Biacnabato, in the province of Bulacan, lies a mountain country, the name of which is probably unexcelled on the map of the Philippines. The Spaniards never penetrated this region, but Biacnabato, otherwise known as the "Hole in the Sky," because of the frowning peaks that surround it on three sides, and there, Aguinaldo outlasted the general and almost annihilated his army. This, however, has crossed the range to the east and penetrated the obscure trails. As one leaves the valley, the bananas, mango and coconut grow on the way to a dense undergrowth, impenetrable by narrow trails, while giant mahogany trees with creepers to the topmost branches, almost blot out the light in places. Ferns of wondrous growth in the shade, and a species of cactus, with sharp thorns, in contact with which even the hardiest of us flinch, abounds. Fantastically-shaped peaks erupt and precipitous, on all sides, and afford sites of observation against the intruder. To the adjacent valley towns, when they last heard of "loco Americano" was preparing to explore this unknown region, were more convinced than ever that he was "loco" indeed. The ground is a mold formed by the deposits of ages. Great trees that crumble at a touch into nothing are strewn everywhere.

These mountains exhibit no regularity of course like our Sierras, with their cañons radiating from the great central range, but like those of South Africa, seem to be jumbled together in confusion.

The rivers flow between precipitous banks and in some places disappear altogether in deep channels.

Everywhere a prodigality and variety of nature, unknown in more northern latitudes, is apparent.

One of the peculiarities of the great forest is forcibly impressed on the writer was the death of life.

A stray flock of screaming parrots, a colony of pigeons, a wild hog rushing across the trail, monkeys, were all that could be seen. Large numbers were to be found at the water holes, the deer kept out of sight. However, despite this, this region may be in vertebrate life, it is full of life for it in its plethora of insects. Ants, from mere sizes to monsters over an inch in length, are to be found everywhere in countless millions, and was lucky individual who runs afoul of them. The tree trunks are the home of enormous centipedes, stings are far more serious than those of their African counterparts.

Between the centrifugal ants a ceaseless warfare is carried on, but the ants are invariably with the ants, who carry them away piecemeal, after he has succumbed to the bites of his tormentors on the underside of his body which is unprotected by a horny shell. An ant buzzing proclaims the existence, if it were not manifest in more disagreeable ways, of winged insects in every conceivable shape and color they are to be found in some places almost render life unbearable.

Deeper and more remote recesses of these mountains where great trees and parasitic growths have done solid root, even at midday a semi-twilight prevails.

The moisture drops from the trees almost like rain most to saturation. A small leech, thin as a hair, habits these damp places, and inserts its long legs and shoes and gorges itself with blood.

It resembles a small pencil.

After coming off guard, one morning, feeling a sharp sensation in my feet I took off shoes and stockings and picked off at least a dozen of these insects, distended to the bursting point. I felt quite well days afterward. The streams are the home of a leech larger than the little land leech.

When the battalion camped one afternoon, and weary climb, by the side of a beautiful brook, as crystal, running over slate rocks, few could resist the temptation to bathe; but the stay in the water was as the leeches showed their appreciation of the blood in a very pronounced manner. As one went higher up to the main range, the character of the changes.

Evidence of volcanic action was more pronounced.

Extinct craters abound, while streams of lava which can be traced by the vegetation they support, offer mute evidence of the activity.

The mahogany trees and other trees of the lower altitude have all disappeared, the deer, the insect life less abundant, and the parrots have entirely disappeared. The great forest belt stretching from Manila to Dagupan can be seen in all its splendor, and at sunrise on the mountains a magnificent sight, as the mist slowly rolls among the banana and coconut groves, and the forest resembles a great cloud.

After the Lord Mayor's Leave.

Perhaps the most interesting point of interest is the imaginary line at the lower end of the valley marking the boundaries of the proud heart of the metropolis which is the City of London, and which has London all to itself. Even Edward VII, Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and all the rest of it, may be within the Lord Mayor's consent.

As the route of the progress lies from the city to the boundary line at Trafalgar Square, a quaint ceremony—"Who-Goes-Thee" is to be made in a coach of more than 1000 horses that will not cause the un

think they are crossing the English Channel.

The long, slow journey will be made in a coach of more than 1000 horses that will not cause the un

think they are crossing the English Channel.

It is reasonably safe to say that the Queen would have been a physical impossibility to make it in the vehicle to be used in the coach of the day before, as she has a tendency to be ill.

By the Lord Mayor's Leave.

Wherever there is an open space a street, which will be traversed by the King, a herald in wonderful raiment, the King to the boundary line at Trafalgar Square, a quaint ceremony—"Who-Goes-Thee" is to be made in a coach of more than 1000 horses that will not cause the un

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By the Lord Mayor's Leave.

[June 15, 1902]

June 15, 1902.]

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

5

# BIACNABATO.

## OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS EXPLORED BY SPAIN.

Special Contributor.

east of Biacnabato, in the mountains a mountain country, the most probably unexcelled on the globe. It penetrates this region further, also known as the "Hole in the Sky" or "Crown peaks that encompass Biacnabato. Aguinaldo outflanked the hills and annihilated his army. The hills crossed the range to the east and west trails. As one leaves the pass, mango and coconut groves in undergrowth, impenetrable and giant mahogany trees, their topmost branches, almost

Ferns of wondrous growths, a species of cactus, equipped with which even the khaki is fantastically-shaped peaks rise up, on all sides, and afford shelter against the intruder. The hills, towns, when they heard that we were preparing to explore them, were more convinced than indeed. The ground is a layer of deposits of ages. Great trees at a touch into nothingness.

exhibit no regularity of beauty, with their canopies radiating from a central range, but like the leaves of a tree to be jumbled together in hedges. Now between precipices disappear altogether in undergrowth, a prodigality and richness in more northern latitudes, the peculiarities of the great forest the writer was the dearth of nests of screaming parrots, a few only rushing across the trail, or a few that could be seen. Deer tracks to be found at the water's edge of night. However deficient, found in vertebrate life, it fully makes up in insects. Ants, from microscopic in length, are found in millions, and woe betide the who runs afoul of them. The nests of enormous centipedes are serious than those of their

Between the centipedes and the ants, who carry their victim, he has succumbed to the insects on the underside of his body by a horny shell. An insect's existence, if it were not made agreeable ways, of winged insects, shape and color they are here, and render life unbearable.

In the remote recesses of these mountains and parasitic growths form almost a holiday semi-twilight prevail, and from the trees almost like rain. The dark and yielding, and deep places, and inserts itself between and gorges itself with blood of all kind. One morning, feeling a little feet I took off shoes and boots, at a dozen of these minnows, as a testing point. I felt quite well, as streams are the home of a special kind leech.

Camped one afternoon, after having

the side of a beautiful brook over sixty rocks, few could resist the stay in the water when their appreciation of a mannered manner.

As one goes on, the character of the ground

volcanic action becomes more

craters abound, while the

can be traced by the many

for mute evidence of a

any trees and other debris

disappeared, the air is

and the parrots are

appeared. The great

sunrise on the mountains

the mist slowly rolls over

the Rio Grande clearly

cocoanut groves, and no

the valley this mountain

incognita, and will long

probably more venturesome

weeks' incessant walking in

all group. They were

armed with spears. Convoyed

by signs, and their

american pack mule, making

the sight of 300 armed

them, and they were

These savages live in

forty-five or thirty feet of

lizards, ants and other insects

formed into a sort of cage.

Alas, or head hunting, and

the heads of their captives in

their dwellings, nothing could

be many of them, watched over

territory. Periodically these

in the valley, murdering all

men retreating back to their

certain homes. Under the

nomadic by instinct and breed

of our search in these

lands, but we failed to find

under the

JOHN A. KENNEDY.

## LONDON PREPARING.

## MEANS TO GET ALL THE FUN IT CAN OUT OF EDWARD'S CORONATION.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, May 9.—The cablegrams sent out from this town just now may make you think that the affair in Westminster Abbey on June 26 is what all the world and his wife have been hurrying into London for. But really except for a half-mile royal jaunt in public across Green Park, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey at 10:30 a.m., and then home again some two and a half hours later, tired and hot and hungry—except also for some boozing of cannon when the King's crown is put on—there will not be much doing in London on the great day outside of the wholly private ceremony in the Abbey.

That night things may be expected to warm up a little, and we shall doubtless discover whether the new verb "to muck" has come into the English language to stay, or whether occasion for it died out when the first wild burst of joy at the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking settled down into dull apathy toward the progress of the war in South Africa. 'Arry and 'Arrriet should be expected to break loose on coronation night, to deluge everyone with confetti and to tickle each other's faces with peacock feathers, but the chances are that a large proportion of the extra million and a half or two who are to be packed into London on that night will feel as if they hadn't had their money's worth at the end of the actual coronation day.

## The Seven-mile "Royal Progress."

It is to relieve any such feeling that the King and Queen are going to make a "progress" of seven miles through the city on the day after the coronation—and that is what the world's "a-waiting for to see." The King and Queen will wear their crowns and robes of state, and will travel in what is perhaps the most gorgeous coach now in actual use anywhere in the world. Heraldic and titled supporters and troops from all quarters of the globe will help to make the "Royal Progress" as brilliant an affair as the procession at the time of the late Queen's Jubilee.

It is a lucky thing for the King, and more especially for the Queen, that the royal progress does not have to be made in the same gilded chariot that will take them from the palace to the Abbey. The journey of June 27 is to be made in a coach of more recent vintage, with springs that will not cause the unhappy occupants to think they are crossing the English channel on a bad day. The long, slow journey will be hard enough, at least, for delicate, sensitive Queen Alexandra, and it would have been a physical impossibility for her to make it in the vehicle to be used in the short procession of the day before, as she has a tendency to sea sickness.

## By the Lord Mayor's Leave.

Perhaps the most interesting point in the journey will be the imaginary line at the lower end of the Strand, marking the boundaries of the proud little patch in the heart of the metropolis which is entitled to call itself the City of London, and which has the Lord Mayor of London all to itself. Even Edward VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, and all the rest of it, may not enter the city without the Lord Mayor's consent.

As the route of the progress lies partly through the city, a herald in wonderful raiment will ride ahead of the King to the boundary line at Temple Bar and after a quiet ceremony—"Who-Go-est-There" business, blowing of trumpets, and all that sort of thing—will politely ask the Lord Mayor, who will be in waiting to guard the city's right, if the King may please enter the city.

It is reasonably safe to say that the Lord Mayor will generously consent. Just what would happen if he didn't is something that seems never to have suggested itself to anybody.

Where there is an open space along the seven miles of street, which will be traversed by the procession, on which building operations are in progress, along the sides of the public squares, in front of hotels and government buildings that stand back from the sides with the trees of whole forests stripped and brought to London. Every club along the line of march is putting up something. There is a mammoth timber terrace for the exclusive use of peers, a building on the northern side of Trafalgar Square, while in Constitution Hill, just where the King will drive from and to Buckingham Palace, a stand which, it is said, is the largest ever built is being constructed.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all are the tiers of seats being built around the two old churches that stand in the middle of the Strand, St. Mary's and St. Clement Danes'. Both of them are picturesque and venerable buildings, but that has not prevented them from being utilized by the stand builders.

The widening of the Strand has cleared out the buildings that used to surround the churches so that they command a splendid view of the street, and each of them now is being enclosed with a mass of scaffolding which is intended to result in an immense "three-decker" stand capable of holding several thousand people. The highest tier of seats will reach almost to the top of the spire, so that the entire bodies of the churches with the exception of their roofs will be hidden.

## The Coronation and the Abbey.

As for Westminster Abbey itself, the amount of carpentry work that is being done around it is a thing that makes folk who love the old church for its rotted timber and gnash their teeth. To begin with, the western entrance and the approach thereto are divided by a mass of scaffolding where a strong force of laborers is at work on the temporary building in which the King and Queen will robe before their coro-

nation. And, as if this were not enough, operations are just beginning on the side of the Abbey, where an immense stand, to run along the whole length of the building, will be placed.

So the timber men and the building contractors of London are rubbing their hands and chortling as orders come piling in and every laborer who can handle a hammer and saw has more work than he can attend to. Prices in both trades have gone up to an amazing figure and they are almost certain to go higher yet as the demand for timber and workmen grows keener. Pounds upon pounds, too, are falling into the coffers of the people who manufacture street decorations; and the gorgeous ornamentation of the London streets through which the royal procession is to pass will be one of the sights of the day.

Every London borough which the coronation route crosses is arranging for decorations to cost thousands and British and continental firms are working overtime to furnish all sorts of ornaments. In the royal borough of Westminster, the decorations are to be unusually striking. Six miles of the coronation route lie in this borough and the streets composing it will be lined with Venetian masts swathed in red cloth and decorated with golden crowns, with garlands and with parti-colored streamers.

## Imitation Marble Decorations

The finest scene of all, however, will be just in front of the western entrance to the Abbey, where a whole forest of imitation marble pillars will be raised. Each one will bear the golden figure of a saint, while, in about the center of the column a crown and shield, emblazoned with the Royal Arms will be hung. From below these, graceful garlands will stretch from one column to another. Besides these there will be at least four triumphal arches, also in imitation marble, and also bearing the Royal Arms, besides being decorated with rich gilt. From the curves formed by the arches, loops of prairie grass, ornamented with different colored balls will hang.

Though the business that will be done in seats on the grand stands on Coronation Day promises to be startling, there will be even a brisker trade in seats in windows. Even now, it is hard to find a shop, or office building, of any sort which is not advertising "windows to view the coronation processions." Almost all of these windows have been bought up by the rich syndicates—most of the stands also are being built by syndicates—who are planning to charge whopping prices for them. Some one has estimated that these windows will accommodate about 200,000 spectators, that the grand stands will probably seat 100,000, while 70,000 more will find places in the show windows of shops, almost every one of which along the route will contain a tier of seats. Added together, these figures give a total of 370,000 people who will be seated in one or another along the coronation route. Present indications are that the humblest of those seats will sell for two guineas, or \$10 for a piece.

To attempt to say what the more desirable will bring would be rather a rash prophecy; but if you calculate that each one of the 376,000 spectators pays \$10 for his seat, you have \$3,760,000 changing hands.

To keep the crowd back, the line of march will be hedged with troops and policemen. The soldiers will come from India, from the colonies; some of them will be volunteers for imperial yeoman, and there will be 83,000 of them in all. So you can imagine the scene—the pavements, from the shop fronts to the curbs, black with people, pressed back by the "thin, red line" of troops, the windows of every story white with faces, thousands looking on from endless stands, and other thousands peering down from the roofs. It is expected that the London streets through which the procession is to move will be impassable at eight in the morning.

Energetic Americans who come to London with the intention of seeing King Edward's Royal Progress undoubtedly will see it, in spite of high prices, crowds and the unfamiliarity of their surroundings. But even should they miss it—as so many missed the Queen's funeral—they at least will have the rare opportunity of seeing the biggest city in the world giving itself up to frolicking in a way that probably it has never done in all the long years of its history. Even the merry-making of the Diamond Jubilee time promises to be surpassed.

## A Good Time for Everyone.

It will be rather an interesting thing to see just how stiff old London goes about disporting itself. Continental cities, like Paris and Vienna, go in for that sort of thing at regular intervals, and do it well because they are accustomed to doing it, and also because "letting yourself go" comes more naturally to the Latin than it does to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. All the same, you never can tell. London's "Mafeking night" orgy couldn't have been beaten for sheer spontaneity in Nice itself, which seems to indicate that the coronation "rejoicing" may not be as leaden as one might suppose.

The idea seems to be to give every one in London a chance to have a good time on Coronation Day, and the various arrangements that are being made to that end have nothing at all to do with the procession through the streets. Every London borough is collecting a fund toward organizing some sort of fete within its precincts. Public squares without number will be given up to entertainments for the children as well as for the older people, where bands will play and comedians perform; Punch and Judy shows innumerable will be on view. There will be great dinners for children and poor folk in other parts, as well as sports of all kinds. The hands of the clock are to be pushed back, too, and the River Thames utilized for merry-making, just as it used to be in the time of good Queen Bess. There will be great water fêtes at Chelsea and Battersea, with long processions formed of ornamental barges. The picturesque old city of Richmond, seldom missed by visiting Americans in any event, will be especially worth a visit at coronation time, for there is to be a Venetian fête on the water front which, at night, will be illuminated with fireworks for a couple of miles.

Another reminder of old times is the plan to light up

Great Britain from end to end on coronation night with immense bonfires. There is an official bonfire committee which is planning to have a fire of really great size on every hilltop throughout the land. The funds for building these fires are being raised in the different localities and they are all to be lighted at exactly 10 o'clock on the night of June 26, when there also will be displays of colored fires and of rockets, on a grand scale. Most of the fires are to be made of peat and will burn brightly for over four hours, so that to anyone on a vessel off the English coast on that night, it will look as if the fighting men of the country were being warned against the coming of another Spanish Armada.

## Odd London Insurance Customs.

There is a custom that seems much more common in England than it is in America, and which is playing a decidedly prominent part in the arrangements for the coronation festivities—that of insuring against every possible chance of financial loss. Of course, the speculators who are building all the immense grand stands and who have bought up most of the available windows, the proprietors of coronation shows who have arranged special programmes, and the managers of hotels and restaurants who have doubled or trebled their facilities in the expectation of immense crowds, all stand to lose disastrously in case of anything happening to prevent, or even postpone the great ceremony. Therefore, most of them are insuring against such an event just as they would against death, physical injury or fire.

The King's life has been insured probably some thousands of times during the last two months, in cases for amounts as high as \$100,000. The life of the German Emperor—whose death, of course, would lead to the coronation being postponed—is being insured almost as extensively. The lives of other continental rulers are being insured by London tradesmen who make a specialty of catering to visitors from their respective countries and who probably would not come in large numbers in case of serious mishap to their ruler. Some entertainment purveyors have insured—at heavy premiums, of course—against not making as big a profit as they hope out of the ventures. Risks have been taken even on the possibility of the rain spoiling business. To decide on the rates for this insurance the companies drew up a funny little table of rain statistics and calculated their chances of having to pay by studying the June weather for the last hundred years and averaging up.

MARSHALL, LORD.

## FISHING AT OLD BEACH.

Old Beach, as everybody here knows, is a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad in one of the most forlorn sections of the desert, getting its name from the fact that it is located on the beach of the arm of the sea which once covered what is now the Colorado Desert. The only signs of civilization there are the two streaks of steel and a box car equipped as a depot, and the only water there is that which has been hauled in for domestic purposes.

But these facts have not world-wide circulation, and a young man in the employ of the railroad near Los Angeles was overjoyed the other day when he received a dispatch saying:

"Take train ten for Old Beach."

He rejoiced because he was a lover of fishing and conjured up visions of the sport he was to have "down by the sad sea waves," for he did not know how sad they really were.

After spending all the money he had for fishing tackle and being equipped for anything that might come by his hooks, he took train ten for Old Beach.

And when the drivers of freight teams from Imperial saw the box car depot festooned with an assortment of beautiful fishing tackle they were unkind enough to jolly the agent, whose heart was already at the breaking point.

But if the young man could have no real fishing, he could at least have imitation sport, and he got in the habit of baiting his hooks and letting his legs dangle from the car door during long moonlight evenings while he fished in the ghost of the sea for the spirits of the long-departed.

There was nothing boisterous nor cruel about this sport.

But there came a time when the fisherman was amazed. He got a bite, and, jerking up his hook, he found that he had landed a lizard, a pretty little creature that wriggled about in the air for all the world like a fish.

Now that was a triumph, and he left the lizard hanging to show to the men who had made fun of him for expecting to catch fish at Old Beach.

But that was not the end of his fishing, for when he awoke in the morning he was surprised to find that a hawk had swallowed the lizard and had taken its place on the hook.

The fisherman was obliged to make a trip to Flushing, being away about three hours, and during that time a coyote had devoured the hawk, and was now safely attached to the car, where it will remain as bait for the next catch, whatever it may prove to be.—Imperial Press.

## JENNY LIND'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

It would seem that the mantle of the illustrious Jenny Lind has fallen on her fortunate granddaughter, Miss Gwendoline Maude. It is said that Miss Maude's rendering of Mozart's "Vol che sapete" was received with enthusiastic and well-deserved applause, and she was also heard to advantage in an air from "Manon" and two German songs. Otto Goldschmidt, the venerable husband of Jenny Lind, was at the piano. It will be remembered that "the Swedish nightingale" left one daughter, who married and uncle of Cyril Maude, the well-known actor, and who, although not inheriting the wonderful voice of her mother, is herself an accomplished musician and composer. She has written several charming songs, among them being a setting of William Canton's delightful "Rhymes for a Little Woman."—[Denver News-Tribune.]

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## Cut Price Sale of Sample Refrigeration

A Great  
Sonal Prices, 12c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week - Mr. Ralph St

June 15, 1902.]

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## Los Angeles Sunday Times.

### LIFE IN ASIA MINOR. A GLIMPSE AT DOMESTIC, SOCIAL AND OTHER CONDITIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

**I**N THE month of June in the city of Angora everybody moves to the gardens. By "everybody" I mean a large percentage of the population. The wealthy man, of course, has a large vineyard, a large orchard, and accompanying vegetable garden and a comfortable house in the midst of his possessions, where he delights to spend the summer months. Every other man who can possibly get the money together to buy a little plot of ground and put up a bit of a shelter for the hot July and August days, hastens to the gardens.

So to the gardens we drove on Monday morning to call on some of the people, among them the English Vice-Consul, Mr. Cumberbach, and his interesting wife, who was of English descent, but had been born and brought up in Smyrna.

So soon as one ventures beyond the edge of the city, its situation on a cluster of hills is better realized and gives an impression of the military value of the ancient Ancyra. But a glance at the low mountain opposite the citadel and towering above it gives a yet stronger impression of the strategical insignificance of the modern Angora. On three sides the citadel rock rises perpendicularly from the plain, and it is on the southern slopes of the hills that the city is built. To the north and east of the precipitous bulwark lie the gardens, greener and more alluring on an August day when the

toward foreign schools, colleges, and hospitals, we took great pleasure in examining Mr. Cumberbach's unusually good collection of swords of exquisite workmanship and native make, and also silver zarfs of the daintiest filigree, with their old coffee cups of metal set with coral. The swords and the zarfs were the handiwork of Armenians and Greeks. The Turks are not good artificers.

While we were discussing an old-fashioned, beautifully-carved writing desk made to be held on the lap, refreshments were served a la Turk. First came the delicious strawberry preserves, in a cut-glass bowl set in the center of an oblong tray of hammered brass. In front of the bowl was a small glass tray filled with silver spoons, smaller than teaspoons and a little larger than coffee spoons. On either side of the bowl was a glass dish containing sweetmeats, and just back of each dish was an empty goblet. Each guest took out a spoonful of preserves to eat and placed the spoon, after it had been used, in one of the goblets at the back of the tray. He next helped himself to two or three candies and ate them leisurely while the other guests were being served. Subsequently another tray appeared, bearing glasses of refreshing sherbet. Then followed the Turkish coffee served in tiny cups set in the very zarfs we had been admiring so much.

While we sat sipping our coffee the conversation turned again upon the commercial and political situation, for that was the all-absorbing topic in the eventful summer when Turkey was attracting the attention of the world. This time the Vice-Consul was telling me about the Turkish attempt to adopt some of the German ideas. An agricultural bank had been established, with branches in some of the largest cities of the interior. In making this innovation, the government desired to relieve the peasantry of the exactions of the usurers, who often took half and three-quarters of the crop in payment for a little money, lent late in the year.



surrounding hills and mountains are brown and bare. To the north and west an irregular line of willows and Lombardy poplars marked the course of a stream meandering over the plain.

A ride of three or four miles brought us to the summer cottage used by the English Vice-Consul. There was much business to be talked over, for Mr. Cumberbach had charge of the interior from Eskisehir to Caesarea, and not only looked after English interests, but also served the Americans in many ways. The only American official in the interior was Consul Jewett, who resided at Sivas. His territory was too large for the best interests of the Americans living in it; but considering the disadvantages under which he has served, his record has certainly been a remarkably good one.

And the position of such an official is not such an easy one. For, as you know, a foreign Consul in a Mahometan country is a political as well as a commercial representative, is or has been a judge as well as a collector of statistics. Then he not only looks after his own people, but ever since the time of Sir Stratford Canning, or Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, both Christians and Mahometans have made a business of appealing to the Consuls to interfere in their behalf and obtain justice from the courts and the Sultan. It is surely a strange position that these foreign representatives have occupied since the first half of the nineteenth century, when the famous English Ambassador Canning used to threaten to send for a Turkish official's head if justice were not done instant to the long-suffering natives. The tables had been turned since the all-powerful Padishah could with impunity lock foreign ambassadors in the Seven Towers and kill them or keep them as the humor struck him.

After talking about quarrels and disturbances in Caesarea and Yonat and the attitude of the government

ter or in the early spring. But the peasantry were not taking kindly to the idea of the bank.

In the first place, the Turkish farmers whom it was destined primarily to benefit, were very ignorant and consequently suspicious of red tape. They didn't understand what all the writing meant and they were afraid of the power over them that it would give the bank. It was so much simpler for a man to give them the money they needed and then come at harvest and take part of the crop. They could not seem to understand the difference between a normal rate of interest and exorbitant usury. In the next place, all the peasantry had lost faith in the government. They never came into contact with a Turkish official except to be plundered, and they couldn't believe the Turkish government was honest in saying it wanted to help them. In Egypt, on the contrary, where there is general confidence in English oversight, the agricultural banks carried on under the auspices of the Egyptian government have been a great success thus far.

There were other calls to be made, one of them upon a young Armenian doctor, evidently an able man, who had studied medicine in New York City and afterward in Europe. But a visit that interested me considerably was the one to the house of a dealer in Angora goat skins.

Such an array of skins of all sizes and kinds! Tiny kid skins, with the finest, silkiest, curliest hair; larger skins, with heads, horns, and hoofs attached. The most of them were white, but some were brown. At that time the breeding of the Angora goats had not been successfully done in any other part of the world. Since the World's Fair in Chicago, the demand for the skins and for the hair in manufacture had greatly increased; the new railway had been finished in time to supply easy transportation facilities for the new demand, and the

prosperity of the country round about was increased. The old gentleman who showed had lived in America for ten years and said that factories could not be set up as we had in America, and then the goods manufactured at home instead of in England.

In every home from which the man goes to America or Europe for a period of years evidences of the different environment he has entered. Besides the different food and an abundance of common pictures, etchings of our best modern paintings, the Angelus, and the Bodenhausen Madonna, appeared with new dignity, and the children for the best education to be had at home further advantages in American and European learning. The greed for education, which the Greeks and the Armenians, oftentimes the Turks, might have had, of a splendid era in the history of the Empire.

Another day a bright young native India remains of Turkish and Roman glory.

We climbed to the castle at once and found the walls and towers standing. It was a feudal Turkey that had been crushed by the power of Mahmud. Built into the walls were remnants of ancient Roman ruins—here a temple, there a capital of a Corinthian column, a lion in bas-relief, in another place a colossal statue. The dwellings of power in the fortress of war. The exquisite creations had been turned into targets for the bows of the soldier.

From the edge of the precipice, at a point where a wall lay in a heap of ruins, we gazed into the city, out upon the plain, and away to the range of Olympus far distant in the distance. The extensive are the chains of Olympus that could still be seen after twenty-four hours' rail from the coast. To the left and below the plain at the edge of the city was a tall tower that tradition says was erected to the memory of when he passed through the city to his campaign. But the statue on the top has disappeared, and in its place we saw a stocky Turk standing serenely on one leg on his nest. Not much was left of the old city on the Symrna road; and nothing remained of the battleground on which the Ottoman memorable summer of 1402, received a blow from Timourian and his well-drilled, well-armed several hundred thousand men.

That is, nothing wrought by hands remains, the little river was there that gashed the flank, and the hills and mountains had moved away much since the renowned Bayazid the light of the Asiatic hordes and scattered the mountains in a hunting expedition. Scarce and many men fell by the way as they game in toward the Mongol camp. When they reached the plain again, they found that the emperor had turned the course of the stream to their former camp. They gave battle, only to be

That was a terrible year in the history of the Sultan was in captivity, the heir Prince in flight; the crops and homes of the people in ruins; cities had been besieged and the pyramids of skulls greeted the refugees of Misery—famine, sickness, death—everywhere, particularly in this year and the immediately following ones that the remnants of the people with renewed hope born of despair, sought of an after life, and throughout the land orders of dervishes grew rapidly in number. New prophets appeared and led the people to battle. The kingdom was in anarchy, and chaos. Mahomet the Second evolved some measure of prosperity preparatory to his Constantinople.

After examining the castle ruins to our content, we broke away from the crowd of people that had emerged from the huts built in the walls, and had followed us at a distance. Wandering away to the Roman remains of Hadji Balram, we found a temple to Augustus and Rome. Walls and columns were but the roof had fallen long ago. A inscription on the right and left walls of the subject matter. There were beautiful gateways leading into the large oblong hall, high up in the walls of the hall, to the period in which the pagan temple converted into a Christian church. For in the Christianity Ancyra had been an apostolic city at this place. But from the possession of it had passed into the hands of the Persians, into those of the Persians, and afterward under Haroun-al-Raschid. The crusade Count of Toulouse, took the city in 1244, not recovered by the Mahometans which he

But in the minds of modern diplomats the city is associated with the famous Armenian college professors and other professors of the scheme of an autonomous Armenia, organized for the occasion, under a code of laws written in books, fifty-three men and women tried for treason. It is hard to find a parallel of any country more interesting in the history of human life, aspirations and character in the of crisis from '92 to '96 in Asia Minor.

MYRA HARTMAN

THE CHANGE HE MADE  
"There was a witty fellow out in a hotel," said Representative Alden Smith. "He was fed on a daily diet of egg and sherry. I asked him how he liked it. 'It was,' he said, 'if the egg was as old as the sherry as old as the egg.'

## THE COLLEGE TRIALS, OPPORTUNITIES TIONS WHICH SURRO

BY KATHERINE LEE  
Professor of English Literature  
College.

THE freshman who has come to college for the first of all impressions of the upper classmen. Their example and actions of every day, from parental control, from any control and joyous youth, dazzles the girl who is hardly aware that childhood was less.

"What more felicity can find."

Than to enjoy delight with She proceeds, in many cases ready to apply the law of freedom to her own. If she has not been bred to respond to fudge before luncheon and give chase to the witching hour of midnight, work for weeks or months and then the "Midyears" threaten, of desperation, the small hours, with a wet towel and a coffee pot steaming over the fire, to "get into the college atmosphere" expenditure of nervous energy in the thronged and tumultuous center. She becomes fevered with the excitement of the new life, rude with the new sense of independence, of all her habits of eating, sleeping, All the while she is under the eye of the college community. Her freedom helping hands are reaching out to the faculty, upper class students, class, one reason or another, self-government, are doing their best to little credit splashing its first waters.

Most Danger in First Year.

The freshman year is the dangerous year, be so impaired that the student is most erroneously pointed out as a study. Conditions may be incurred the subsequent course of the ever-façeted girl, who must take time at work of her sophomore year to make up for failures, and hence incur new subjects, dragging "at each remove." A misconducted freshman year, to protection for flightiness, loud manners who, when the first intoxication passed, could have lived up to a girl by pride and pique, as she sees the student world withdrawing from the student world with the wildest and most dangerous of the place.

This is the dark side of the picture, have been prepared by judicious training for undertaking the direction of others are quick to profit by the high their own observation. Required frequent tests in class work, fortune counteract the perils of inexperience who comes successfully through his all the chances in her favor for a college course. She has learned the circle of law, not without it.

The typical college girl, before however, has her own affairs in hand, superfluous energy to the business. The executive ability developed in a continual surprise to the only entering student many things, years, become possible. She may magazine, dealing shrewdly with reading proof, writing items, leading practice a wide range of activities from conducting a campaign in gala days, where guests are numbered thousands. The Athletic Association with grave responsibilities in the out of golf grounds or in arranging its chapter-house, it may fall with architects and decorators, business, other furnishings, or engineer the enterprise. The sense of distance freshman is not altogether fictitious side of life alone, the four years arithmetic confuses.

Trained for Action.

The college girl of the period is executive, but she is trained to control, must continually subordinate herself to class, her college. This is a much the American girl, who has too often the home from which she came, leader in her class, she must work yet dreamed of working for her home, for it, she comes to love it so well, covers and supports a better leader content to serve. She falls into her of a common purpose, she ceases to come any strength whatsoever toward the goal. She is inevitably on graduation than on matriculation workers, she has again and again been disengaged. The length and breadth of liberalizing her through associations. The grace of the South

June 15, 1902.]

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

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the country round about was covered with old gentlemen who showed me the country for ten years and said it was better to be set up in America, and then the clock was at home instead of in England.

Some from which the men had gone to Europe for a period of years, then the different environment into which they had come.

Besides the different kinds of influence of common pictures, there were other best modern paintings, such as the Bodehausen Madonna. This new dignity, and the children's education to be had at home and in the States in American and European schools, the greed for education, which exists and the Armenians everywhere. The Turks, might have marked the golden era in the history of the East.

A bright young native took me to the Greek and Roman glory.

to the castle at once and found no towers standing. It was a ruin that had been crushed in the last war. Built into the walls were fragments of Roman ruins—here the last capital of a Corinthian column, relief, in another place the last.

The dwellings of peace had been destroyed.

The exquisite creations of these had been turned into targets for the destruction.

On the precipice, at a point where a leap of ruins, we glanced back over the plain, and away toward the sea far distant in the northwest. In the chains of Olympus, that had been after twenty-four hours' journey. To the left and below us, on the edge of the city was a tall marble column was erected to the Emperor Augustus. Through the city to his Persian statue on the top has long since been removed. In its place we saw a stork's nest, perched serenely on one leg on the sign of the old city wall.

It was left of the old city wall, a road; and nothing remained to mark which the Ottoman power, in the summer of 1402, received a staggering and his well-drilled, well-equipped thousand men.

It was brought by hands remained. The river was there that guarded the hills and mountains had not been the renowned Bayazid thought to be a hunting expedition. But many men fell by the way as they descended the Mongol camp. When they found that the enterprise had been successful, they found that the enterprise had been successful.

They gave battle, only to be captured. In captivity, the heir, Prince Bayazid, and homes of the agriculturists had been besieged and laid waste. It greeted the refugees at the darkness, death—everywhere. It was this year and the immediately following years, the remnants of the people turned to be born of despair, toward the sea and throughout the land the people grew rapidly in numbers and increased and led the people to freedom was in anarchy, but out of the Second evolved order and security preparatory to the coming of the

the castle ruins to our home, away from the crowd of curious people from the huts built in the desert followed us at a respectful distance. We found a temple dedicated to the Roman remains now destroyed. We found a temple dedicated to the Roman remains now destroyed. Walls and columns were fallen long ago. A glimmer of light and left walls of the Augustus and his great deeds. There were beautiful carvings on the walls of the hall, evidence of which the pagan temple had been a Christian church. For in the next century had been an Apostle of the world, Paul, preached to the people from the possession of the Persians, and afterward of the Saracens. The crusaders, who took the city in 1192, and it was held by the Mahometans until 1291. The hands of modern diplomats had been with the famous trial of the professors and other sympathizers of the autonomous Armenia. In a short time, under a code of justice, fifty-three men and one woman. It is hard to find a period more interesting to the world than the four years count for more than

Trained for Action.

The college girl of the period is not only eminently executive, but she is trained to corporate action. She most continually subordinate herself to her society, her class, her college. This is a much-needed discipline for the American girl, who has too often been the autocrat of the home from which she came. In this larger life she learns that value rests on service. If she would be a leader in her class, she must work for it, as she never dreams of working for her home. And in working for it, she comes to love it so well that she gladly disowns and supports a better leader, remaining herself content to serve. She falls into her place in the system, she accepts her color in the pattern, she learns the bond of common purpose, she ceases to gauge her yoke-fellow by the test of personal likes or dislikes, she develops any strength whatsoever that pulls with her toward the goal. She is inevitably more of a democrat in graduation than on matriculation. In the union of things, a few who seek after wisdom. If the typical college girl is not this, at least she lives beside it, loves it, feels its quickening impulse. One true student does more for the intellectual development of her mates than three good teachers.

MYRA HARTSHORN STRANDE

CHANGE HE WANTS

My fellow out in a Michigan town, Alden Smith yesterday, who had a bit of egg and cherry. He liked it. "It would be all the same," he said. "The egg was as new as the egg."

—W. H. STRANDE

lk headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression emory. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

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## THE WEST POINTER.

## LIFE OF THE STUDENT AT THE OLD MILITARY ACADEMY.

By a Special Contributor.

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY has celebrated its hundredth birthday, during the past week, with a four days' festival, brilliant enough to grace the coronation of a king, the fitting climax of a century's work. It is a proud record that this school for soldiers bears. In 1802 it was opened with ten cadets by the little handful of States that made up the youngest nation of the world. Now, at the century's end, West Point and the United States, whose history it has helped to shape, stand together—one of the best military schools and one of the strongest nations in existence.

The system that has raised West Point to the first rank is an interesting one—from an impersonal point of view, at least. To the cadet who is undergoing its discipline, the adjective is anything but appropriate.

"They make you study like a dog," said one of the unfortunates who dropped by the wayside, "and when you're not studying you're drilling, and the rest of the time they're punishing you because you didn't turn your washbowl upside down or sew a button on." The poor youth's reflections were somewhat embittered by failure, but the boy who really likes to toe the mark hour in and hour out for four years is an exception that no psychologist could wish more plentiful. Making soldiers to stand between the country and its enemies is scarcely a holiday task. The process is not expected to be easy, and it is only when men look back at drills and demerits, flirtation walks, hops, guard duty, light, prison, and all the rest, through a perspective of years, that they know the meaning of West Point and the value of its training.

## What the Discipline Accomplishes.

"I owe everything to that four years' discipline," one successful West Point graduate explained, "strong muscles and a healthy body, but most of all, perhaps, a concentration that nothing can disturb, and the ability to do what must be done, no matter how deadly monotonous it may be. It is a habit worth more than four years of hard work. But all the time I was there I wondered why I had ever been idiot enough to get into such a box, and getting there, why, I stayed."

Many cadets have the same experience. Some phase of it is almost universal, because the real West Point is so different from boy's dreams of it.

"What would you rather be of them all?" asked one prospective West Pointer of another after a preliminary visit of inspection.

"That drum major," answered the other with a deep sigh of content.

Most boys have one phase or another of the drum-major illusion. The brass buttons and the glitter are all they see. The country boy over his plow and the city boy with his Henry book in the library see themselves as conquering heroes on superb chargers, leading an army to victory with grand-opera accompaniments. West Point is the first act in the drama, the curtain raiser as it were. With these high hopes and noble aspirations and ambitions, they enter the school and "plebedom," and the suddenness of their disillusion gives them mental vertigo. The state of "plebedom" lasts a year, and if there is anything more disagreeable in the world, it is not in the West Point boy's dictionary. He may still believe that God made man a little lower than the angels, but he knows that West Point has made the "plebe" a little lower than the animals.

## The First Days of "Plebedom."

He appears first before a tribunal of boys just out of "plebedom," past masters in the tactics of "bothering."

"What is your name?" is a safe question, and he usually answers it with credit. Then they send him out to button his coat or fasten his tie or dust his shoes, with scathing comments on his carelessness.

"Who's your 'pred.?" is the next question, and if he does not know, he learns as quickly as he can, since, with a most uncomfortable application of the Bible commandment the sins of his "pred." are visited on his head. Each Congressional district is entitled to one cadet, and the "plebe's" "pred." is the man in the graduating class who comes from the same district. In his turn he has badgered the "yearlings" just out of "plebedom," and as they can never hope to pay up the scores in person, they vent all their resentment on his representative.

Hazing, however, has changed its character, much to the satisfaction of experienced West Pointers, who deplored the lengths to which it was allowed to go in the past, and physical violence is absolutely prohibited. But within the limits allowed the "plebe" can easily get enough concentrated humiliation to last him the rest of his life. The preliminary ordeal is only a sample of what a boy must endure for the first twelve months of his West Point life. He is the footstool of the school, the fag, errand boy, and butt of the upper-class men. Whatever conceit was in him is drubbed out with hard knocks.

One hero of his rural district, in the innocence of his heart, brought the "pieces" about himself in the paper. He was made to learn them by heart, and, after reciting them once a day for 365 days, quite lost the taste for printed eulogies of himself. Other faults are cured in other ways, none of them pleasant. But if a boy can pull through the first year he has his innings, and the game is a fair one after all.

The hardships of the first year are part of the system. A boy must learn to control himself before he can control others, and a better method of teaching it than by putting over the "plebes" those who have just been through the mill has yet to be invented. Set a rogue to catch a rogue and a "yearling" to catch a "plebe."

From the beginning, however, obedience alternates

with authority, and the "plebe," subject though he is to the upper classes, has his turn at commanding in his own. As officer of the day, he is a despot in a small way, takes charge of roll calls, and must report his own room mate, if it is necessary.

In such a condition of affairs, class feeling is developed in its most intense form, and probably no other institution develops stronger class ties. The "plebe's" only consolation is with his own fellows. To all the rest of the school world he is Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, and the amount of scorn that can be put into that "mister" is beyond words to express. The second his hard probation is over, he becomes Jim or Bill or some other title of good fellowship that makes him straightway one of the boys. But he never gets over his habit of fondness for his classmates, and that is why West Point class reunions are among the jolliest to be found anywhere.

Many boys cannot possibly stand the discipline. Not more than a fourth who enter graduate, some because they drop out voluntarily, many because they are expelled. Only 100 demerits are needed to send a boy on his way mourning, and when one remembers that it is not at all difficult to get 100 demerits in a day, getting through West Point begins to seem almost as difficult as a task of Hercules.

It is difficult to keep boys in jail for four years, and that is practically what West Point amounts to. These soldier novitiates are not allowed to have spending money, to smoke, or to cook things in their rooms. Even the odor of smoke in a room wins a demerit, and smoking up the chimney is the only possible solution, though a very dangerous one. A cadet is denied that greatest luxury of boys—a pocket—so smuggling is practically impossible except in winter, when an overcoat whose lining may be ripped, gives a hiding place. But even so, there is nothing to get unless a friend meets a cadet at the edge of the reservation. Then he must get past the guard, slip into the door, just at the one moment when his back is turned. If one is caught, there are those horrible demerits. The risk is too great to try it often. It is better to work off one's animal spirits on the "plebes."

## Old Bentz the Bugler.

Discipline is softened sometimes in special cases, if one knows the way, not enough to signify, but enough to avoid a demerit. "Old Bentz the Bugler" is still cherished in the hearts of his favorites and in the songs of the college. He blew the bugle for all the roll calls, and if he saw one of the boys he liked running for dear life, he prolonged the call just the second which let him safe into his place stiff and wooden with one demerit saved. When he died, they set up a monument for him in the West Point cemetery and handed his name down to tradition. Benny Haven was another friend, an old dealer who was very patriarch, almost as old as West Point itself. He grew soft-hearted occasionally, and helped the cadets to smuggle, and as a reward was enshrined in the song which every loyal class sings at its graduation dinner.

What makes the vigorous system of West Point effective in all its branches is competition raised to the ninth power. A boy feels it from the moment he puts on his "plebeskin," the soft uniform which distinguishes him from the rest of the school for the first few months, until he takes his diploma and walks out of West Point into a wider military academy. He is marked on every recitation; every hour of the day has its good record or its bad record. One second late at roll call means a demerit, and there are twenty of them in the day. His marks are posted for his fellows to see, and all the rewards at the end are allotted to him according to his rank.

The system may have defects, and to the cadets who have been caught smoking cigarettes up the chimney or breaking some other rules, and who walk up and down on guard duty for interminable Saturday afternoons afterward, as a consequence, the defects loom large. But as a man goes on in his work and finds out what the "grind" has done for him, the scale turns, and a few years afterward he can find no defects at all. It is the system by which raw American youths for a hundred years have been dropped into the military hopper, and turned out straight-backed, clean-limbed, well-educated defenders of their country. What a century of success has set the seal of its approval on, graduates who have profited by the training have no desire to quarrel with.

## Samples of Raw Material.

"When I remember the specimens that entered with me," mused a West Point man, "I wonder how any system of education could transform them as that did. There was a lanky, raw-boned chap from Texas, with the look of a cowboy and the personal habits of an Indian. Remember, even one button unfastened means a demerit. A West Point boy must be as neat as wax and move like clockwork. Well, that man graduated with credit, and I assure you he made as good an appearance in a drawing-room as one could wish to see. He was a good soldier. That is not so wonderful. But for him actually to be a social success seemed almost a miracle. There was a wild and woolly westerner, who appeared to register before the 'yearlings' with two pistols and a bowie knife under his jacket, and next to him one of the F.F.Vs. The system took them and shook them all up together and turned them out soldiers."

Aside from the drills and the other technical soldier training, and the academic course, which is excellent, the West Point boy has all the molding power of a century of tradition brought to bear upon him—tradition, the subtle influence of strong men who have reacted on West Point as West Point has reacted on them.

## Significance of West Point's History.

What West Point means to the nation's history it is easy to read in history, on the memorial tablets here, there, and everywhere, and in the nameless graves, too, on hundreds of battlefields. From the Mexican war to the Spanish war, at all the posts of danger, through the eventful years of our history, West Point men have fought back the foe. In the Civil War classmates fought classmates, as brother fought brother. In the Confed-

Cut Price Sale of  
Sample Refrigerators

Small Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week—Mr. Ralph

June 15, 1902.]

## LUCKY SH

HOW A PAIR OF HOB-  
DISCOVERED A F

By a Special Co

W HY do you have those o  
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"Huh, boy, it would t  
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comfortable shack like you see; w  
desert rat, running around som

of the Great American Sahara."

I was sitting in Carlton Stock  
lincl avenue, Cleveland. Above

me was a pair of rusty hob-nail sh  
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from a knob which I saw was p

were worn, the soles containing

rusty heads of many hob-nails."

"Yes, as I have said, I should b

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graying for a 'stringer,' a pay size

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the north to the Grand Cañon o

south and east."

Our cigars were burning nicely

The dinner had been good, and c

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"You remember the disaster tha

Sue's father? What little mon

the home—heavily mortgaged in the

"He never had much love for m

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"They were living in San Fran

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Bakersfield.

"One night, while sitting in the

watching a brisk faro game, I o

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"They were speaking Spanish, b

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"Becoming interested, I moved

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"The Mexican frowned; 'The bu

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"Bah! you spent the days ly

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let's have a drink."

"The next day I went north on

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up on the mortgage.

"You know what a power there

when around your neck?"

I nodded my head.

"Carl," she said, "isn't it terrible

I seemed to be strangely moved

about the ledge, in the White Faw

"I tell you it is there—in the v

"In what valley? I would find

Before I went south on my ne

I told her to cheer up and

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"Where are you going?" she as

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"No, little one, I am going int

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"I suppose all valleys have w

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among the reeds bordering silent

"There is one valley," said Sue,

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"Where is that?"

"Death Valley—about two hu

from Bakersfield—east as the crow

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"Death Valley; I had not thought

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"Sue's white arms around my ne

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"Just as we pulled out of the r

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"A pair of shoes for you," she sa

overlook.—[Tatler.]

Cut Price Sale of  
Sample Refrigerators

Small Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Next Week—Mr. Ralph

[June 15, 1902.]

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June 15, 1902.]

## LUCKY SHOES.

## HOW A PAIR OF HOB-NAILED BOOTS DISCOVERED A FORTUNE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHY do you have those old hob-nail shoes hanging there, Carlton?

"Huh, boy, it would take \$5000 to buy those shoes. If it hadn't been for them I would have had no comfortable shack like you see; would have been instead a desert rat, running around somewhere on the border of the Great American Sahara."

I was sitting in Carlton Stockwell's palatial home in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. Above the big folding doors hung a pair of rusty hob-nail shoes, tied together by a double bow-knot in the buckskin strings. They swung from a knob which I saw was gold-plated. The heels were worn, the soles containing, in horseshoe form, the tufts of many hob-nails.

"Yes, as I have said, I should have still been a desert rat, living on beans and flapjacks, hunting, craving and praying for a 'stringer,' pay streak, a ledge—anything in the shape of concentrated treasure, lying on the surface of that weird place stretching from Tehachapi on the north to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado on the south and east."

Our cigars were burning nicely. The dinner had been good, and through the smoke Carl looked up at the shoes, while he continued:

"You remember the disaster that overtook the old man—his father? What little money he had was lost and his home heavily mortgaged in the panicky times of '93. He never had much love for me. Sue often told me he spoke of me as the 'wooden man'; however, as long as she thought I was a red check, I did not care for his opinion."

"They were living in San Francisco then, and I was drifing on the Southern Pacific, running from 'Frisco to Bakerfield.

"One night, while sitting in the White Fawn saloon, watching a brisk faro game, I overheard a conversation between a Mexican and an old prospector; and 'twas this little conversation that changed the monotony of my schedule.

"They were speaking Spanish, but I understood enough to lend some big lugs from the drift.

"Becoming interested, I moved my chair behind the lookout's stool, ostensibly to better watch the play; in reality to get more information.

"The two friends, for old companions they were, had imbibed freely of the White Fawn's famous red-eye. The general caution of the old prospector when talking of a 'lad' was overshadowed by the criticism of one, the ex-slavery enlargement of the other.

"I told you to keep farther east. You were too near the foothills; it lies deeper in the valley,' the white man said, as he threw a wad of tobacco upon the floor, with the same hand producing a fresh chew.

"The Mexican frowned; 'The butte—the red butte—to the east of it, four miles as near as I could guess—it was there I went. The slate and the float I found, but no slate.

"Bah! you spent the days lying under a mesquite bush, smoking the damnable cigarettes, or hunting place to make mescal money. I know you, Pancho; you are a lazy dog, unless I am with you. Next month we will go again. It is there, I tell you, it is there. Come, let's have a drink."

"The next day I went north on No. 47.

"She was gloomy enough when I saw her. Their little home was about to go, as the old man had failed to pay up on the mortgage.

"You know what a power there is in a woman's arms when around your neck?"

"'Cid,' she said, 'isn't it terrible. What shall we do? I cannot be strangely moved. Mingling with my sympathy, as it were, came the words I had overheard about the ledge, in the White Fawn saloon.

"'Tell me it is there—in the valley.'

"'In what valley? I would find out.'

"When I went south on my next trip, I went to see her, I told her to cheer up and wear her old smile, as I intended taking a month's lay-off; go prospecting and make a home to pay off the old man's mortgage.

"'Where are you going?' she asked. 'Not out on the desert, I know, for there you might die of thirst.'

"'No, little me, I am going into a valley. I do not know the name, nor where it is, but I will find it.'

"I suppose all valleys have grass and trees, with water running down the hillsides; fat cattle grazing said pastures, while lambs play at hide and seek among the reeds bordering silent pools.

"There is one valley," said Sue, "where water does not run down the hillsides, and where lambs do not play hide and seek among the reeds bordering silent pools."

"Where is that?"

"Death Valley—about two hundred and fifty miles from Bakerfield—east as the crow flies. I have heard you tell of how he lost a friend there. Promise me you will not go."

"Death Valley; I had not thought of that. A shudder ran through me. The shudder had barely gone when the little voice whispered: 'Go to the valley.'

"There is not a wide reach between imagination and reality. In some cases! It is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. The one may be simply a simulation of the other.

"Her white arms around my neck brought me down from the clouds. I kissed her and went away. She met me, bright and early on the morrow, at the Oakland station.

"Just as we pulled out of the station she came running up with a package.

"A pair of shoes for you," she said, as I, bending low

from the cab, caught her hand and the breath of her farewell prayer.

"Those are the shoes you see on the wall, my boy.

"At Bakersfield I saw the superintendent of division and got a month's lay-off. My next step was to hunt up Pancho and his gringo friend. I found the gringo, but Pancho—Pancho was dead.

"Go to the valley, go to the valley," the little voice whispered throughout the day. 'Go to the valley,' was the echo at night from dreamland.

"But the time was not yet ripe to inquire about the valley. I must first gain Dick's confidence.

"Let's go out to the graveyard," I said to Dick one morning as we met. I had known him a week now, and thought it time to begin work. We found the grave, newly made and trim; a bunch of roses, the stems packed in a box of dirt, at the head.

"Pancho was your friend?" I asked, after standing a moment in silence.

"Yes; Pancho was my friend. He saved my life once on the desert, and for that I owed him a bill. He was a good boy, but whisky was the hammer that nailed the lid on him."

"You prospected together?"

"Yes; we ate beans from the same pot; slept in the same blankets. He was a good judge of rock. About a month ago we came in from Death Valley."

"Death Valley—the name stung me to the quick. I looked eagerly at the grave, at the roses, and my thoughts ran out to Sue.

"There is a valley where no water leaps down the mountain side; where no lambs play hide and seek near silent pools."

"After a week consumed in preparation of agreements and supplies, we started. Going up Kern River, crossing the desert by way of Long Pine, and thence over to the Panamint Mountains. We rode a burro and 'packed' three.

"One night at the end of the second week, we camped on the mountains overlooking the valley.

"It is near here the ledge lies," said Dick, as we ate our flapjacks and sipped our black coffee, just as the sun came stealing up from behind a big red mountain away to the east—rising like a bubble blown from a boy's pipe, while o'er the vast leagues a pin could be heard falling; for all nature was stilled by this coming of the king.

"We had finished our breakfast. The frying pan, with a slice or two of bacon stuck fast to its black bottom, was stored under a mesquite bush, and a rock placed upon the lid of the Dutch oven. We then lit our pipes.

"You see that little rise or butte away off to the right?" I nodded.

"Somewhere near there—within a circle of five miles—lies a treasure—a treasure sure enough, boy. Hit'll be hard to find, no doubt; and again—we may stumble onto the first thing; a tenderfoot is alius lucky on his nishatory trip."

"I hope I prove no exception."

"Pancho found rich 'float' near that butte. A pink quartz, rich with gold and iron pyrites. Then he found a chunk 'bout as big as a hen's egg that'd draw like a magnet. 'Twas the durndest stuff out; I'd hate to get near a ledge of it—'twould be all day with a feller."

"Pancho came over here alone, while I stayed in the State Range to do some assessment work. I knew he was too lazy to work, so I sent him on."

"We had filled our canteens the night before, and with open lids they had hung on a mesquite bush to cool through the night. We screwed down the lids, pushed our lunch farther into the bag, took up our poll picks and started for the butte.

"The air was clear and still; the butte lay shining like an island in an inland sea. Surely a mile would bring us there! One mile we traveled—two miles. I had learned the deception in distances on the desert, and lost no time in guessing at what would only be solved by patience and good strong legs.

"Our burros we had hobbled and turned loose to graze on the bunch grass which grew abundantly on side hills—side hills somewhat sheltered from the sun. The burros were a little sore and needed rest.

"It was noon when we got to the top of the butte, having stopped along the trail to chip off a bit of outcropping 'rock' with our poll picks or perhaps kill a rattle.

"We rested an hour on top of the butte, eating our lunch and enjoying a smoke from the cornucopia.

"'Guess we'd better separate here,' said Dick. 'I'll bear away to the left; you go down the hill to the right. You won't get lost, for you can see the camp yonder.'

"I looked away across the shimmering desert to the hills beyond. There, about as big as a new dime, sat the tent.

"Oh, no, Dick, don't worry about me getting lost. Who ever heard of an old prospector like me feeling afraid in a strange land?"

"'Where are you going?' she asked. 'Not out on the desert, I know, for there you might die of thirst.'

"'No, little me, I am going into a valley. I do not know the name, nor where it is, but I will find it.'

"I suppose all valleys have grass and trees, with water running down the hillsides; fat cattle grazing said pastures, while lambs play at hide and seek among the reeds bordering silent pools.

"There is one valley," said Sue, "where water does not run down the hillsides, and where lambs do not play hide and seek among the reeds bordering silent pools."

"Where is that?"

"Death Valley—about two hundred and fifty miles from Bakerfield—east as the crow flies. I have heard you tell of how he lost a friend there. Promise me you will not go."

"Death Valley; I had not thought of that. A shudder ran through me. The shudder had barely gone when the little voice whispered: 'Go to the valley.'

"There is not a wide reach between imagination and reality. In some cases! It is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. The one may be simply a simulation of the other.

"Her white arms around my neck brought me down from the clouds. I kissed her and went away. She met me, bright and early on the morrow, at the Oakland station.

"Just as we pulled out of the station she came running up with a package.

"A pair of shoes for you," she said, as I, bending low

approaching the crest of a small knoll. Rough blocks of Malaphi lay around, between them smaller stone of a porphyry character.

"The ground became very rocky. Big boulders, red and black as though burned by great volcanic heat, blocked my way.

"Fifteen hundred feet along this lead, lode or vein. I was thinking again how I would write my location notice for the monument which the law said I must build on my claim.

"Suddenly I became tired. I could scarcely walk; my feet seemed to weigh a ton each. In ten feet I would be on top of the rise, and then I would rest.

"What a long ten-feet that was.

"Now I had stopped. I could not move my legs. They seemed held, as in a vice, by some subtle force pushing upward from below; pushing downward from above. My blood seemed to chill, as though the capillaries had stopped, to hesitate, then run backward like the breakers on a beach.

"My head was free, and being free, my brain seemed possessed of double activity—like a schoolboy at recess, seeking the farther corner of its hemisphere as it conjured new strategies.

"I looked toward the east, and there lay a mirage. Not the old towers and turrets, changing from gold to purple and then to gold again; but a city, a city with beautiful avenues, big oak trees, and waters of delight flowing under them.

"The wall—yes, the wall was there, built of beautiful quartz, and at the gate sat a man looking for all the world like Sue's father.

"A shadow fell before me. I looked up, hoping it might be Sue.

"It was a buzzard.

"A buzzard that had been blinking at me from the ground, his feet perched on a stone, turned and fled. Another and then another shadow on the horizon. They came like bands of wild geese. See them circling, scanning me as an epicure would his menu card.

"The eyes I like best—the eyes I like best—one gray-headed gormand sang.

"Then far behind I heard the refrain—'A thigh bone I will pick—a thigh bone I will pick.'

"The eyes he liked best, eh?

"See the skull lying there on the desert sands, the white sockets gleaming in the sun; 'tis because he liked the eyes best.

"I prayed, I cried, I laughed. When I prayed, the wind moaned through the mesquite. When I cried, a coyote would mock me with his yell. When I laughed, the screech owl hooted in derision.

"The sun had gone down, and darkness was creeping on. Now would the horrors and goblins multiply.

"It is said a drowning man reviews his life in a moment. I believe it.

"I lived in five minutes my youth, with its follies and candal.

"In five minutes more I was a man and had loved Sue. Another five and I was a prospector, cursing the man who wrote the clause: 'Fifteen hundred feet along this lead, lode or vein.'

"I thought of a lecture I heard not long before. It was by a woman. She told us the soul lay on one side of the brain, and God lay in the other side. I was thinking more seriously of the left side now; perhaps, if God was in there, He might help me.

"I began to doze. My head fell upon my shoulder, and a little voice from dreamland, sounding for the world like Sue's, said to me:

"'Idiot—untie your shoes.'

"Yes—why not untie my shoes? Why had I not thought of it before?

"Bending slowly, for my legs were sore and stiff, I untied my shoes and loosened the strings. It must have taken fully a minute to again assume an erect position.

"I succeeded in slowly releasing my feet from the shoes; hesitating—as an infant learning to walk—I moved. I noticed, too, the ledge did not attract the bare feet.

"Free at last. My heart shot upward like a balloon loosened from its mooring. I moved cautiously from the spot, sitting down upon a rock to rub my limbs and collect scattered thoughts.

"I then returned to get the shoes, but could not budge them a hair's breadth. Pounded with a rock, they still clung with the tenacity of a bulldog, and refused to yield.

"I resolved upon heroic action; to build a monument and place my shirt upon it for a guide post, knowing the place would be difficult to find again in that great silent valley. Within an hour I had completed my monument, for the rocks lay in prodigal abundance.

"Miles away to the west glimmered a campfire. 'Twas Dick, feeding the beacon. I started toward the camp. Sharp rocks cut my feet, thistle and brush tore at my trousers as I passed in that dismal night.

"With the luck of an unfortunate, I walked into a bunch of cacti.

"This was the straw that broke my back.

"Dropping in my tracks, I waited for the distant morning.

"Late in the afternoon, next day, I dragged myself into camp. Dick washed and bandaged my feet, picking out the cactus and tending me like the angel he was.

"As soon as I could travel, we saddled the burros and went to hunt the magnetic ledge—for that is what Dick said it was, and so it proved to be.

"We found it, after a two days' search, thank you to the shirt.

"It is useless to go into detail over what happened.

"Sixty feet northeast of the monument (it was a true fissure vein) the ledge was non-magnetic, and wonderfully rich in gold. At the place where I was caught, we found the ledge barren of gold, but a mass of pyrites of iron very highly magnetized.

"A ten-stamp mill is now grinding on the ore, for the ledge 'went down' and shows no disposition to ' peter out'—does it, Sue?"

"Sue sat near us, rocking the baby, while she followed with deft fingers a design of embroidery looking for the world like a monument with a shirt swinging from the top.

"No, it has not petered, nor do we want it to," she replied. "Do you know what I shall crochet next for you, Carlton, dear?"

"No, what is it to be?"

"A picture of the place where lambs do not play at hide-and-seek among the reeds bordering silent pools."

"Good—and let me give it a name, will you?"

"Yes, what shall it be?"

"At the Keyhole of Eternity."

GEORGE B. COOKE.

notable *Four Hundred* silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on memory. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

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## THE GOTHAMITE.

### A CAUSTIC CHARACTERIZATION OF THE TYPICAL NEW YORKER.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 9.—If ever the Westminster catechism, which was good enough for so many millions of human beings in the past, is revised and amended to suit the prevalent New York idea of the eternal fitness of things, two of its leading questions and their answers will read as follows:

Question. What is the chief end of man?

Answer (in the united and reverent Gotham voice.) To glorify Cash and keep what you may lay your hands on.

Q. Who made the earth and its inhabitants?

A. (in the tone of devout Gotham conviction.) Some unidentified New Yorker, or, if he did not, he could if he had desired.

The provincialism here displayed would be splendid in the self-assurance and egotism to which it leads, were it not absurd in its narrowness.

To the average resident of this great city the world's sun rises at a slightly

varying point just off the eastern coast of Long Island;

it sets somewhere immediately beyond the New Jersey hills.

Outside of this center of light all is eternal darkness, or, at best, a darkness only occasionally broken by

fitful, illuminating flashes from the New York sphere of

brightness. The Orient is Boston, and the Occident is

some unidentified spot in Eastern Ohio, or, by a wildest

stretch of the imagination, it may be made to include

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City—these are

frontier posts, and Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and

Los Angeles are inhabited only by the phantom people

of a terra incognita. Sometimes an intrepid soul sallies

forth into this outer darkness, and then his friends here

bid him a tearful farewell and—grab another dollar. The

Hudson River, the mightiest waterway of earth (for who

dares talk of the Mississippi and the Amazon, those

ghostly rivers of phantom regions?)—the Hudson River

is a stream devised and laid out by an overruling and

beneficent Providence to wash dollars to the doors of the

deserving New Yorkers who live, during three months of

the year, on Fifth avenue. All creation really is bounded

on the north by One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, on

the south by the Battery, on the east by East River—

which is not a river, but the New Yorkers think it is—and

on the west by the North River. Beyond these confines are Brooklyn, Jersey City, Philadelphia and chaos.

They have newspapers here, and they are so complete in their appointments that if an admirable murder occurs (in this vicinity) you may read seven columns about it over your coffee the next morning, if your coffee lasts that long. But if you who chance to be here are a real westerner, a man who knows the mountains and the plains and the great, smiling Pacific Slope, you must secure news of your country, even of much importance, either by letter or by taking a western newspaper. For instance, during the great strike in San Francisco last summer, a strike that overturned the business of an entire State, the newspapers here contained practically nothing about it. All that I could find during the months of its duration might have been covered by two sticks of type. The editors apparently deemed some local shedding of gore of more importance than the welfare of a western commonwealth. But condemn not the editors too severely. They are, like the rest of us, the children of the circumstances that surround them. And would you expect the Center of the Universe to heed occasional vibrations in the outer ether?

How dwell the saints in this earthly paradise? The answer to the query is everywhere at hand: They so dwell that when the inevitable summons comes, the universal inquiry shall be, "How much was he worth?" meaning, how many dollars did he leave behind him? The eternal question of life and death, as it exists in the average Gotham mind, is summed up in the following words: "Is there no way, absolutely none, in which I can manage to take my dollars beyond the veil?" If a satisfactory solution of this problem could be devised, I can think of no more improving sight than would be a dying New Yorker hugging his money-bags to his bosom and looking out through fast-dimming eyes to a heaven conducted on a cash basis. It would be beautiful.

Here is, with one exception, the largest city on the face of the globe, and within two decades there will be no exception; here, huddled together like sheep in a fold, dwell more people than populate numbers of the American commonwealths; and here is visible, here takes hold of you and throttles you, more of the concentrated essence of selfishness than is condensed in so small a space anywhere else on the round earth. Here Fifth avenue touches elbows with the Bowery, and seemingly is unaware of the monstrous juxtaposition. Here the automobile of the multimillionaire jostles, if it does not run over, the ragged wretch on the street. Here callous and unheeding wealth walks side by side with hopeless poverty, and I know not which of the two might be the more pitiful sight in the contemplation of an intelligence higher than ours. Here Flora McFlinsey goes to Newport to escape the summer heat, and, with the same object in view, Molly Maginnis hangs herself out over night on the fire escape of an East Fifth-street tenement-house. Here "I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me;" and the Golden Rule is in use on the street reads: "Do others, or you will be done by them." Here, to the organ's surge and swell, John D. Rockefeller takes up a church collection on Sunday—I have seen him—and Standard Oil looks after a railroad or a Legislature on week days. These are the two pictures that here hang side by side in the gallery of life, and they forever are visible to all.

It probably is not strange that, under the pressure of such surroundings, the individual atoms in the human mass tend to become more and more supremely selfish, and this is what very, very many of them do. An illus-

tration may clinch the point: A lady friend of mine, who, with her husband, lives in a suite of rooms in an apartment-house, was seriously ill. For months she battled with death; always one, and sometimes two, trained nurses were with her, and a physician came and went from one to four times daily. A dozen or more families lived in the house, yet during all the time she was making that grim struggle for life, not one person inquired whether she were alive or dead, dying or improving. Why? They were average New Yorkers, lost in the maze of things selfish, and they did not care. This is but one instance of a multitude that might be cited.

The hope and the strength of our country, the influence that shall save it for a blessing to the world, ultimately must come out of our West. We must give the East of our primal force and clear-sightedness. Perhaps we are crude—they frequently say that we are—but we are not emasculated and degenerate. Gold is big enough in our sight, but it is not as yet everything. If we will see to it that it does not become so; if we will refuse to bind ourselves in the chains of a callous and absolute selfishness, our moral brawn and sinew yet will bring the salvation it needs to this backward-creeping East. This, as I see it, is our high duty; to hold ourselves ready to save our country from the money-changers who are in the temple—

To seize from the hand of our mighty West

The strength, the purpose, the will to do;

To hold the height that our feet have pressed,

For those who are journeying upward, too;

To drink deep draughts of Nature's wine.

That our souls may grow and our deeds may shine.

These are our brethren, the little men

Whose souls are shaped to the dollar mark.

They go their way till the crisis; then,

Our strength must be theirs, or the curse lies stark.

The might of our mountains, that gladdens and thrills,

We must give to the men of the little hills.

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

## THE GRAND ARMY.

### ITS INCEPTION, ITS ORGANIZATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

SOON after the capitulation of the Confederate army, under command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and while that grand army, under command of Gen. W. T. Sherman, was yet in North Carolina, on its way to the national capital, a group of the officers discussed the proposition of forming a civil order of some kind for the honorably-discharged and mustered-out Union soldiers, sailors and marines. Of this group was Colonel-Surgeon Benjamin F. Stephenson, who introduced the subject for discussion. Some favored an order similar to that of the Cincinnati's, but this was opposed by our late revered comrade, Gen. John A. Logan, he favoring an order that should admit all, rank and file, to an equal footing. This proposition had the hearty sanction of Col. Stephenson, who also favored a benevolent secret order—secret just enough to make the working more interesting than an open order, and these suggestions of Gen. Logan and Col. Stephenson were finally favored by a large majority of the officers participating in the discussion—noted.

Founding of the Grand Army.

Immediately following the muster out of Col. Stephenson, the work of formulating a ritual was entered upon, he calling to his aid some of his late comrades-in-arms, residents of his home city. The work progressed far enough so that during the latter part of the winter or early spring of 1866, the first post was organized by Col. B. F. Stephenson and his co-laborers in their home city. From this time on, the work of organizing posts, formulating constitution, rules and regulations and initiating representative ex-soldiers, sailors and marines from all sections of the Middle, Southwest, Northeast, East and New England States, and authorizing the organization of posts had progressed till by the latter part of 1866, the order had a good footing in all sections named. Departments had been organized in the States of Illinois and Indiana, and skeleton organizations in several other States. Washington, D. C., had one of the finest post organizations known to the order as early as December, 1866; and at this time the order was spreading like a prairie fire, though but little more than a political machine in the States where first organized. About this time Col. B. F. Stephenson called a central or general meeting of the order, and by this meeting Gen. Horace White of Chicago was elected "Grand Commander" and Col. Stephenson appointed adjutant-general.

National Encampment Organized.

Early in 1867, a national meeting of the order was called and organized in Indianapolis, Ind., and Gen. Stephen A. Hulbert was elected commander-in-chief—the first with that title. At this encampment some three hundred posts in each of the States of Illinois and Indiana, and something over two hundred posts in Ohio were reported organized.

The Second National Encampment of the G.A.R. was held in Philadelphia, in January, 1868. Gen. John A. Logan was elected commander-in-chief with a full complement of officers for the position of senior and junior commanders-in-chief; a quartermaster, inspector-general, chaplain-in-chief, surgeon-general, and Gen. Logan appointed Gen. N. P. Chipman of Washington, D. C., adjutant-general and Dr. W. T. Collins of Minnesota, assistant adjutant-general in charge of the office work of the adjutant-general. Gen. Chipman to have general supervision of the business of the office.

It may not be out of place to mention the fact that Dr. Collins surrendered a medical practice in St. Cloud, Minn., worth \$5000 per annum, to accept the office of assistant adjutant-general with a salary, or compensation, of about \$75 per month, at the earnest request of

## Cut Price Sale of Sample Refreshments

Great Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week—Mr. Ralph S.

June 15, 1902]

## IN A RUBBER QUICK WORK BY EXP MAKING OVERS

From the New York

UBBER!"

The brakeman shouted the door, but he did not mean it.

grimed New England brakeman. "Rubber!" called the conductor.

suddenly it dawned on the man Naugatuck that the trainmen were hurried out.

He snuffed it in the air. He

saw it on the clothes of the workmen, hurrying on their way to the

the streets. He saw it, too, on the heads of the girls who passed.

So it is always in Naugatuck, the

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[June 15, 1902.]

## IN A RUBBER TOWN.

QUICK WORK BY EXPERT GIRLS IN MAKING OVERSHOES.

From the New York Tribune.

"RUBBER!"

The brakeman shouted the word into the car door, but he did not mean it as slang. He was a skilled New England brakeman.

"Rubber!" called the conductor from the other end of the car.

Suddenly it dawned on the man who was going to Naugatuck that the trainmen were calling his station. He hurried out.

"Rubber!"

He sniffed it in the air. He perceived it everywhere. He saw it on the clothes of the workingmen who passed him, hurrying on their way to the great factories which line the streets. He saw it, too, in the stains on the hands of the girls who passed.

So it is always in Naugatuck, the rubber town of Connecticut. The United States Rubber Company, otherwise known as the Rubber Trust, has two large factories there, and practically the whole town is dependent on the rubber industry for support.

The smallest small boy in Naugatuck knows that rubber shoes are built up of many pieces, not poured into moulds as most persons think from looking at the finished product. The little girls are looking forward to the time when they will begin building rubbers, or mackintoshes, or water bottles, or whatever other article they may be taught to make when they enter the factory, not long after their fourteenth birthdays. About the same time the boys will begin an apprenticeship in one of the departments in which the raw material is handled and prepared, or in the cutting rooms. Some of the boys will have to go to other factory towns for employment, for the supply is greater than the demand in Naugatuck. The girls, however, are sure of getting work when the time comes. Such is life in the rubber town.

The storage room of a rubber mill carries one to the far-off Brazil, and to even more remote Africa. There are great piles of rubber "biscuits," mostly of Para rubber, the best of the South American varieties. One is reminded of half-dressed natives in a dense tropical forest along the Amazon. They make incisions in gigantic trees, and under these cuts they fix cups of sun-dried clay in which to catch the juice.

In the next mind picture—the assistant superintendent, who knows all about it, draws them for one—other natives are working over a slow fire of oily pine nuts, from which a white vapor arises. In their hands are sticks, and on the end of each is a clay mold. They dip the molds in the rubber juice and turn the sticks slowly over the fire. When the rubber has dried they dip them again, and the turning process is repeated. A coat at a time the rubber is piled up, and, at length, the "biscuit," thoroughly smoked, is finished. There are more modern ways of curing rubber, but this primitive fashion is still used in use, and it is the one a person is apt to think of when he sees the piles of "biscuits," looking like so many freshly-smoked hams, lying there in the store-rooms of the Connecticut mill.

Loaded on little carts the "biscuits" are taken to the washing-room. No two of them are the same size or shape, but that makes no difference to the washers, muscular men in dirty leather aprons, who toss the black mass into the hopper of the washing machine. It tumbles again and again between grooved rollers, on which a stream of water is continually falling. This works out sand, dirt and other impurities, and leaves a long, irregular sheet of pure rubber, perforated by many holes and almost white in color.

Before going to the mixing machines, the washed rubber must be carefully dried. This is accomplished by allowing it to hang for several days in a heated room. When dry it is "broken in" by running the strips between two rollers, which move at different speed. The heat and friction soften the rubber and turn it again into a mass. When soft enough a mineral compound, principally sulphur, is tossed into the masticating machine, and thoroughly mixed with the pure rubber. Lamp black or some other coloring material is added, and the rubber is ready for the "calenders."

One comes out of the low-ceilinged mixing-room into a lighter one, in which a dozen "calender" machines are running their big rollers at different speeds. They are not making all the noise, however, nor even their share of it. Alongside the high "calenders" is a row of warming machines, little boxlike affairs, with rushing, noisy, small rollers. Like many little men, they are noisy, self-important affairs. As the mixed rubber is crushed through the machines, the bubbles of air left in the sticky mass by the previous masticating machines are forced out. Every bubble sounds like a firecracker, and when a half-dozen machines are running at the same time the sound in the room is a great deal like that of the explosion of a string of firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

The task which the "calenders" have to perform is to work the rubber into cotton sheeting of different weights. It is done by means of three steel rollers, one above the other, which move in different directions and at varying rates of speed. The raw rubber is hurried from the warming machine and put in between the upper and middle roller, the latter of which is soon heavily coated. The sheeting is pulled between the middle and lower roller, receiving a coat of rubber, which is forced into the fiber by great pressure, and the result is a satisfactory lining for rubber shoes. In much the same way is machine-made cloth made, but that is another story.

Further down the room other "calenders" are running out long strips of black rubber for the uppers. There are large rollers which stamp out the patterns as the material comes from the machine in a long strip, which is cut up to the cutting-room on an apron. The soles are "laid out" in strips by the yard, which are cut

into three and a half pair strips by the shearsman, who also keeps a close watch for blisters in the rubber. If he finds a bad spot he jabs in with the point of the shears, and in the cutting room it is thrown out, to be worked over as scrap. The rollers in these machines can be changed, and there is a different roller for each size and style of shoe.

The room in which the outer sole is cut comes next in the tour of the factory. At the first table men are running sharp knives around the sole patterns, which have been engraved on the long strip of "out sole stock." A little further along are machine sole cutters. Their movements are almost identical with those of the human cutters. An arm of steel, with all the joints and movements of the arm which nature provides, does the work with even more accuracy and speed. A small boy directs the movements of each machine and feeds it.

The insoles are cut with dies, some of which work under steam pressure, and others are driven by mallets in the hands of muscular men. In either case a number of soles are cut at a time. Dies of various shapes cut out the piping, filling soles, cloth counters, rag stiffening, the tips and heel caps, all of which enter into the construction of the overshoe. Everything is now ready for the shoe building except the uppers, which are cut on a separate floor. This cutting is all done by hand, the workmen leaning over zinc-covered tables and handling sharp knives. The upper is cut with two strokes, and after each the cutter rubs his knife across a whetstone and dips it in a can of water. In front of each bench is a reel on which the long strips of rubber are gathered as they come from the "calenders" on the floor below. The operation of upper cutting looks so easy that a visitor is anxious to try it for himself, and to his sorrow. There is some sort of a knack about it, for the rubber puckers dreadfully under the hand of a stranger.

The making room of this particular factory extends around four sides of a square, which affords direct light for every one of the several hundred tables. In the early morning, before the girls and women who make the shoes have had their breakfast, men assemble the different parts, bring them from the various departments in little push carts, and distribute them among the tables. Each woman is known in the factory by a number, which is also the number of her place at the making table, and she knows in the morning just how much work has been allotted to her. As the work is paid for by the piece, the room is a scene of tireless energy, with loafing and chatting entirely eliminated. Four girls work at each table, two on a side. In the morning, hanging from pegs, is a bank of wooden lasts, which are exactly the size of the shoes which the rubber is supposed to fit. Before the evening whistle blows a fast worker will have covered several sets of lasts.

There were five girls at the first table in the room, as seen on a recent visit, the extra one a young girl, still in short dresses. Her movements were so slow and labored as to attract attention in a room where every one else was working with the speed and accuracy of machinery.

"She is learning the trade," explained the foreman, who, by the way, is worthy of notice. He has full charge over 600 girls for ten hours a day. He has held the place for years, and his hair is not yet gray. He even smiles occasionally. None of the women frowned at him as he walked down the aisle between the tables. It certainly speaks well for the piece system.

"Yes, she is learning to make rubbers," he continued. "No. 24 is teaching her."

No. 24 was a slender blonde, whose hands were soft and white, in spite of the fact that she had worked with them continually for several years.

"What do you charge for teaching beginners?" asked the visitor.

"We never teach men to make rubbers," she answered, smiling. "This is a woman's work. I wouldn't think of asking anything for teaching you if you were a girl and needed to work for a living."

"And you get nothing from her?"

"It cost me nothing to learn; why shouldn't I do the same with this child?" said the girl. "She is easy to teach, and the last week of the apprenticeship she will help me enough to make up for any loss in the early weeks."

"How long does it take?" she was asked.

"Well, if a girl does not learn enough in three weeks to get a number of her own there is not much hope for her. She had better go to keeping house for the best young man she knows."

"And wouldn't it be better to be married even though you could get a number?" was ventured.

"That is for each girl to decide for herself," she said, smiling. "Now, I am very well satisfied as it is. I make from \$10 to \$12 a week. What more do I want?" She took up a last and soon had another pair of rubbers to her credit.

"I'll have No. 215 make a shoe for you," said the foreman. "She is one of the speediest girls in the shop."

"No. 215" was a German girl, who had not grown thin even though she was a fast worker. She did not say a word, but dropped the half-made shoe on which she had been working and started in on a new one. This is the way it was done:

She took a wooden last in her left hand and pulled a thin rubber lining over it. After placing an insole over the bottom of the last she pulled the lining tight around it and closed it over the bottom with her fingers. A metal roller was used to stick it fast to the insole. A strip of "piping" was run around the end of the shoe to give strength. She turned the last over that she might build up the heel with "rag" stiffening, which is made of waste material from the cutting-rooms, and a rubber heel cap. Another movement of the hand put the cloth counter in place, and then a "filling" sole was attached to give the bottom more evenness. With a small measuring stick she gauged the half-made shoe to tell where to put the upper—the most ticklish operation in rubber making. This upper is cut in one piece, which she spread over the lining carefully and then trimmed off the back seam. She brought the two ends together by

running a stitching wheel over the seam. She then "skived off" the unused part of the upper with a sharp knife and rubbed the upper portion of the shoe first with a damp rag, then with a steel roller. With brush she gave the bottom a bath of cement and deftly placed the outer sole in position. This time she put strength into the roller, and the muscles on her bare arm stood out like knots on a tree. She finished stitching the heel, and that was all there was to it.

"Two minutes and forty seconds by the watch," remarked the foreman. Not as long as it has taken to write about it and only little longer than you have been in reading it.

Next the shoe went to the varnishing room, where were a number of small tubes filled with brownish liquid. One of the varnishing men dipped it into the bath, from which it came moist and lustrous.

There is only one further operation—vulcanizing. The varnished rubbers are placed upon a rack, which moves on wheels, and run into an air-tight room. The doors are closed and steam turned on until the temperature is 270 degrees. After six or seven hours the doors are opened and the racks wheeled off to the sorting and boxing-room. The upper part of the inside lining is cut off and the last pulled out by small boys, who pack the finished shoes for market. Rubber boots are made in practically the same way, except that "trees" are used instead of lasts, and that men do the making as well as the cutting.

## ITALY'S SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY.

## A WIRELESS TELEPHONE SUPERIOR TO MARCONI'S AT TRIFLING COST.

[London Leader:] Wireless telegraphy has now been the subject of actual experiment for nearly a decade, but hitherto all inventors, however, have been working on the solution of the great wireless problem on a telegraphic basis.

Now, again, from Italy, comes the sensational news that a young lieutenant and semaphorist in the Italian navy of the name of Paolo Castelli has invented and patented a system which is expected to put all previous systems of wireless message sending in the shade. The instrument which Paolo Castelli has invented has—it is claimed—been proved to be three times as sensitive as the Marconi instrument, and will send messages both farther and clearer. The main and revolutionary difference between the two systems is that Marconi's is based on the telegraphic, while Castelli's is based on a telephonic idea. Like all great inventions it is of the simplest possible character, and the actually working appliance can, it is said, be made for sixpence!

One of the main difficulties so far has been in the matter of the "coherer." As these so far have been adapted, it is necessary to tap or hit them after every electric wave or in the scientific phrase to "decohere" them in order to render them capable of receiving another signal. Castelli has invented a tube which consists of two electrodes of carbon, having between them two drops of mercury, which present a higher degree of sensibility, and have the property of decohering themselves. Two ordinary telephone receivers, such as one takes down from any telephone to place to the ears makes the apparatus practically complete.

The significance of the invention is its simplicity, and it is claimed in Italy that by its means "wireless telephony," as it now must be called, can send messages more regularly, rapidly, and to a greater distance. Messages by Castelli's system have already been sent with unequalled clearness from Palmaria to Leghorn (a distance of forty-two miles;) from a lighthouse at Porto Ferrario to Leghorn and Palmaria (distances of ninety miles) and in September last (the invention having been in experiment with the Italian naval authorities then, but kept a secret up to now.) The crowning transmission was achieved when a wireless message was sent between a station at Magdalena and Monte Argentario—a distance of 125 miles.

## IMAGINARY QUAKES.

## THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE THAT "FEEL THE EARTH TREMBLE" THESE DAYS.

[Washington Times:] "It is surprising to note how easily the rather timid people throughout the country detect earthquakes since Mont Pelee wrought such destruction in the West Indies," remarked William S. Dunigan, a commercial traveler of Chicago, who is stopping at the National Hotel. "I have traveled through several States since the catastrophe occurred, and in almost every town I have stopped I ran across some man who was positive there had been an earthquake or similar disturbance, in that immediate locality within the preceding twenty-four hours.

"Nor was this impression confined to single individuals. Last week I was in a small town in Pennsylvania. When I arrived there all the talk was of a trembling of the earth the previous morning. There were tales of china rattling upon the shelves of pantries and certain persons, who had been abroad early, spoke vaguely of 'low rumbling sounds' they had heard. The inhabitants of the town were convinced that they had experienced an earthquake of minor and harmless dimensions. Twenty miles away was a Weather Bureau station, but the highly-sensitive machines there had registered no unusual action. This was somewhat relieving to those who had feared some kind of damaging stroke or natural phenomena. And so it was in a number of other places. People were continually imagining they felt the earth tremble. Many of the farmers feared that such a marked eruption even as far south as Martinique would produce bad weather in this latitude. Such does not seem to have been the case, however.

"The people of Charleston, S. C., are extremely sensitive to earthquake shocks. This is explained by the belief that a person who has passed through a severe earthquake, such as the one which laid half of Charleston in ruins years ago, never fails to detect the slight tremor of the earth. An old inhabitant of Charleston told me during a recent visit that he felt one or two earthquakes every year which would be indistinguishable to the average person."

Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Washington, D. C., was the scene of a bitter contest for the command in its order political in its organization. The Indiana delegation and southern delegation were almost solid East, the former, and its defeat resulted in the Indiana delegation. The session forever memorialized in Memorial Day, May 30, 1868, and each year since.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Philadelphia, ended the official session of the order political in its organization. To the credit and honor of Benjamin F. Stephenson, it should be recorded, of the organization—the founder of the Republic, his almost total loss, from January, 1868, to the great financial loss to his credit of his former command. It is said that they were introduced in Congress, providing a capital for the erection of a building in his honor as founder of the Grand Army.

The session may set at rest the question of the rights of the Grand Army of the Republic, which belongs to the Grand Army of the Republic.

W. T. O'Brien

June 8, 1902.

notable *Publif* sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

June 15, 1902]



## Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

## What Made a Soldier of Dan.

A READER of The Times sends the following: The members of the old Eighty-Fifth New York Volunteers—such of them as survive—will not have forgotten "Dan" Weymer, who went into the army as the laziest and most worthless of men and came out one of the bravest and best soldiers in the regiment.

The Weymer family held the record in Allegheny county for laziness and all-around worthlessness. They lived in abject squalor, and it was a nine days' wonder when it was learned that Dan had enlisted. It afterward leaked out that he had been induced to do so from being told that there was absolutely nothing for the soldiers to do but eat.

When Dan got to the front, he found out his mistake, but, as the boys said, he was too lazy to run, so made a fairly good showing in battle. It was at the second engagement in which his company participated that Dan got his waking up. A spent ball, fired by the opposing "Johnnies" struck the metal "U.S." on Dan's belt and fell to the ground without penetrating the belt. It gave him a severe spat, however, and he imagined he was badly shot. Dropping his gun and clasping the "wound" with both hands, he started for the rear. An officer saw him and demanded to know where he was going, and he told him he was shot, so was allowed to go on. In a little ravine, shielded from the fire of the enemy, he stopped to make a critical examination of his injuries. A red spot under his belt was all that was to be seen. Then Dan became angry and swore vengeance on the whole aggregation of "Johnnies." Hurrying back to the front, he obtained a gun, and from that on he was an eager and fearless fighter. He often asserted that he would never take a "reb" alive, but would slaughter every one he could lay his hands upon.

It was not long thereafter till the fortunes of battle separated a number of the boys of the Eighty-Fifth from the main body, and in a skirmish with the enemy in the dusk of approaching night Dan found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with some members of a North Carolina regiment. Dan's comrades succeeded in driving the enemy before them, but Dan was left in a rough-and-tumble encounter with a brawny fellow in a butternut jacket. Finally Dan threw his opponent and perched in triumph upon his chest, and remembering his oath to spare no rebel, he reached for a big hunting knife which he carried in his belt, with the intention of ending the earthly career of the "reb" then and there. Then for the first time he caught a glimpse of the face of his opponent. The knife dropped from his fingers as he cried:

"Rob Gleason, by all that's great!"

The man was his brother-in-law and little less dear to Dan than an own brother.

"Come on," said Dan, jerking the fellow to his feet. "I won't kill you, but you've got to go to camp with me," and to camp he took him, and turned him over to his officer.

After that Dan was not quite so bloodthirsty, but he was an excellent soldier, and stayed with the regiment till it was mustered out of service. Then Dan returned home and resumed his shiftless ways. He died some fifteen years ago. His brother-in-law, Rob, still lives.

himself unnecessarily. Watson crawled through a rail fence, but his knapsack caught, and he had to throw it away to effect his release. The Testament was in the knapsack.

For two whole days Watson's regiment hugged the ground under the Confederate guns. Then the Federal forces withdrew, but Watson could not find his knapsack.

A letter arrived in this city two weeks ago addressed to "The Pastor of Ridge Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia." It fell into the hands of Rev. A. D. Geist, the present pastor. It was from Mr. Birdseye, who told of his possession of the Testament, upon the flyleaf of which was written: "Charles Watson, One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, from his pastor Ridge Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church." He wanted to return it to the owner or his relatives. Rev. Mr. Geist at once sought Watson, who still attends the church.

Both wrote to Mr. Birdseye. In a few days he returned the Testament, and in a letter told how it came into his possession just before he went into the fight at Chancellorsville. He was a member of the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York. He did not want to be found dead with a pack of cards he had in his clothes, and he was about to throw the cards away when a comrade offered to take them in exchange for the Testament, which he had found at Fredericksburg.

The exchange was made, and Birdseye carried the Testament throughout the war. He had it at Appomattox when serving as a lieutenant in command of Sheridan's advance guard of the Second New York Cavalry. Strangely enough, the cavalry attack was followed up by the First Division, Fifth Army Corps, in which Watson was fighting.

The connecting link in the chain of identification was furnished by Birdseye's wife, whom as Miss Mary A. Pollock, of this city, he met while he lay in the army hospital at Twenty-fourth and South streets, this city. She recalled having heard of the Ridge Avenue Church when a few weeks ago her husband spoke of the inscription of the flyleaf. [New York World.]

## Half-way to Marriage.

ONE day a drill sergeant in the army had a number of recruits to drill, and wanted the married men separated from the single ones, so he formed them in a line and gave the word of command:

"Single men, advance, and married men, fall back in the rear."

All took their positions except one, an Irishman, who stood still.

The sergeant asked the reason why he had not moved, but no answer came from Pat.

"Come, my man, are you married?"

"No," replied Pat.

"Then you are single?"

"No."

"Then what are you?"

"I am courting Sally."

The sergeant collapsed. [Spare Moments.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

## The Hog a Loquacious Beast.

"ONE of the things that has been sadly neglected is the language of some of our lower animals," said James Speed, the naturalist. "How many persons ever thought for one instant about what a hog says to another hog, or what he says to you or me?"

"Hogs do talk, and talk a good deal. Suppose you go out to the barnyard early in the morning; doesn't every hog come running and in unmistakable language beg for something to eat? If you give them a trough full of slop, what is the meaning of the satisfied grunt which you hear? It is not at all like the begging which was indulged in until you fed them."

"One balmy June day I was walking across a field of clover, when far ahead I saw an old friend of mine, a big sow. The fresh green clover made no sound as my feet sunk in it, and the sow did not hear me until I was just behind her. Suddenly she turned and at once gave a startled grunt, which warned her six little spotted pigs that danger was near. In an instant every little pig dropped flat on its stomach and its ears were flattened on its little back."

"After the old sow had taken a second good look at me she recognized a personal friend who had fed her all her life, so she gave a low, satisfied grunt, and each and every little pig jumped up and went to playing again. This is an exemplification of what Ernest Thompson-Seton has so frequently written about animals teaching their young to 'freeze.' All animal life knows that by remaining perfectly still the chances of being seen are greatly reduced, and so all the mothers teach their young to drop and 'freeze' at a word of warning."

"Later that day, as I came back across the field, I heard the same old sow squealing and crying somewhere in a strip of timber near by. I knew in an instant that something had happened to the sow, for the squealing was sharp and high, and told of pain and anger. I hurried to her relief. In the edge of the woods I met the six little pigs huddled together, evidently greatly frightened by their mother's frequent and sharp squeaks. At my approach they ran to the shelter of some underbrush and hid. I found the old sow with her foot fastened between the roots of a tree and unable to extricate herself. In a moment I released her and she

hobbled off, calling to her pigs with low growl of affection."—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Crippled Pet of Crippled Children.

"DOWN in Esplanade avenue, near here, there lives a lady who has given up birds and fishes," said a gentleman who has a quarter, "and she has quite an interesting time. She is Mrs. Sudier, and the better-posted woman in the country west of the kind of pets she is fond of raising are gold fishes particularly. She has made a study of the habits and modes of living of these gold fishes. Some time ago she found out which had just come pecked through the bird had club feet. It could not get around the others, could not swing as gracefully clinging to the side of the cage with so much pathos about the way it acted. The baby canary seemed to realize there was a difference between himself and other birds that hopped and fluttered in cages with so much ease and grace. The little fellow began to sing, and his singing seemed to have a silver lining, and the out like the laughter of a brook. He was trilling and twittering after the fashion of Mrs. Sudier soon discovered the rare species of the little crippled canary, and became to it than ever before. The little fellow particular pet of the whole flock. But it is to part with it. Out-in Tulane avenue the hospital, and it is filled with little children afflicted in one way or another. They are the world crippled in some way. The genius, with its club feet, was sent out to the Hospital, and he is out there now, swinging his way and singing to the crippled children. Mrs. Sudier soon discovered the rare species of the little crippled canary, and became to it than ever before. The little fellow particular pet of the whole flock. But it is to part with it. Out-in Tulane avenue the hospital, and it is filled with little children afflicted in one way or another. They are the world crippled in some way. 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[June 15, 1902]

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## Stories.

calling to her pigs with low growls—  
Chicago Tribune.

## of Crippled Children.

In Esplanade avenue, near Bayview, lives a lady who has given much service," said a gentleman who lives in the same house. "She has quite an interesting story to tell. She is Mrs. Sudier, and there is no woman in the country when it comes to her in the way of raising, canary birds, particularly. She has made a study and modes of living of canary birds. Some time ago she found an affectionate bird that had come pecked through the window. It could not get around, could not swing as gracefully, outside of the cage with so much pathos about the way the little baby canary seemed to realize the difference between himself and others that hopped and fluttered around in much ease and grace. But she began to sing, and his singing was the sweetest singer in the lot. He has a silver lining, and the noise of a brook. He was a gnat after the fashion of his son discovered the rare singing of the crippled canary, and became more and more before. The little fellow became the whole flock. But its owner

Out in Tulane avenue there is a house filled with little children, all in some way or another. They all are crippled in some way. The little crippled feet, was sent out to the children is out there now, swinging in the air, singing to the crippled children. Mrs. Sudier thought it would be an inspiration to the afflicted little children, a source of great inspiration to them. —[New Orleans Times-Democrat]

Interesting incident of the week last week of a kicking python, the house of "Zip" Slusher. "Zip" is one of the men some awkward job is on hand. He is in charge of the reptiles, having been sent from duty after a prolonged absence. The injuries received from a kick of a python for a minute.

"Well," said the King, "what is it?" "Dare I ask Your Majesty for your portrait as a memento?" said the beggar humbly.

Naturally the King was both surprised and pleased at this declaration of loyalty, but regretted that he did not carry his portrait about with him.

"Pardon me, Your Majesty," retorted the tramp, slyly. "If you will look in your purse you will probably find one."

The King, amused at this novel way of asking for alms, gave the man two crowns, but the police, to whom such a man does not command himself, have duly "marked" the man.—[London Express]

Maggie's Apology.

WILLIAM PRUETTE, the singer, was one of a group of married men who were discussing housekeeping and servants the other evening in a Philadelphia hotel corridor. He told of a girl who served him and Mrs. Prue well enough while they were living in a New York flat several years ago, and who one day went to Mrs. Prue in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days—she had a telegram telling that her mother was ill.

"It cannot go," said Mrs. Prue—"only, Maggie, do not stay longer than is necessary. We need you."

Maggie promised to return as soon as possible, and hurried away. A week passed without a word from her; then came a note by mail, reading:

"Dear Miss Prue, I will be back next week as please you. My mother is dying as fast as she can. To think, Maggie."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer]

When the Empress Wept.

SOME time ago the Queen, then Princess of Wales, gave a luncheon on board the royal yacht, and among the royal personages present was the sad-eyed, beautiful Empress Eugénie, the deposed Empress of the French, who still grieved for the loss of her son, who was killed by the Zulus while he was fighting in South Africa.

Among the guests was an elocutionist, whom the Queen had invited to be present.

"After lunch and during the idle hour before tea was served," says this lady, "the Princess asked me if I would recite something. I had often recited for Her Royal Highness before, but on this occasion she wished me to do so especially for the Empress Eugénie."

"I asked the Princess if she had any choice as to what I should recite. She said no, but suggested one of the many characteristic little poems she had heard me recite before. So I decided to give 'Kentucky Belle.'

"The Empress was close to me. I saw the tears glistening in her great, sad eyes and fall silently from her pale cheeks. I had touched, and touched again, a chord. Her memory took her back to Africa, where her dead boy lay pierced to the heart by the claws of the savages."

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## Illustrated Magazine Section.

13

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## A Good Watch Dog.

PONTO was not only a dog of work but also a faithful watchdog.

On one occasion the family were out late of a summer evening. The dining-room window was open, with a half screen on it, against which Mrs. Spencer had placed a large tin plate as a burglar alarm, looked out on a narrow alleyway between the houses. A lady neighbor in the second story of the next house across the alley heard the alarm, and cautiously looking down, saw two housebreakers working their way into the high window. One of them, having been boosted up, had already worked his shoulders and head inside, when there instantly came a deep-toned "bow-wow" and a growl mingled with a sound as if something were being shaken. With terrible snarl the man broke away, and the two were out to run through the back alley gate before any other alarm could be given. A bunch of whiskers and skin found on the dining-room floor the next morning told the story.

At another time, Mrs. Spencer was back in the kitchen during the day, when she heard the deep, savage "bow-wow" of Ponto as he bounded to the front parlor. On reaching the front, Mrs. Spencer found the parlor door, opening to the main hallway, open, and on the floor a considerate piece of the seat of a man's trousers. Ponto, just then coming in, picked up the patch, and, giving it a shake or two, looked his mistress in the face as much as to say, "I did this." W. T. C.

## She Pronounced it Butter.

SENATOR DEPEW contributes a butter story to the gallery of nations.

"A friend of mine went into a high-class restaurant," he says, "and discovered oleomargarine upon the table. 'Come here,' he said to the waiter. 'How do you pronounce o-l-e-o-m-a-r-g-a-r-i-n-e?' And the intelligent servitor of the magnificent palace of pleasure at once responded: 'I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job.'"—[Washington Post]

## The King and the Tramp.

AN AMUSING story of King Christian and an enterprising beggar is going the rounds in Copenhagen. The King takes habitually an early morning walk, accompanied by Prince Waldemar and his favorite dog.

Recently, during one of these walks, a ragged man with all the typical cringing of a beggar, approached him.

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ing up to me, with tears in her eyes, folded me to her heart and, with a voice trembling with emotion, said: "God bless you, my child! You have made me feel as I have never felt since my poor boy was killed. God bless you! I shall never forget this day!" Then she kissed me, and, drawing me to a seat by her, and holding my hand in hers, she talked to me for a long time in such a gentle, winning manner."—[Answers.]

## He Did not Go Home With Her.

THE peculiar ways of the American girl are little by little winning recognition, even admiration, throughout the world. The time was when in continental European cities she was accosted in broad daylight whenever she happened to be out alone. Now she is generally understood to be safe until twilight. By and by, if a story is to be trusted that came in lately on a steamer from Italy, she will be shunned at midnight.

A particularly tall and fine-looking young woman who was going home at twilight in Florence was spoken to by a young army officer. He was perhaps under rather than over the rather diminutive stature of the Italian, and he wore a monocle. He asked her if he might go home with her. She stopped short and looked him over from head to foot. Then she said:

"Yes, of course—if you are afraid to go home alone."

Then she stood and faced him until he slunk off around the nearest corner.—[New York Times]

## Was Ready to State the Facts.

THE edict of the German Emperor abolishing the dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine, recalls a certain day of 1886. William II, then merely the son of the Crown Prince of Prussia, was assisting at some grand maneuvers in Lower Alsace. The old Emperor William, his son Prince Frederic, husband of our Princess Royal, and his grandson, Prince William, had their headquarters at Strasburg.

One evening there was a reception of the chief officials at the Governor's palace. Prince William, who had been inspecting some new barracks, only arrived after the proceedings had commenced. Before the door were some open-mouthed rustics gaping at the carriages. The breathless William asked of the one nearest him: "Has His Majesty arrived?"

The worthy old rustic, recognizing his questioner, removed the pipe from his mouth, lifted his cap, and replied:

"Yes, sir, your father has arrived."

The astonished Prince eyed him sternly from head to foot, and, turning to his officers in attendance, contemptuously remarked:

"Is the old fool drunk?"

The Alsatian again doffed his cap politely, and said: "I should not like to say he was drunk; but his face was flushed, as if he had had a glass too much."—[Modern Society]

## The Short Step Between.

"I WAS on the Paris when she ran on the rocks off the English coast, a couple of years ago," said a Philadelphia traveling man yesterday, "and in the panic that ensued there is one incident that stands out in my memory, illustrating the slender thread between the tragic and the ridiculous. We had a fellow on board who had managed to keep pretty well loaded all the way across, and when we struck the rocks he was in his usual condition. When everybody thought for sure we were going to the bottom he sat down at the piano in the saloon, and what do you suppose he began playing? 'Home, Sweet Home.' Somebody went to him and begged him to stop. Immediately he switched off from the doleful strains of the old song to the rollicking melody of 'Down Went McGinty.' The absurdity of the thing seemed to strike everybody at once, and a general laugh followed. The tension was relieved, and there was good order after that."—[Washington Record]

## Gillette Had No "Shamrock."

WILLIAM GILLETTE, the great impersonator of Sherlock Holmes, who recently left London on a tour in the provinces, one summer hired a yacht.

As he describes it, it was a craft without a rival in slow progression. With a few friends, he set sail, and proceeded upon a cruise. They kept close to the shore, and a week or two after they had left port were drifting lazily by a point of land, at the end of which sat a solitary man fishing. In a few hours the boat had passed the point, and the fisherman was seen to rouse himself from his contemplation of his rod.

"Where ye from?" he called genially.

"New York," replied Gillette, with a yachtsman's pride.

"How long?"

"Sunday, August 1."

The fisherman returned to his fishing, and the yacht kept on drifting. Some hours later there came a drawing voice over the quiet water, and it asked:

"What year?"—[Answers.]

## Sir Henry and the Pickaninnies.

DURING Sir Henry Irving's recent visit to New York, the distinguished actor had occasion to visit the Criterion theater during an afternoon performance of "Du Barry." Passing the stage door he noticed a couple of pickaninnies waiting there for admittance, and, his curiosity being excited, he accosted them and inquired what they might be doing there.

"Please, boss," replied one of them, a coal black urchin of about 10, "we're actors."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry, his stern features relaxing into a smile, "and what part do you play?"

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When the poem ended, the Empress rose, and, com-

members of the profession, went on his way, musing deeply on the glories of the drama.—[New York Times]

## Had a Cinch.

"THEY certainly know more about politics in Indiana than in any other State in the Union," said Col. Harry Hall today. "Every man is a politician. An experience I had when I was stumping the State in 1896 for McKinley shows how closely tabs are kept."

"I got off at Greencastle to get a sandwich and met a prosperous-looking man at the lunch counter.

"How are things politically?" I asked him.

"Oh, first rate," he said. "We've got 'em this year sure."

"Got whom?" I asked.

"Why, the Democrats. We've been fighting them for years, and we've brought the Democratic majority in this county down so that we tied 'em last time. This time we'll whip 'em."

"Are you sure of it?" I asked.

"Certain," he said, with the utmost conviction. "Why, stranger, three Republicans have moved into the county, and there ain't a family in the county with a sick Republican in it. We can't lose."—[New York World]

## Powers and the Duke.

LAST season James T. Powers resigned his position with the "San Toy" company and went to Europe to study the London production of "The Messenger Boy," which had the most phenomenal success for two years at George Edwardes's London Gaiety theater.

"London society, as I have found it, is a lead pipe cinch," remarks Mr. Powers. "I must tell you of my experience with a duke when I was in London last spring studying the possibilities in the American characterization of the title rôle of 'The Messenger Boy.' Just before I came away a friend of mine, rather an aristocratic sort of a chap, called on me and said: 'Jimmie, I feel I have not done my duty by you on this trip; you have sequestered yourself to much. Now tonight I am going to introduce you to some of our upper ten. Here's a card for a reception at the Duke of —'s."

"I don't mention the name of the duke," adds Mr. Powers, in parenthesis, "because this is an absolutely true story."

"Well, of course, I was much pleased by the invitation. We were ushered into a magnificent house, and passed through several rooms, which were lined with family portraits and funkeys. It was awe-inspiring, I assure you. I never felt so small before. At last we reached an immense room which was full of people. There was a platform at one end of it, but before I could get my bearings His Grace came forward and shook me by the hand.

"He set me at my ease in an instant, and we stood there chatting for five minutes, then His Grace remarked: 'By the way, Mr. Powers, we have heard such a lot about you, won't you recite something for us?'

"Of course, I said I'd be delighted. His Grace was such a good fellow that I'd have done a good deal more than that for him, so I climbed upon the little platform, and I kept the guests in a good humor for nearly half an hour.

"Old man," said I, as I grasped my aristocratic friend by the hand as we were departing, "you have given me the most charming evening of my life."

"That's all right, Jimmie," said my friend.

"About two weeks after I returned home, I received this letter from my aristocratic friend," concludes Mr. Powers:

"My dear Jimmie: When are you coming to London again? Although you do not know it, you were the means of getting me out of the largest hole I ever fell into in my life. If it hadn't been for the £50 I received for your services at the duke's that night, heaven only knows what would have become of me."—[Washington Times]

## The Professor's Ichthyosaurus.

WHEN the late John C. Draper occupied the chair of professor of natural history, physiology, etc., in the college of the City of New York, he was afflicted with imperfect hearing, and many of the students during his lecture hours took advantage of the old gentleman's deficiency to engage in promiscuous conversations, conscious that the professor could not hear what was being said. It happened on one occasion, when the subject of the professor's lecture was the "Ichthyosaurus," the students were engaged in these conversations, and seemingly ignored the professor's remarks. Although he could not hear what they were talking about, yet he could detect their lips moving, and knew that he did not have their attention, whereupon he rapped on his desk several times to call the class to order and said:

"Young gentlemen, this is a most interesting subject we are discussing today, and I assure you that you cannot understand nor have the slightest appreciation or conception of the structure or habits of this hideous, amphibious monster unless you keep your attention and eyes fixed steadily upon me."

It is perhaps needless to say that the professor did not join in the general laugh which followed.—[New York Times]

## Why Your Name Isn't Jones.

"Did you know that the Jones family was the oldest in the world?" remarked Senator A. M. Jones, as he twisted his pedals about each other like a grapevine, at the Hotel Pfister yesterday. "The old original man of red clay we read about in the Bible was named Adam Jones."

"How is it, Senator, if that is the case, that we are not all named Jones?" inquired a bystander.

"Why, simply because when one of the descendants did a mean act he went away and changed his name."

otable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on all of us. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

## Cut Price Sale of Camille Refinements

A Great  
Week Price, 12c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week—Mr. Ralph Stu

### AUSTRIAN LOURDES.

#### VISIT TO A REMARKABLE PILGRIMAGE STATION IN STYRIA.

Miss Janet Achurch in The Tailor.

IT IS extraordinary that so little is known in England of Maria Zell, one of the oldest and most interesting pilgrimage stations of Europe. It may be fitly called the Austrian Lourdes, for the same strange mixture of nationalities, ranks, and ages pour through it from May to September.

But whereas Lourdes until 1858, when it was believed the virgin appeared and took the place under her special protection, was only a small manufacturing town with a picturesque situation and an ancient castle like a thousand others, Maria Zell has an unique and unbroken historical record dating from 1150.

It appears that in the early part of the eleventh century the fame of a certain holy shepherd, who performed wondrous cures in the Carinthian Alps by means of a wooden figure of the virgin, spread far and wide among the neighboring countries. How this image arrived at the spot in Styria where it now rests is uncertain; it seems most likely to have been brought by a sort of commission of priests to this place as being more cen-

and thus completed the building which year after year, century after century, has been the goal of worshiping pilgrims.

Though the incongruities of the architecture, inside and out, produce a somewhat bizarre effect the church is not without certain grace of its own; inside especially its treasures are almost innumerable.

In the center chapel is the famous silver altar with its silver gate presented by Maria Theresa. This gate is formed of slender silver columns through which the silver shrine is seen. It is guarded by two life-sized silver angels swinging jeweled censers. The immense silver gilt sun rays which form its background pierce the shadows when the candles are lighted at evensong to the very roof of the building with the glow of a veritable sunset. But it is only the setting of the guardian saint of the place; the quaint little wooden doll, holding the baby doll in its stiff-jointed arms, is draped in a robe stiff with gold and jewels. This dress is of almost priceless worth and has, moreover, been worked by royal hands.

We arrive at the church at an interesting moment, just at close of evensong. The crowd of worshipers, among whom a newly-arrived band of pilgrims display their gorgeous banners, nearly fill the church. The fashionable season, during which half the aristocracy of Roman Catholic Europe pours through Maria Zell, is over for this year, and most of the people present today are poor; nevertheless we can discern a sprinkling of the rich. A hat in the latest Vienna mode is bowed

sacred office is at an end; the crowd devotes the candles are placed on the altars chosen to be taken to be blessed by a priest who lingers for that purpose, and the same crowd, which past half hour has been raised to the dignified groups, examining each other's candles and amine each other's trinkets at a party.

Next morning we were ready for the whole treasure chamber. The main entrance to the guarded on either side by its two founders, a grave and Ludwig I, with the legend of each on its respective pedestal. They are interesting, but not as works of art. The center is posing and richly decorated, though sadly defaced by the "restorer." Indeed, the whole bears too plain marks of "restoration."

The interior of the building, in the main, is tolerably commonplace. It has little painted ceiling and capitals of the columns are richly ornamented, and the organ loft, with the origin of Maria Zell represented in gold and sufficiently gorgeous. The silver shrine, though its mysterious charm by day, showed clearly in was its magnificence. But the most interesting was the Pillar of Atonement; it stands behind. Originally of red marble, it has grown black smoke of ages of sacrifice, for from the century till our own day processions of people have and are coming, bringing their offerings to be. Extraordinary scenes, almost unbelievable in are witnessed before the pillar every summer after band of pilgrims of every nationality, of rank, arrive on foot, leaving their "vanities" vonarola's time. There is a large vacant space the pillar, and on this marble flooring the prostrate themselves painfully on their knees, holding in each hand, while their offerings are hung kindled at the pillar's base. The cries, the groans, the wails, the babel of different tongues make as paralleled in Europe in our time.

Behind the pillar again is the second altar, where enormous silver figures stand on either side of the silver-globe presented by Charles V, which represents the map of the world as known in his time. This which is hollow—you are not shown what is inside a dark bronze serpent coiled round it, not with mouth as a token of immortality, but intended to sent sin trailing its slimy length over the whole.

Up some stairs a frescoed door leads to the famous treasure chamber. Here we lingered long space only permits me to mention a few of its curiosities. The altar, at which the pilgrim mass is held daily, is of solid silver in the form of The Gnaden-Bild is here repeated. A copy of the original, painted on glass, is upheld in a richly-gilded frame by two silver angels. The whole altar is laden with jeweled ornaments presented at times by notable persons. The altar table was given by Maria Theresa in 1769; it is of silver, inlaid with silver gilt medallions—portraits of the burg family.

All round the schatz-kammer are glass doors in which are piled the accumulated of centuries. Some of these are exquisite works, some have a vast historical value, some are interesting through their costliness, but as a collection is unique in the world.

Last of all the wonders is this most wonder- ber is the dolls' wardrobe, for here, laid out in paper, in drawer after drawer, lie hundreds and hundreds of garments for the little people downstairs. They vary in shape—a round robe with a hole for the figure, a little apron with a hole near the top, a tiny one. Velvet of every color sewn with pearls, with diamonds, blue satin and white silk, embroidered with gold embroidery that the original hardly be seen, and with a pattern of flowers and jewels of appropriate color, the leaves being emeralds, some worked by Maria Theresa, her daughter. Scarcely a crowned head of America given or worked a dress for the "Image of Maria

#### NOT LITERAL.

A South African reader sends me a story, which to show that Kipling's gibe at the "fanned out" not meant to be taken quite literally; after a couple of months ago, P. F. Warner, the Middlesex cricketer, and R. F. Neilson, the national footballer, who has been doing well at the front for more than two years, were introduced as "one of the fanned out" and "one as 'muddled oat.'" "I suppose," said R. F. "that you two fellows feel inclined to go to a still hold that sitting under a goal post will a man to sit a-horse. Seriously," continued R. F. "I never meant to refer to actual soldiers during the present war, but merely to the large number of people who spend all their spare time looking at other men. However, I felt that if I did not exaggerate it would pass unheeded, and the very fact that so many people angry shows there was truth in said."—[Tatler.]

#### SATISFIED ANYHOW.

"Maria," said the colored citizen, "I feel like hez come at las'; I is mighty low." "Ain't you been eatin' de kunnel's?" "Oh, yes." "Well, didn't you know he done pizen up er dem?" "Did he pizen um?" "He sho' did." "Dat settles me. But, Maria—" "What you want?" "I wuz all day at um, on I eat nine hambu' lanta Constitution."



MARIA ZELL, THE AUSTRIAN LOURDES.

tral than the remote mountains where it first worked miracles. The real history of Maria Zell, however, may be said to have begun in 1260, when Heinrich, Margrave of Moravia, and Agnes, his wife, after they had both suffered for years from incurable sickness, were inspired to make a pilgrimage to Maria Zell and to offer up prayers for their recovery in the little tent which then sheltered the wooden statue or Gnaden-Bild, as it is still called.

Whether it was the wonder-working powers of the little wooden image or the well-known pine-impregnated air of the neighborhood which worked the cure, it is a matter of history that the Margrave and his wife recovered at this spot, and so out of gratitude Heinrich erected the small round chapel, called the Gnaden-Kapelle, which still stands in the center of the queerly-assorted church. About 1363 Ludwig I of Hungary, who when engaged in warfare with a vis-à-vis of barbarians was visited in a dream by a victory, as a thank offering built round the chapel a larger tower, the church in the Gothic style with a striking

between the gaudy handkerchief of a Moravian peasant and the quaint black silk head dress so familiar in the Salz Kammergut.

All down the nave and into the farthest recesses of the aisles glimmer the light of candles, not set up in holders but heated at the lower end and stuck in the pew rails, where the grease of centuries of guttering candles—literally centuries—makes an easy "sticking place." There are candles of every size and description, from the tall and elaborately gilt and painted candles, through every grade, down to mere tapers and the modest little coils of wax recalling the spaghetti of the Italian warehouse. The very poorest has brought his or her—there is the usual preponderance of women—votive offering in wax; and the effect of all these earnest rapt, excited faces upon which the myriad little flames cast such curious half lights is a sight to see and remember.

A pause—while in the silver shrine two acolytes robe the priest for the supreme moment—and then the bell rings once, twice, thrice, and the host is raised; a crowd of pale, excited faces sweeps upward as one face to greet it, and the organ peals. A few moments more and the

DR. YAMAI  
THE FIRST CHINESE NEW  
WHAT SHE HAS  
By a Special Cor  
N THE vast and ancient real slow, but enduring. Sometimes receive from his contemporaries and respect, but this is rare, and a history of China has the name of dynasty been recognized in any of these woman is so hedged about pretties that in her seclusion and able to rise in any way above her occasionally a woman, even in China, of birth or environment, is Dr. Yamai Kin, a Chinese woman. Oriental woman physician in the Yamai is the newest "new woman" existing today, a woman of which seems almost like a tall Nights."

Dr. Yamai Kin is a slight little Chinese in feature, almost elfin and rich and quaint Chinese dress and Oriental flower, the product of an between the Occident and the Orient. China, Japan and America has fraught with travel and culture, diplomatic and official life, that of an accomplished woman of the simplicity and absolute unconsciously Kin is well grounded in the principles with fine literary instincts, and is to take a leading part in the reform party, which has for its ultion of the southern viceroys from Manchu dynasty. Learned in man in conversation, familiar with a flawless English is a delight to the scholar. Dr. Kin is a charming society and capable of being the community in which she may be

While Dr. Yamai had her diploma at the time of her American grand, well the Chinese recognition of her, indeed, to find in the possession. These marks of appreciation and service are two scrolls, given her fully treated some of the women's Excellency, Hadi Tsing So, Minister of Japan. The scrolls are of heavy gold, of them is embazoned in letters of title and a brief sketch of her education as a physician, with work as a woman of China. The pares Dr. Kin to Pin Tsien and Chinese followers of Esculapius.

In the thirteenth year of the reign of Kwang Su, and were written Tak Pu, secretary to the Chinese for His Excellency, Hadi Tsing. The family of Dr. Yamai was and her father, King Ling Yon, considerable reputation, having had among the first Chinese who language. Dying when little Yamai the infant daughter was, upon his the care of his steadfast friend McCarthy, missionary and diplomat, foreign secretary to the first China to Japan, where he went him his wife and adopted daughter.

When Yamai was 5 years old, with her foster parents, coming to a quaint little foreign figure attracted the street and wherever she was of this, Dr. Kin says: "We didn't but returned to Shanghai, where pointed Dr. McCarthy to investigate woolies who had been shipwrecked Japan. The revival of learning Japan at that time, and my foster to the chair of sciences in the new Tokyo. We stayed five years in Japan, many of my foster father's pupils come famous men in new Japan. home, and learning was made so me that I absorbed much in young girl came again to America entered a seminary in New York, and herself much in advance age in the institution.

Later Yamai entered the Woman the New York Infirmary, now a branch there her superior scholarship began after a three-years' course she was class. A competitive examination the Mount Vernon Asylum was the little woman, who would have once had not fate, in the guise of mother, intervened. At this time, the Diplomatic Corps at Washington took her back with her to enjoy the capital and cure her of what she can. The winter spent in Washington early part of Cleveland's administration personal friend, Secretary Bayard of her friends. But the young student Washington. She availed herself under Prof. Smillie, and later published articles upon this subject.

But soon the serious business of

[June 15, 1902.]

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

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## DR. YAMAI KIN.

THE FIRST CHINESE NEW WOMAN AND  
WHAT SHE HAS DONE.

By a Special Contributor.

at an end; the crowd devotees brought placed on the altars chosen by the priests of rosaries and other treasures brought by a priest who lingers in the room, and the same crowd, which, during the day, has been raised to the dignity of spectators into softly-whispering, gazing each other's candles as children's trinkets at a party.

we were ready for the well-known. The main entrance to the church side by its two founders, the King I., with the legend of each image on the pedestal. They are interesting works of art. The center tower is highly decorated, though sadly defaced by restoration." Indeed, the whole building, in the main Renaissance style, is little painted glass. The organ loft, with the story of Zell represented in gold and glass. The silver shrine, though worn by day, showed clearly how. But the most interesting is the Atonement; it stands behind the marble, it has grown black with sacrifice, for from the eleventh day processions of people have been bringing their offerings to be burned, almost unbelievable in their size. The pillar every summer. The grims of every nationality, of all, leaving their "vanities" as is. There is a large vacant square before this marble flooring the pilgrims usually on their knees, holding a candle; their offerings are flung into the pillar's base. The cries, the groans of different tongues make an effect in our time.

again in the second altar, where figures stand on either side of the represented by Charles V., which represents you are not shown what is inscribed. spent coiled round it, not with a ring of immortality, but intended to represent a slimy length over the whole globe. A freecord door leads to the next chamber. Here we lingered long, in order to mention a few of its principal altar, at which in the pilgrim's case is of solid silver in the form of a vase here repeated. A copy of the vase, is upheld in a richly-jeweled manner. The whole altar is covered with ornaments presented at different persons. The altar table itself was covered in 1769; it is, of course, silver, with medallions—portraits of the last

chairs-kammer are cupboards which are piled the accumulated effects of these are exquisite works of art, of historical value, some are merely for their costliness, but as a whole are in the world.

is this most wonderful silvered, for here, laid out in silver drawer, lie hundreds and hundreds of little people downstairs. They have a round robe with a hole for the head, with a hole near the top; the robe is every color sewn with pearls, gold, blue satin and white silk so as to brocade that the original stuff is with a pattern of flowers found in the color, the leaves being made by Maria Theresa, some by the crowned head of Austria but the for the "Image of Mercy."

NOT LITERAL.

Under sends me a story, which we give at the "flanneled fools" taken quite literally, after all, P. F. Warner, the well-known R. F. Neilson, the Soho who has been doing good for more than two years, were known as Cape Town. Mr. Warner, the "flanneled fools" and Mr. "I suppose," said Rudyard Kipling, "I feel inclined to go for a walk under a goal post will not do." Seriously," continued Kipling, "I have shown them have shown themselves to refer to actual affairs during the present war. As a matter of fact, I did not exaggerate, and the very fact that I have shown there was truth in what

IFIED ANYHOW.

citizen, "I feels like my right low." de kunnel's watermill—

now he done: pianos do he Maria—

on I eat nine baby I

and the

Later Yamai entered the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, now a branch of Cornell. While there her superior scholarship began to show itself, and after a three-year course she was graduated first in her class. A competitive examination for an internship in the Mount Vernon Asylum was the next honor won by the little woman, who would have begun practice at once had not fate, in the guise of a well-wishing foster mother, intervened. At this time, Dr. McCarthy was in the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, so Mrs. McCarthy took her back with her to enjoy the society of the capital and cure her of what she called "strong-mindedness." The winter spent in Washington was during the early part of Cleveland's administration. She met Mrs. Cleveland and also gained Speaker Henderson as a warm personal friend. Secretary Bayard likewise became one of her friends. But the young student was not idle in Washington. She availed herself of the National Museum and commenced the study of microphotography under Prof. Soule, and later published some valuable articles upon this subject.

had seen the various business of life commenced with

the Oriental girl, for the merchants and influential men of Amoy, a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants, hearing of her American work, sent for her and established a hospital, of which she was given charge. In Amoy there were but three competent physicians, and the hospital itself was in the most lamentable condition. The doctor established baths and hygienic wards, with beds, and appliances as near modern as the conditions would admit, but the hard work and the climate were too much for her health, and after some time she joined the McCarthys, who were residing in Kobe, Japan. The doctor relates a most interesting experience which she passed through just before leaving Amoy, as follows: "The military Governor of Fuh Kien was an old Manchu, who was very fond of his young wife. One night a messenger came to me, saying that the Governor's wife was very ill, and requesting me to come to her aid. I stayed with the sick woman for a few days, till she was practically well. Then the military Governor rewarded me in a characteristic Chinese way. He sent me home in his own official chair—a gorgeous affair, borne by eight attendants. In imposing array before me marched twelve bright-robed lictors, beating drums and clashing cymbals. Behind me rode my assistant in a smaller chair. The procession passed through the narrowest and busiest streets of the city, and you can imagine what a sensation our coming made among the good people of Amoy. To see a woman in the military Governor's sacred chair was a thing unheard of. That woman should be a Chinese woman made the sight still more strange, and that a Chinese woman riding in an official chair should be clad in European clothing was strange beyond the strangeness of miracles to their simple eyes." In Japan, Dr. Kin remained five years, taking service under the mission there, and being placed in charge of a large hospital practice. Again ill-health put a stop to active work, and then Dr. Kin came back to America, this time

his board and clothes, afterward he will be in a position to save a couple of thousand dollars, with which he can realize what is a high ambition, namely, to become a merchant.

"These men are desirous of bettering their condition, they are anxious that their children should be sent to American schools, and they attire both themselves and their families in clothing of American pattern. You must bear in mind that these instances are not urged as an argument against the propriety of the enactment of an exclusion law which will keep out an undesirable class of population, but entire justice and expediency it seems to me, would demand its direction also against some classes of European laborers who have free access to your shores."

Further the doctor said that the great factor of Chinese immigration is the great profit to transportation companies. The immigrants have no money, and the agents of the great companies who bring them here have to pay all their expenses, deposit with the steamship company enough to cover their return passage in case of deportation, provide for their transportation into Mexico and the funds necessary to smuggle them across the line. It is safe to say that there is an expenditure of at least \$400 per capita, before the Chinese laborer leaves his native land.

Dr. Kin is now turning her thoughts toward the advancement of the women of China, and is planning work for herself in that direction. Of this work she says: "My educational plans are hardly formulated yet, and I must be largely governed by the opportunities open to me and the means I can command. Though the Chinese women are stretching out earnestly for higher education, yet I feel it would not be at all advisable to attempt to transplant any ideas of full-blown college education at the outset. The only field open to women in China, except in a few isolated instances, is that of home life, and we shall gain far more if, in the beginning, we emphasize education which will fit a girl for that, rather than culture for culture's sake. So I feel on this ground we can introduce physical culture, pointing out the benefits to be derived from a vigorous mother, and it will be one of the strongest factors to abolish the foot-binding system which cripples women so much. Then I feel that natural science study should be made a strong feature, so there may be a proper understanding of natural phenomena to relieve the burden of superstition. There must be inculcation of the broad lines of truth and ethical principles, and some explanation of how the strivings of the human soul came into relationship with the Infinite which brings about the spiritual life—the higher life which shall control and guide the lower. Literary culture is already highly prized by the Chinese; there will be no difficulty in urging that, and last, though not least, the cultivation of those graces which are inherent in the cultured woman. Far from despising the learning of the ancients, we wish simply to go on rather than stop the work."

"Many of those in the past," the doctor says, "who have been teaching in China, have been attempting to fill positions quite beyond their capabilities; they were lacking in the requisites that would make their services valuable. Such conditions are gradually being improved upon, and I am firmly convinced that the ultimate result will be for a great measure of good, so far as my countrymen are concerned."

The doctor is quite optimistic upon the outlook for Chinese women, though years must elapse before favorable conditions are established.

ELLA H. ENDERLEIN.

## CUBA TO COLUMBIA AND VICE VERSA.

(Published in April, 1896.)

A voice went over the waters—

A stormy edge of the sea—

Fairest of Freedom's daughters,

Have you no help for me?

Do you not hear the rusty chain

Clanking about my feet?

Have you not seen my children slain,

Whether in cell or street?

Oh, if you were sad as I,

And I as you were strong.

You would not have to call or cry—

You would not suffer long!

(Written May 21, 1892.)

A voice went over the waters—

The edge of a sunlit sea—

Newest of Freedom's daughters,

My help went out to thee.

Time it was that the West should aid

A sister of the West,

When her own mother's jeweled blade

Was stabbing at her breast!

Where in battle my bullets flew

Along your gallant shore,

Much, indeed, I was aiding you—

But Civilization more!

—[Stanzas from Will Carleton's Cuban poems, in June Everywhere.

## A CANAL-BOAT VILLAGE.

People who object to living in snug quarters, and think that love in a cottage is altogether too contracted for continual affection, should go and take a look at the cabins in the canal-boat village in New York Harbor. Those who are preparing to live in their trunks and grips during the summer could get fine lessons there of snug existence. The whole cabin is not much larger than an ordinary bedroom, but how every morsel of space is utilized! If there is a square inch of interior that gets away without doing its duty in the great work of containing things, it must have a politician's talent for evasion. The tidy little kitchen stove is so close to the wall that you wonder if the latter was not made of asbestos to guard against fire. The clock is about as small as our ingenious Connecticut friends have yet been able to make contain twenty-four hours. The pantry-cupboard-and-storeroom combined, possess the appearance of having been packed and then put under hydraulic pressure. The carpet-pattern (for a canal-boat) always insists on having her floor neatly clad) is appropriately minute. A tiny library whispers its titles from an unexpected corner. Minute bedrooms for child or adult appear to you now and then like prone ghosts. Several pictures, narrowly but visibly framed, cover the wooden wainscoting.—[Will Carleton's Magazine, Everywhere.



DR. YAMAI KIN.

to San Francisco, where she has been deeply interested in the education of the Chinese Americans.

It may easily be seen that so talented and accomplished a woman as Dr. Yamai could not remain unknown to the club women of so progressive a city as San Francisco, and, indeed, it was not long before this Oriental woman came in touch with American club life. Her abilities were so manifest that she was soon engaged for a course of lectures, before not only the San Francisco clubs, but also those of Oakland, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego. Her subjects touch upon the real Japanese woman, upon flower festivals, fans, Shinto, the spirit of Japan Chinese art, literature, the drama, symbolism, the insignia of rank, Buddhism, Taoism, funeral customs, folk-lore, etc., etc. Dr. Kin is a fluent and delightful speaker and is thoroughly familiar with the life, character and national purpose of both China and Japan.

Dr. Kin has most intelligent and comprehensive views upon all topics of current interest, and she expresses herself in faultless English. In speaking of the proposed re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law, the doctor says: "I think that the enactment and enforcement of an exclusion law is eminently proper in this country, but it seems to me it would be sounder judgment if the terms of such an act were made broader and its application more general.

"Intelligent Americans must be convinced that there are laborers of other nationalities who prove undesirable neighbors. It must be said of the Chinese who come to this country that, as a general rule, they are tractable, and in the course of time become amenable to the superior civilizing influences with which they are surrounded. In justice to them it at least may be said that they are not an aggressively disturbing element in a community; that is, they do not comprise your anarchist clubs nor are they the people who kill your Presidents.

"There is another feature of this subject that few people stop to think about, and that is the fact that Chinese laborers would not come to these shores were there not a demand for them, which is created by the capitalist on this eastern shore of the Pacific.

"The resident of China who moves in the average walks of life is a conservative man, and is not prone to travel. The laborer comes here because he is offered

superior inducements. You cannot blame him for coming, when he is told that, if he will consent to work for two, three or four years, as the case may be, for perhaps

stable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on us. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

## Cut Price Sale of Camels Delivered

A Great  
Special Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week - Mr. Ralph St.

# *Los Angeles Sunday Times.*

[Jump]

June 15, 1902.]

## *Summer Resorts in the Sierra Madres.*

**MOUNTAIN RESTING PLACES.  
DELIGHTFUL CAMPS AMONG THE SUMMITS  
NORTH OF PASADENA.**

**S**INCE it appears to be the policy of the government to dispense with all the resorts within the limits of the reservations, thus eliminating the supposed danger of fire and the consequent destruction of the water-sheds, the managers of some of the most popular resorts in Southern California have combined interests, and concentrated their forces on lands patented previous to the establishment of the reserves. A few of the camps, notably those of Sturtevant's and Dell's, where pine shades and ripling streams acted as an elixir on the weary flood-tide of life, have been totally abandoned, because the owners could prove no claims that would preserve their locations. Others, however, have been more fortunate in possessing deeds, leases, or mining interests that entitled them to their holdings and to the continuation of their summer business.

A five-year lease is in the possession of the managers of Wilson Peak Park and Strain's Camp, which are two of the most picturesque aerial resorts in Southern California. The former is located at the head of the trail, on the outer crest of the Sierra Madre Mountains, while the latter is ensconced in a forested nest of mountains one and one-half miles to the northeast. The view from the park is one of exceptional variety. Down in the

depths can be seen a great crowded pathway of civilization, where electric lights glimmer at night, and where the smoke of locomotives and manufactures wreathes up by day. Then if one wishes to forget absolutely the world of man, he may turn his back on the scene of life and face an interminable mass of mountains where the music that seems to emanate from the pines, the sky, the sunshine and even heaven, is far more melodious than the discordancies of strife and struggle and turmoil that seem to seep up from the lower valley.

B. D. Wilson, who in his day was one of the most prominent men in Southern California, was instrumental in building the original trail up to the pass which has since been named for him. Forty-five years ago, before fires had devastated the timber on the outer slopes, Mr. Wilson built and used the trail for bringing out lumber, and even now in some of the cañons can be seen many stumps that speak the history of those early days.

## Timber for Sacred Purposes

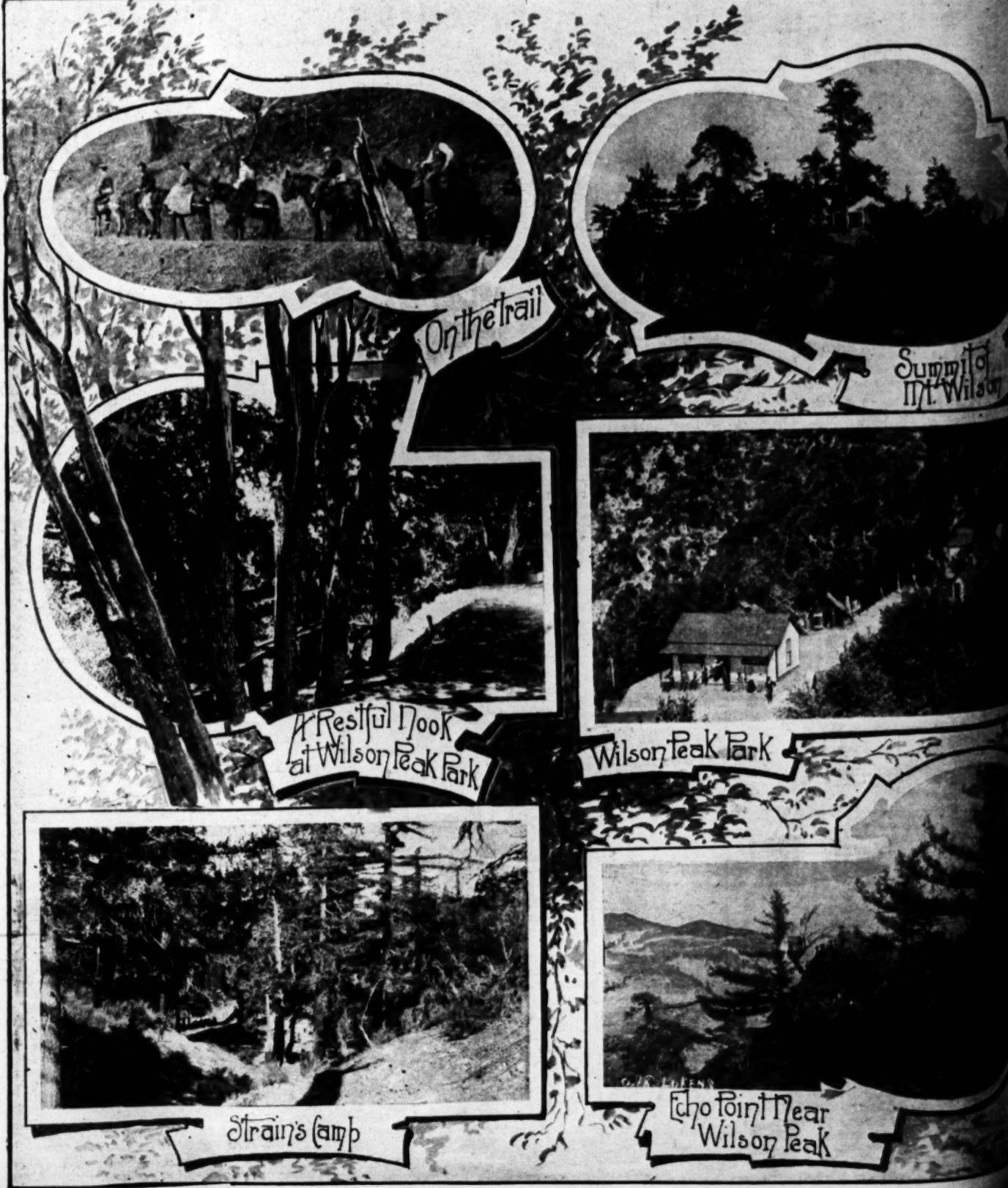
Timber was also obtained in this locality for repairing the San Gabriel Mission, and it is said that both Indians and Mexicans exercised the greatest care in cutting and transporting the lumber, believing that if it touched the ground it became unholy and unfit for use. They were especially careful in regard to wood that was to be used for crosses. Before a tree was cut, immense quantities of brush were placed over the ground where the trunk was expected to fall, and when the

had completed its work, the tree was upon the men's shoulders to its final destination. Superstition seems an unreasonable one, in investigations of science, there have been none claiming that the ground is more unhappy than a back.

Thousands of pleasure-seekers and less have climbed this old trail during the past birth, and in 1890 it was repaired and graded by parties connected with Harvard University, some time on the summit of Mt. Wilson for investigations. They used a photographic telescope and photographing the heavens, and means found that the atmosphere at the top is clearer than in any other portion of the world certain locality in South America.

During the past year the Mt. Wilson Grotto spent considerable sums of money on this洞穴. It is now in excellent condition for summer. Toll is charged, and parties can use it freely. Its beauties without fear of lightning books.

There are two trails leading from the Wilson, each of which is about eight miles, their entire course being in the midst of the finest scenery in America, while all about slopes clothed in fragrant garments of pure wild flowers. The starting points of the two are separated by several miles, and as the routes are different from those of the other, you go up one way and down the other. The



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where toll is charged, was built by a stock company, and is broad and on better grades than the old trail. It is reached by taking the stage in Pasadena, and riding into the mouth of Eaton Cañon, where the passenger changes cars for accommodations on the burro railway, as this trail may appropriately be called.

## On the Old Trail.

The old trail may be reached by taking the Santa Fe Railroad to Sierra Madre, and riding in the bus to the foot of the mountain. Traffic over these trails is carried entirely by burros, unless the traveler is a good pedestrian and prefers to walk. During the summer many parties from Pasadena and Los Angeles make trips to the summit at night, walking all the way, and enjoying the cool, exhilarating beauty of the moonlit world.

At the foot of each trail are efficient guides and a goodly number of the descendants of Balaam's ass, and it is at these places that one may hear many an anecdote of amusing, absurd or thrilling incidents that befall the mountain tourist.

College professors are said to be the most difficult customers to manage. They absolutely refuse to read the signsboards and frequently get lost. Even though they have never been on an animal's back, they insist on saddling and bridling their steeds according to theory, and the results are sometimes disastrous. One of the recent arrivals, who has attained prominence in one of our State universities, took the trail alone, and when he was safe from observation he shortened his stirrups till they held his knees on a level with the pommel of the saddle. As a finishing touch, he tightened the throat-latch of the bridle until in the burro, in breathing, kept up a continual wheezing. When he arrived at the top the professor was not only wrathful, but so lame he could scarcely walk, while the poor burro staggered and groaned as if in the last stages of collapse. The professor stormed at the management because he had been given an animal with the heaves and a saddle that would be the death of most riders. All ordinary powers failed to convince him that his methods of cinching and strapping had been at fault, and he returned home with a poor opinion of men and burros and mountains in general.

The first two miles of the old trail turns in and out among the brush of the foothills, always climbing up and giving the traveler beautiful glimpses of valley through the telescopic cañons. Down below is a prancing stream that occasionally leaps over rock walls, tossing its spray as a child shakes its curls. After two miles the path winds into the upper cañon, crosses the stream and passes the quarter-way house, a delightful retreat in a mass of wild verdure, owned by Los Angeles people.

## A Wealth of Ferns and Flowers.

From now on endless varieties of ferns and wild flowers make the earth gay and fragrant. The timber is larger and deeper, and in many places forms archways over the trail. For a distance of at least half a mile is a marvelous garden of lupines, many of the stalks being ten feet high and all luxuriant with beautiful blossoms, ranging in color from deep purple to delicate lavender. They have sprung up in a patch of burnt soil, where one would naturally suppose no nourishment for growth existed, but they have succeeded admirably and cluster among the blackened stumps like sunbeams among shadows. There are patches of lilac, Canterbury bells, larkspur, Indian pinks, Indian paintbrush, stars of Bethlehem, poppies, Mariposa lilies, clematis and many other species.

The varieties of brush and timber that climb along the mountain ladder differ at various elevations, some of the most prominent being sycamore, maple, live oak, iron oak, manzanita, bay, spruce, pine, and cedar. The fine olive foliage of the bay trees that thrive in these mountains, besides being fragrant and beautiful to look upon, is noted for its medicinal qualities. Indians and Mexicans gather it and hang it in sick rooms to purify the air, while the leaves crushed and their fragrance inhaled are said to be a sure cure for a headache.

At this time of the year Nature's vegetable garden is making great preparations for the annual crop of gooseberries, currants, peas, raspberries, cherries and salmon trout. The manzanita, which in Spanish means little tree, is in full bloom, the delicate tints of its blossoms resembling one of the eastern trailing arbutus. Southern California mountains have less level land than any others in America. Ridge after ridge rolls toward the sky, their flanks clustering so close that they are available for building or camping. Four miles on the trail is a cabin, in a nook on the bank of the stream, which is called the "half-way house." During the summer season a man weighing 250 pounds lived in the house and contributed to the wants of the tourists, serving them with provisions or information as the case required. He was a man of some prominence in his native land and possessed a pride befitting his station and position.

The day two ministers stopped at the cabin. They leisurely walked about, looking everything over, even moving inside the cabin and making humorous remarks, but were too haughty to notice the man in the house, who was becoming wrathful at their impertinence. Finally they decided they would like some coffee and strode up with the question:

"Any fresh coffee the half-way man?"

The man was more than the big fellow could stand. He suggested a few things he would like to have said, and with a mocking look asked if they thought he looked like a half-way man. The ministers became alarmed and took to their heels, and when they returned to the valley they took the other trail.

## At the Summit.

At the summit are excellent accommodations for forty-five people. The top of a saddle between two peaks has been leveled and forms a flat, on which numerous cottages have been built. The smaller ones are used for bedrooms, while others are utilized for parlor, office, dining-room and kitchen. Some of the cottages are built from the ground and stand in quiet, picturesque

locations, where one can meditate and be entirely alone. Shady nooks are made inviting by hammocks and rustic seats, while a telephone system enables guests to talk with friends and relatives in the valley.

Mt. Harvard, like a sentinel, keeps vigil over the valley and the trail leading to it is one of the most delightful in the mountains. It is densely shaded and through the foliage one catches glimpses of panoramic splendor. On this trail one sees "the Devil's Slide," a ferocious-looking slash in the side of the mountain, that looks as if the Emperor of the Inferno had used his butcher knife too freely, causing a great layer of strata to drop down into the depths. The view of the valley from Mt. Harvard is unsurpassed, and is an ideal place to study the vagaries of the elements, as well as of sun, moon and stars. Here the sun seems to rise and set especially for the spectator. It gathers into its luminous arms and overturns the great color chest of earth, and seems to laugh as the gorgeous tints fall like confetti on clouds, sky and mountain peaks. Every night it weaves a beautiful color blanket, and when its work is completed it hides its head behind San Gabriel Peak, puts out its light, and lets the world go to sleep.

## The Coming of Night.

When these marvelous sunset scenes dim and fade and darkness begins to envelop the world, electric lights spring out in the depths, until the whole San Gabriel Valley is transformed into a luminous fire river. Pasadena, and innumerable smaller towns, nestle close to the base of the mountains, each contributing its share of light to irradiate night's blackness, while twenty miles to the south and 5300 feet below, Los Angeles gleams and quivers like a lake of phosphorus, and seems a magnetic center toward which the great river of light and its tributaries are flowing for outlet. Electric cars dart from place to place, the mass of headlights gleaming like swarming fireflies.

During the night heavy fogs sometimes roll in from the ocean, covering the lower world with impenetrable folds of fleecy texture. Like a vast and heavy canvas it separates the world and its incongruities from the blue sky, from the sun and from heaven. By the hands of the Infinite its edges are stretched from mountain to sea, sometimes tied in place by rainbows, sometimes tacked by stars and sometimes tied to earth by invisible cords. On the under side, this great canvas is dark and dripping with moisture, but on the upper side it is a translucent, iridescent mass of down, constantly changing in form, bubbling into pinnacles, waves and castles as if the winds were blowing it from beneath. It seldom reaches heights above 4000 feet, but lies close among the flanks of the lower cañons, leaving the sunwreathed mountain tops undisturbed.

## Wilson Peak Park and Strain's Camp.

Wilson Peak is one and one-half miles from camp. It was on the summit of this mountain, at an elevation of 6000 feet, that the original resort was established. The place has since been abandoned and the summer crowds are concentrated at Wilson Peak Park and Strain's Camp.

A short distance from Wilson Peak is Echo Rock, a precipitous granite ledge over which one might tumble into an abyss 1500 feet deep. For many years a grand old pine leaned almost horizontally over the chasm, and into its branches the intrepid humans swarmed like so many birds, risking their necks that they might better investigate the mysteries of space and hear more distinctly the numerous echoes that responded to their calls. It seemed inevitable that some tragedy must occur if the tree remained, so it has recently been cut. From this point is obtained a magnificent mountain view. Great, rugged, tree-foamed billows roll toward the horizon like a tempestuous sea, its vast area exuberant with ever-changing lights and colors that spring into life in response to the caprices of sun and moon.

Strain's Camp is situated in a beautiful semi-cañon that has been set aside as a rendezvous for campers. Tents furnished with all housekeeping necessities are pitched in coolest and shadiest nooks. A generously-stocked grocery store is located in the midst, as well as a parlor, dining-room and kitchen, and meals are served to those who object to housekeeping. The best of ice-cold water is to be obtained from a spring and a well, and large tin cans that can be packed on burros have been especially made for carrying water to the tents farthest removed.

The west fork of the San Gabriel River, with its famous trout pools, is only two miles from this camp, and a day spent there with rod and reel is productive of much sport. Two deer were seen by a recent visitor, while other animals, including wild cats, mountain lions, gray squirrels and coyotes sometimes stray into these mountain haunts of man.

HELEN LUKENS JONES.

## SHAKESPEARE VS. BACON.

After a long sojourn in the cheerless and desolate caves of oblivion, the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is once more in the center of the stage, with the lime-light shining upon it and a huge chorus of argumentative cranks in a double row behind it. Some of the latest theories promulgated are as follows:

(a) That Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same man.

(b) That Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays while in prison, serving a sentence of one year for profanity cursing and swearing on the public highway.

(c) That the name Bacon was merely Shakespeare's nom de plume, assumed because the bard was a ham actor.

(d) That Shakespeare, being ashamed of his plays, blamed Bacon.

(e) That Shakespeare invented the Baconian theory in order to mislead his creditors.

(f) That the real author of the plays was Bacon's father-in-law, a saloonkeeper, named George W. Ferguson.

(g) That Shakespeare sold out his playwriting business to Bacon after writing half of the plays.

(h) That Shakespeare and Bacon were partners.

(i) That they were not.

(j) That maybe they were.

(k) That nobody knows whether they were or not.

(l) That nobody cares.—[Baltimore News.]

## THE CENTENARY OF TROUSERS.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE THE BIFURCATED GARMENT WAS ADOPTED.

[London Leader:] One hundred years ago this month John Bull stood forth in all the splendor of his first pair of trousers. The pride of a small boy in his first pair is so universally known and recognized as to have passed into a common saying. John Bull, on the other hand, was not at first so very much taken with the new style of dress. But as years passed he became accustomed to trousers, until in this, the centenary of the adoption of the article, he is extremely fastidious as to the cut of them and the proper cruse that should adorn them.

Really this month does not mark the hundredth year of the first adoption of trousers in England, but of the readoption. For although the ignorant are in the habit of supposing that the ancient Britons were dressed in very little indeed, the fact is that long before the Romans invaded our isle our forefathers were in their way famous for the cut of their trousers. Planché, in his "Cyclopaedia of Costume," says, in speaking of Roman times:

"I have said that millions of men and women in those early ages were content with two or three garments of a similar description, whatever their name or the material of which they were composed; there were, however, other millions whose costume at the same period presented an important addition, so markedly characteristic of a distinct origin that it deserves, I think, more consideration than it seems to have hitherto received. This addition was the clothing of the legs independently and completely down to the feet; a custom invariably observed by them through all their migrations, unaffected by change of climate or form of government. In brief, the nations of the ancient world might be fairly divided into two great groups or classes—the trousered and the untrousered. Among the latter were the Greeks and the Romans, deriving their origin, as it appears to be generally acknowledged, from the bare-legged Egyptians, while two great branches of the Scythic, or Northern Asiatic family, which had overrun Europe and colonized the south of Britain long previous to the Roman invasion—namely, the Kimmerii and Keltes—wore the distinguishing close trousers or loose pantaloons, called by them bracae or brachae."

History relates that trousers were almost universal in England until the Romans conquered and compelled the aborigines to abandon their ancient habit for garb such as their conquerors wore. But the haughty Roman soldier could not compel the Irish or Scottish peoples to adopt a different dress. In those countries trousers have been worn time out of mind, so that, although the old adage to the effect that one can't take "breaths off a Heelanman" is quite true, they could have been at any time during the past two thousand years, taken off a Lowlander. The centenary of trousers is therefore of local concern to England, and will not interest the Scotsman or Irishman.

After the Romans quitted our shores the people of England gradually reverted to their old style of dress, at least as regards trousers. The twelfth-century cut of trousers was strikingly like that article of limited feminine wear known as "bloomers." In the reign of Henry VIII the name appears more or less frequently in wardrobe accounts, and in the Elizabethan period they were certainly in use, for Ben Jonson, in his play "Staple of Newes," has Peniboy, junior, walk "in his gowne, waistcoate, and trousers." Dekker, too, in the "Gull's Horn Book," 1609, speaks of "the Italian's close strosser."

How it came to pass that trousers fell into desuetude and knee breeches and fanciful stockings took their place does not appear to be thoroughly understood. It would seem to be recognized that up to one hundred years ago they were quite out of fashion in England, although among our colonists in North America they continued in use. Lord Carlisle, writing to his wife from America in 1778, says: "The gnats in this part of the River Delaware are as large as sparrows; I have armed myself against them by wearing trousers, which is the constant dress of this country." The last clause of this letter would seem to prove not only that the Americans wore trousers, but that the article of clothing was not in general use in England.

Like the daring individual who first put up an umbrella, those that first wore trousers were subject to a great deal of harassing ridicule. Gidray, the famous caricaturist of his day, delighted in depicting notabilities in the then looked-upon grotesque garb. But trousers, like many another useful article, have lived down all opposition and made themselves the universal wear. Indeed, in 1849, an American lady threatened to introduce an exaggerated pattern of them as the universal costume for women, and appeared on public platforms dressed in "bloomers," advocating the style of dress. For a time many women wore them; but as the men refused to keep sober faces, the skirt was quickly reverted to and re-established. The bicycle craze gave indications of bringing bloomers again to serious attention. Many were the changes that have taken place in fashion and cut during the past century. At times trousers fitted with almost the tightness of a glove; at other times the cloth used in the making of a pair would have been sufficient for two pairs of the present-day article. Sometimes it was fashionable to have them pulled tight and strapped under the foot, a la Brother Jonathan, a chain by some being used for this purpose. At another period the cloth used in the making of a pair would have been sufficient for two pairs of the present-day article. Sometimes it was fashionable to have them pulled tight and strapped under the foot, a la Brother Jonathan, a chain by some being used for this purpose. At another period the cloth used in the making of a pair would have been sufficient for two pairs of the present-day article. Sometimes it was fashionable to have them pulled tight and strapped under the foot, a la Brother Jonathan, a chain by some being used for this purpose. 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## THE CATTLE DUFFER. A FAST PASSING CHARACTER IN AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

From the London Mail.

THE cattle duffer belongs to a now fast-dwindling class. Happily so!

In bygone days, when settlement was scanty, the country for the most part wild and untenanted, and when big squatters were the only pioneers of the vast interior pastoral regions, he flourished exceedingly, and drove his gay, but nefarious, trade with a fine dash and recklessness and a contemptuous disregard of the police. His number was then to be reckoned by the hundred.

His methods were as follows: He built himself a hut in the heart of some great forest, situated within a measurable distance of two or more big cattle stations. Near the hut he constructed an inclosure—a paddock surrounded with a dog-leg fence (a dog-leg fence is made by heaping the trunks of sapling trees about forked stakes driven into the ground). These paddocks always embraced a stream of running water, and were often many acres in extent.

Having so provided himself, he descended on horseback at night upon the squatting runs, armed with a stock-whip and revolver, and what cattle he could find he drove off to his fastness. When his stolen herd had accumulated to sufficiently grave proportions, assisted by his servants and fellow-robbers, he proceeded to alter their brands. Roping and throwing the cattle one by one, first the old brand was obliterated by applying a red-hot, broad, flat searing-iron to the spot, and then, after allowing a time for the wound to heal, his own brand was imprinted on the scar. So treated, the proper owners of the animals could never identify them. The cattle duffer thereupon drove his prey to the nearest market, and sold them at auction, often to the very men whom he had robbed.

### A Profitable Business.

Sometimes he was caught red-handed by his enemies, the squatters, and was convicted and imprisoned; sometimes he was shot and perished miserably in the bush, the story of his end known only to the man who slew him, who wisely kept the secret to himself; but more often he escaped scot-free, made much money, retired from his lawless calling, and developed into a squatter on his own account. Many great colonial fortunes have been so founded.

It is an open secret that the late millionaire, James Tyson, Australia's richest pastoralist, commenced life as a cattle duffer. I knew one once intimately myself, who died recently worth several hundred thousand pounds. He was clerk of petty sessions in a town of the New England Plains, a respectable government servant—but only in the daytime; after dark he was a prince of cattle duffers, employing over twenty rascals, at whose head he led many a wild midnight raid in that rich squatting district.

For almost twenty years he carried on this double life, his villainy unsuspected by the many, known only to a few, whose silence he purchased with his tainted gold. He was appointed a justice of the peace, and died in all the odors of sanctity. It may interest Englishmen to learn that he was a Scot, a Highlander, whose ancestors were famous covenanting chiefs, who gave much trouble to Lowland farmers in their day. I have seen in his study a rusted old broadsword, which he declared had, in the hand of an ancient grandsire, cut off a lock of Claverhouse's wig. "A braw swife," the old scoundrel used to say, but hardly canny. Another inch to left or right, and Drumclog would never ha'e been focht."

### The New Type of Duffer.

The cattle duffer of the present day is not of the heroic type of old. He has dwindled in courage as well as numerically. In another fifty years he will perhaps have disappeared; but, as yet, he can be counted by the score, and he will endure so long as any pastoral district in Australia affords him a fair scope for his calling—that is, until the vast pastoral holdings are split up and populated. The railroad, the telegraph, and the mounted police now keep him in check, and serve to restrain his ambitions; but in spite of them he still flourishes.

Obliged to face more resolute and frequent opposition than his predecessors, he has abandoned his old reckless, dashing ways, and for them has substituted habits of cowardice and cunning. He is now content to steal one bullock, horse, sheep, or steer at a time, and his methods are different. He still possesses a secret fastness, a private little inclosed cattle run; but instead of as formerly, situated in well-watered forest lands, it is now perched in some wild, mountainous region, and he is often at pains to build for himself a dam, in order that his stolen stock may not die of thirst.

If the cattle duffer be a station hand, he hides the beasts he steals in some secret fastness, often in the heart of his employer's run, and sells the same at a tithe of their value to the first cattle duffing drover who passes his way. The drover's unlawful profits vastly exceed those of the station hand; therefore the latter, as soon as he can save enough money, invariably becomes a drover. The drover is recognized as a professional. The station hand is regarded as an amateur, or rather an apprentice. The drover either ends his days in prison or develops into a respectable pastoralist, in which latter case, because conversant with the tricks of his former trade, he contrives to preserve his herds from the depredations of his old associates, and thereby excites the envy and admiration of his squatting neighbors.

### A Sociable Creature.

The cattle duffer is usually a lean and wiry individual, low-faced, bright-eyed, raw-boned, and hard as nails. His countenance is marked with an expression of combined suspicion, wakefulness, and cunning. He wears,

when on the road, a Crimean shirt, a pair of close-fitting moleskin trousers, a wide-brimmed slouch felt hat, and seamless blucher boots. He carries his swag—blanket, weather-proof coat, gun, billy, flour and tea—upon a pack-horse. When he can be ridden in company, for he is a sociable creature and a braggart.

To the chance wayfarer he will recount impossible stories of his cleverness in his private occupation, and in sheer vanity recklessly betrays himself whenever opportunity occurs. Ninety per cent of Australian cattle duffers could be arrested and convicted on their own admissions within a month if the mounted police agreed for that period to don ordinary bush apparel, and casually "chum in" with the drovers on the road. But then mounted police are human beings, and with the duffers in jail their occupation would be gone.

### The Bush Dandy.

When on holiday the cattle duffer blossoms out into a bush dandy. He discards his blucher boots in favor of high-heeled patent leathers; he covers his shirt with a short black coat, and encircles his neck and waist with scarlet silk handkerchiefs. He spends his time loafing at the street corners of back block towns, ogling the local belles, drinking rum and whisky at the "pubs" (he rarely gets drunk—he is too cunning) or attending horse and cattle sales, at which he often picks up bargains; for he has a keen eye for the points of a horse, and he can tell at a glance the weight of a steer to within a few pounds. He is on his holiday a boor, a bully (he can use his fists like a professional,) a sharper, and a brute. On the road, however, he strives to be a boon companion to all whom he encounters; for his way is long and tedious, and he hates to be alone.

Seated at the campfire he is at his best—a racy, if not a witty, raconteur, hospitable to a fault (his all is at the disposal of his guest,) and he is a perfect listener if his companion chooses to talk. His principal accomplishment, however, I must not neglect. He can swear! It is said, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." Well, scratch a cattle duffer and you find a jurist, in the true sense of the word. Put him on his mettle—that is, annoy him—and, but my pen is powerless to describe him!

AMBROSE PLATT.

## ROMANCE OF DIGGING. PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE OF LONDON AND HIS WORK IN EGYPT.

From the London Mail.

PROF. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, the Edwards professor of Egyptology at University College, London, has just returned from his annual visit to Egypt, where he devotes his life to "plucking out the heart of the mystery" of the dead ages which lie embedded in the tombs of the centuries.

Life in the desert is full of interest, though naturally it is simple. The party travel as near as possible to their destination by rail and then on foot to the spot which they have decided to excavate. If it is a long way from a station, they have camels to transport them. There are generally five or six Europeans, a hundred men and boys who have been employed by Prof. Flinders Petrie before, and perhaps 150 new boys from the neighboring villages, so that the settlement is not so small as most people would think.

The first thing they do is to build their mud huts, as they are more comfortable to live in than tents. The sitting-room is generally 18x10 feet, and the bedroom is 6x10 feet. The size of the apartments is governed by the fact that they have to be in multiples of the four-meter boards which are bought in the country. The roofs to these huts are of board, with straw on the top to keep out the sun. Each member of the party has his own bedroom, with one or two storerooms; but they invariably take meals together.

### Breakfast at Sunrise.

The day begins just before sunrise, when breakfast is served; the next meal is at noon; while dinner comes in after sunset, the constituents of all the meals being very much alike. The native men live on dry bread, flavored with an occasional onion, with a scrap of meat perhaps once a week, and their only drink is water. On this meager fare they can do an enormous amount of work, even the boys working half as much again as an ordinary English navy.

The ordinary day wage of the country is fourpence to fivepence a man; but Prof. Flinders Petrie pays a much better rate, so that he is able to command the best men in the district. He pays by the piece, and the terms he offers are such that a man may make anywhere from sixpence to a shilling a day. In addition, he pays a commission on the things that are found. This may work out at a halfpenny a day, or it may reach pounds.

Once he had two men who had not been doing particularly well. He thought he would give them a place to dig which was hard. The spot, indeed, was quite a bay. The work had to be done, however, and they knew some one had to do it, so they turned to. That day they brought out a very large jar full of glass mosaic. It was exceedingly valuable, and he paid them £10.

One of the great difficulties in dealing with the native men is to keep them in hand. You have to watch their characters all the time, for after two or three years the men who have come to be regarded as indispensable and quite invaluable suddenly deteriorate, and are no longer to be depended upon. Luckily, however, there is a sign which invariably tells when this occurs. The man gets reserved and dignified. He goes about with an air of importance, and then you know that he has something to conceal. Those symptoms are the signal for his departure.

### Assessing Bakhshish.

Every evening all the workers are assembled at the huts in a row. Each man places on the low wall of the

## Cut Price Sale of Country Goods.

the Public. "BY A Great

Small Price, 12c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Next Week—Mr. Ralph St

June 15, 1902.]

[June 15, 1902]

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## Illustrated Magazine Section.

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NEW TIME SIGNAL.  
THE ELECTRIC SYSTEM INVENTED BY  
A HARVARD PROFESSOR.

From a Special Correspondent.

CAMBRIDGE (Mass.) June 9.—Next Saturday night the Harvard Observatory will put into operation a system of giving time signals by electric lights which will serve the same purpose as the daily noon time bell, but will be much more efficient in many ways. There seems every reason to believe, in fact, that it will, for many purposes, eventually entirely replace the time bell. The system was devised by Willard P. Gerrish, who has, for a number of years, had charge of the time signals of the observatory and its great clock and telegraphic time service. He made his first experiments in 1888, and practically perfected his present method of operation last year, but the signals at the Harvard Observatory Saturday night will be the first ever officially and regularly brought into use.

Mr. Gerrish says that the advantages over the time bell in employing the electric flash to indicate an exact moment of time are several. An ordinary three-foot time bell is visible to the naked eye at a distance of perhaps two miles; a large bank of incandescent electric lights can be seen at least ten miles away and so is visible to fully twenty-five times as many people. The operation of the time bell, moreover, involves such expense that it is impracticable to use it more than once a day, for an attendant has to hoist it by machinery to the top of its pole so that it may be ready to drop when it is released by telegraph. Mr. Gerrish's plan is to employ lights which are already in use, such as the illuminations on some conspicuous public buildings—like the circles of lamps outlining the dome of the Massachusetts State House—or the big electric equipment employed on large office buildings. The mechanism that makes the flash is very simple, is automatic, and can be connected easily and without interference with the regular lighting system. One other point is that the human eye is so slow to notice motion at a distance that the ball may fall half the length of its staff before the observer sees that it has started; and at the time is indicated at the instant on which the ball is released, there is likely to arise an appreciable error, of some consequence in the regulation of instruments that require great accuracy. The effect of light is of course practically instantaneous.

Three kinds of night time signals are proposed. The first and simplest is a single signal at a preconcerted hour, say nine o'clock. Fifteen seconds before that time the lights would be shut off and exactly on the hour the automatic mechanism would be released by telegraph from an astronomical observatory and the lights flash on again. The relighting would mark the exact moment of time. This would require an attendant, of course, just as the time ball does, and it would be necessary for the observer to be watching for the signal at the prearranged hour. An extension of the idea includes auxiliary clockwork located at the building on which the lights are displayed. The mechanism is made to run exactly four minutes and forty-five seconds, and then to shut off the lights and connect the telegraph apparatus with them so that when the signal from the observatory comes they will be turned on again automatically exactly on the fifth minute. The same signal which releases the lights will give the clockwork another start, which will in turn insure the lights being turned off again in four minutes and forty-five seconds ready for the next signal. In this way signals will be given every five minutes as long as the lights burn and any ordinary error in a timepiece can be corrected by them accurately.

The third plan is much more complete; in fact, it reproduces, by means of a telegraphic relay or repeating instrument, all of the signals of a great observatory clock. At the Harvard Observatory the relay connected directly with the clock beats every two seconds, omitting one beat before each minute mark is reached, so that the next minute may be easily noted, and twelve beats before each five-minute mark. Applied to a big bank of lights this method will cause momentary interruptions at two-second intervals with a pause at the end of each minute and a longer interval at the end of each five minutes during which times the lights would burn steadily. In other words, it repeats exactly, on a tremendous scale, the working of the big clock at the observatory.

It is this third plan that has been adopted for the signals of Cambridge. The bank of lights is not particularly large here, but it is intended to serve a comparatively small territory and to be a practical example of how the new method can be applied. The whole device is Mr. Gerrish's and his idea is not that it should be confined to the use of Harvard Observatory, but that it may be employed wherever the service of an astronomical station to furnish accurate time signals is available. He has suggested that if the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor were equipped for the display of time signals at night it might be made more useful than it has ever been before. A service similar to that in Cambridge is being furnished by private enterprise in Boston, the time being taken from the Harvard Observatory.

A special usefulness of time signals is to the masters of vessels in the "rating" of their chronometers—that is, in determining the rate of gain or loss which the instruments show each day. In this connection Mr. Gerrish makes a very interesting suggestion of the possible use of lighthouses not only as warning beacons, but as time signals for mariners. Most of the lighthouses are what are called "fixed white" lights—that is to say, they are merely powerful points of illumination marking other spots of danger or entrances to harbors. It would seem perfectly feasible to attach time-signaling apparatus to them, using some form of electro-mechanical shutter instead of electric lights,

and thus giving the passing sailor the benefit of the same service that a ship in the harbor would have. The operation of the light would then not be very different from the system, which has been experimented with more or less on our Atlantic coast, by which the lighthouse flashes out its government number, just as the number of a fire alarm box is struck on the gong in an engine-house.

The first night time signals ever attempted were those which Mr. Gerrish made experiments with in 1888 with a magnesium flash similar to what is used in photography for taking pictures in the dark. Apparatus was set up at that time at the meteorological observatory at Blue Hill on the outskirts of Boston. Every night the flash was set off at 10 o'clock, and one observer reported having seen it from the town of Princeton at Mount Wachusett, forty-two miles away. The use of magnesium had some disadvantages, however, and Mr. Gerrish discontinued his experiments for the time being, after having succeeded in proving the superiority of some system of time signals by the use of a flash of light.

P. B.

## TWO CHAPLAINS.

## WORK DONE BY SOME OF OUR SOLDIERS' BEST FRIENDS.

By Maj. J. A. Watrous, U.S.A.

I WANT to talk about two popular, practical, successful army chaplains. Please do not infer that I know of only two such army chaplains. One reason of speaking of these two is found in the fact that the army chaplain, as a general thing, is either overlooked or referred to with scant praise; is given little credit for his services. One of these, Dr. S. W. Eaton, who for twenty-five years was pastor of a Congregational church in Wisconsin, was chaplain of a western regiment in the Civil War. He was tireless in his efforts to fulfill all of the duties of the office. Daily he visited the hospitals and ministered to the wants, spiritual and otherwise, of the sick and wounded; wrote letters for them, cheered them. Every day he visited the company quarters of the ten companies, chatting with the men, answering questions, taking orders to be filled when he went to the city. Every Sunday he conducted services, which were always well attended. On every march he was with the command, serving the men in every way in his power. In winter quarters he superintended the bakeries, was the postmaster, the express agent, for thousands of dollars were expressed home; and it was not an unusual thing to see the chaplain, after pay day, start to the express office with from a thousand to five thousand dollars to be sent to dear ones at home.

The Seventh's chaplain endeared himself not alone to every man and officer in his regiment, but to every man and officer in the brigade. He was not lacking when the day of battle came. He remained with the line until the wounded in the field hospitals demanded his attention. In hundreds of instances he heard the last words of dying soldiers and repeated them in loving letters to home friends. He preached funeral sermons over the single soldier and over the cluster of soldiers buried in one grave. At one time he officiated at the burial of twenty-two of his own regiment, in one long, deep grave, and not once, but a half dozen times, the kind, sympathetic, dear old chaplain broke down. He had known in life all those brave men who had given their lives in defense of a country that was dearer to them than their lives. No word of censure was ever uttered against Chaplain Eaton. Words of praise were sung, and repeatedly sung, by every man in his regiment and every man and officer in the brigade, and at the reunions, since the war, no member of the old brigade has been given heartier welcome, or received kindlier attention, than the old chaplain of the Seventh, now past eighty years of age. So much for that old-time chaplain, concerning whom I could write chapter after chapter.

Such a chaplain is of as much real service to a regiment, in active warfare, as any officer of the command; and let me say that only such a chaplain should be assigned to duty with a regiment of American troops. No laggard, no time server, no sham, should ever be clothed with the authority and the honor of a chaplain in the service of the United States army.

Now, something about a later-day chaplain, a chaplain of the regular army, the Rev. Samuel J. Smith of Vermont, whose prime champion for the appointment was Senator Proctor of that State, who had seen chaplains in the old days and thought he knew what an army chaplain should be. He believed that his candidate possessed all of the necessary requisites to constitute a chaplain. He had heard his candidate preach, he knew of his early life, he knew of his experience as a young sailor in the American navy, of his term on merchant vessels; of his term with a revenue cutter. He knew of his service as a superintendent of a great manufacturing industry, of his call to the ministry, of his determination, after he had begun to preach, and after he had married, in order to better qualify himself for the high calling, to work his way through college. He knew of his high standing at graduation, of his popularity and success as a Christian leader at the head of a church in the Green Mountain State. He believed that a man who had gone through these experiences, who had rubbed up against the world and understood humanity, who delighted to mingle with the rank and file of the population, who understood the wants and needs of the people, would do honor to the American army as a chaplain. The Senator correctly estimated.

I was on duty where Chaplain Smith was assigned when he reached his station. He began to talk about his new duties at once; and was eager to enter upon their discharge with the least possible delay. It was necessary for him to begin at the foundation. The first work he did was to hunt up a room, furnish it, and get ready

for the regular Sunday service, which was only two days away when he reached camp. Word was passed around that the chaplain of the Nineteenth would hold religious services at 9:30, the next Sunday morning. There assembled an audience consisting of four members of Gen. Wade's staff, four or five ladies and about twenty soldiers of the regiment. The Bible reading, prayer and singing were followed by a short, highly interesting and convincing, up-to-date and practical talk, one which appealed to the reason and to the hearts of the audience, and every one left with the thought that a real chaplain had come, a man who would exert lasting influence for good. But the veterans among officers and soldiers did not look upon successful and impressive services as the only things essential for a first-class chaplain. They watched his career through the week, and, if possible, were more pleased with the results than they had been with that first, simple, impressive service in the little room draped with American flags and fanned by breezes from the near-by sea.

Early Monday morning the chaplain began personal visits to the men in the barracks, to the hospital; consulted the regimental commander and other officers on points in which he was deeply interested. The officers, as soon as they discovered his sincerity, his devotion to his profession and his interest in the men, gave him cordial aid. At the end of two weeks he had met personally, and talked with, in such a way as to make friends of, nearly every officer and man in the post, and was looked upon by them not only as an honest, devoted Christian gentleman, a religious leader whom they could respect, and in whom they had confidence, but as the friend, the personal friend of the rank and file as well as of the officers. There were cheerful faces when he appeared at the barracks, in the hospital; when he was met on the street by the soldiers, wherever he mingled with the men. He was doing more, in fact, than his regular duties demanded, but that had been a characteristic of the man all through life. He had always done his duty as he understood it and then volunteered to do still more. He brought with him to the army that characteristic which, as I have already mentioned, added to the popularity and usefulness of the old-time chaplain. But I have not told the whole story.

The chaplain was not satisfied with working, wholeheartedly, and, like a field hand in harvest time, with sweat upon his brow and sleeves rolled up, but he must needs work at night. Late one night, soon after his arrival, I was returning to my lodgings, and on the way I was joined by the chaplain. We met three soldiers. They were very, very weary, as soldiers sometimes become. One was so weary that he fell by the wayside, and the others were too weary to help him up, and seeing the two officers, passed out of sight with the least possible delay. We had gone a few steps beyond the prostate soldier when the chaplain said, "I cannot go to bed and leave that poor boy there." "Oh, he is comfortable; he will sleep until morning; let him rest." But the act of the chaplain made me blush every time I think of that advice. Mr. Smith returned to the poor fellow, knelt at his side, took his hand in one of his, and with the other smoothed back the tumbled hair, passed it over his hot forehead and cheeks, and when the eyes opened, said to him, "Is there anything I can do for you?" The answer came quickly, "Do not leave me here." "I will not," said the chaplain. He did leave him there for an hour, for the man was not able to walk and too heavy to be carried. But the chaplain remained with him, and as he gradually became sobered, interested him with conversation that had no bearing on his present condition and contained no lectures. It was nearly two o'clock when the chaplain, with his arm around his charge, reached the barracks and led the weary soldier to his bunk, placed him in it, knelt by him and offered a short prayer. "I will be around to see you in the morning," said this practical chaplain, and he kept his word. It is needless to say that that soldier became the firm friend of the new chaplain and began to sing his praises to his comrades. Today not only are those three soldiers whom he met that night banded together as total abstainers, but they have many others with them, and they speak of their rescue as one of the most fortunate events in their lives, and when the chaplain appears, hats are lifted and the position of soldier assumed.

Ever since then there is an evening walk by the chaplain; he goes through not one, but a dozen streets, passing the barracks and the hospital, before returning to his couch. On some of those tours he finds work to do. He is seen leading men to their quarters, treating them as gently and kindly as if they were his best friends.

Not all of his regiment is stationed in that city. They are scattered up and down the coast. He has visited some of these other camps, held services, and invariably gone away with the good will and confidence of both officers and men. At one camp he held services where there was only one small table, no chairs, and the walls were bare. The little room was filled with men standing. The chaplain sat on one edge of the table and gave them an entertaining, cheerful talk, which brightened the eyes and gladdened the hearts of the browned, sturdy servants of the great republic. When he mounted his horse, for he is an expert horseman, and most of his travel is by horseback, he passed out of camp with the salute of the company in line, a smile on every face, and a cordial invitation, "Come again, chaplain; you are the right kind. We shall always be glad to see you."

I end this story about two army chaplains, with the sincere wish that I had the power to furnish every regiment of the United States Army with such a chaplain as the Rev. Samuel J. Smith.

## "LITTLE BREECHES."

The authorship of "Little Breeches," written by Secretary of State John Hay, was frequently attributed to the late Bret Harte. A young lady once said to him: "I am highly pleased to meet you, Mr. Harte. I have read all your poems, but I have enjoyed 'Little Breeches' the most."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Mr. Harte, "but you have put the 'Little Breeches' on the wrong man."—[New York Times.]

notable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on us. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## The Study of Color.

R. F. K., "SUBURBAN," writes that she has a living-room twenty feet square. There are two French windows opening onto a wide porch and a bay casement window with cushioned seat. She wishes advice as to coloring and material for making this room rich and attractive looking, preferring yellow and green in any combination I may suggest.

I think a scheme on the following lines would give a beautiful room: Walls and ceiling, a rich yet soft shade of yellow, carpet of plain moss-green Wilton, covering the whole floor; on this a rug or two of Oriental weave should be laid. These rugs will assist wonderfully in bringing together the yellow walls and green floor. The door and window curtains and the upholstery of the furniture should be of a soft-toned tapestry, having a predominant green and a little golden yellow. Other colors may appear in this, but the fact that these two shades are also present will bring the draperies into beautiful harmony with the room. Now to proceed in a thoroughly artistic manner she should select some of the golden browns and old blues, which probably figure in the tapestry to accentuate. She can do this by means of pillows, a foot stool, or a table mat of satin brocade. There is rather an amethystine shade of old rose which looks well used in small bits in such a room. A photograph frame of brocade in this color, a silken lamp shade and a china ornament will be enough perhaps. If a test of the effectiveness of this latter suggestion is

couch suitable for the room. I have an oak writing desk and bookcase combined that will fit nicely in the corner. What shall I have for the arch which is only four feet wide. I forgot to say the ceilings are ten feet high, shades to windows dark green."

If the Brussels carpet for your stairs is in plain color or even in a small indistinguishable figure I advise you to use figured paper for side walls in hall. A delightful effect could be obtained by the use of tapestry paper here, having much green foliage, this could run up to a picture mold set so low as to leave several feet from ceiling to be tinted in plain cafe au lait in a warm tone. The ceiling should also be in this tone. If you cannot use the paper here, walls should be golden tan with cafe au lait ceiling. This with green plants and a curtain of moss green near the lower steps (as you suggest) will still give you a pretty effect. This tan is not yellow, but has merely a slight glow in the grayish shade. My idea for your living-room would be robin's egg blue with tea-green ceiling. Cream-white tiling for your mantel and matting in green. If you can find a pretty matting which has this coloring it would be an excellent scheme to use it for all three rooms. Robin's egg is more green than blue, being in some tones a light green with a bluish cast. Upholster your walnut chair with green figured stuff. Your den would be very cosy with walls of mulberry red. Curtains to all of figured cream-colored net with overcurtains hung straight of thin green silk, would drape your V-shaped window prettily. A soft-toned old Kizkilm rug thrown over couch in red den would give you rich coloring in hue and you could pick out its faded greens and dull blues with silk sofa cushions. A palm (medium small) in a Japanese jar set on a low, black stand at the head or foot of your couch will assist your scheme here, and a rather heavy black shelf against the wall over the couch could be used for appropriate ornaments in bronze or brass or pewter, or as a resting place for one or two foreign

have oak table and chairs for dinner, Irish point lace curtains; what kind of for parlor. My boy likes blue and white in his room birdseye maple dresser and white bedstead with shams, bureau cover, etc., Swiss; what kind of rug shall I get? I like white matting. Have dark oak furniture in room with red and buff rug; what kind of

With the green walls of parlor I would like moquette carpet with pink, perhaps a pale pink combination with green. If the figures are not glaring, either of these mixtures will preserve the color in the figure, it should be nothings about the room. If it is pink, have things for your lights, some sofa cushions, perhaps chair in this color. You must realize that partial to a yellow dining-room. There are

sibilities of cheer in this sunny hue, and the importance that a dining-room should be not carpet your polished golden-oak stain rug of plain green Wilton in the hall. A rug of black fur would look well in arches of plain green velour will also be handsome. Never advise the use of rope portiere. It looks prettiest when papered with glass. I like the imitation in blue and white of ferns. Your kitchen would be light and cheerful in a very pale shade of yellow or tan. Ferns will add to the beauty of your hall if you place them and set them in jardinières of foreign make, jar of even more brightly-colored crockery. Out all possibility of refinement in the atmosphere. The Boston fern thrives best, I find, plant. Get a Japanese rug in blue and white for boy's room. Use curtains in your red room of white muslin dotted with large dots, about in silver dime. This stuff looks very handsome walls.

## To Render a Library More Cheerful.

R. S. PHOENIX, writes: "Having read your interesting descriptions in The Times, I take advantage of the chance to tell you about our house and very dark. The room is about two windows and a door. The front window is a large one, about five feet wide, and the other is about a half from the floor. The other is of glass opening on the piazza from one end of the room. Between the door and window stands a very well-furnished bookcase reaching from the floor to the foot of the ceiling. My idea to brighten this is a pair of light curtains on the brass rod which crosses the top, under the top piece. Perhaps you suggest some kind of pretty material? The room must have curtains of same pattern as bookcase. The front window has a pair of curtains of pretty design. The walls are papered in a homely shade of dark green figured with tan or olive shade of dark green with tan or olive shade of dark green. The woodwork is of quartered oak, highly polished; also hardwood floor is dark. Have a rug of light design, running hall room. Folding doors open from other side of the hall, which is in the middle of the house. The folding door enters the dining-room from the angle between these door openings. A large brick fireplace with brick mantel to imitate a well-furnished one. The furniture is very plain, that is all I have to say about it, and my suggestion is clear enough for you to give me your suggestions. We have very little money to spend in the room, but are hoping you can help us in view of your knowledge of how to make a little go a long way."

If there is no real reason why you should not be in this room I think you can brighten and enrich it by hanging plain crimson drapes in shade at bookcase and window, and perhaps cushioning an arm chair. I do not advise striped stuff for this as you have figured out

## Fixing Up Old Chairs.

F. G. E., Pasadena, writes: "Will you kindly advise me in regard to fixing up old chairs? They are the straight high-backed chairs used in our great-grandfathers used in the kitchen, simple in style with rush seats. What can I have them painted, or what should I do to them to make them look more attractive?"

There is nothing so really old-fashioned as for such furniture, and if you wish to use blue and white room with willow-ware or in view they would be very effective in this. A dark strong green would also be good, and a suggestion.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be pleased to answer any questions about the writer, a resident of California, and will be happy to receive any information from the writer privately, making necessary explanation. All inquiries have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

## MARK TWAIN'S HOSPITALITY.

Mark Twain is said by those who know his home life to be many things of excellence, humorist; among them, a model host, a good host, a gallant framer of fine compliments. A friend spent the evening in that family circle and tells this incident as apropos:

When, after dinner, coffee had been served before an open fire, the conversation turned upon the subject of the author's critics. When Mrs. Clemens grew vehement in her denunciation of them, she called her husband "selfish," he interrupted:

"But I am selfish, my dear. I will prove it to our visitor here. Mary"—calling to the servant that door, please."

"Yes," said Mrs. Clemens, drawing up her chair closer to the fire, "let us keep out all the cold air."

"Now, there you are," he added. "I am not cold would get in, but that some of our visitors get out."—[New York Times.]

## Cut Price Sale of

C. &amp; D. L.

the Appr.  
the Public.

Small Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Next Week—Mr. Ralph S.

[June 15, 1902.]

Grap

Found Their Son at Last.

ALTER F. BOLGER, who disappeared from his parents' home six months ago, was found in the interval, and has been in a state of search for his boy, in the James Hotel in Washington. The boy is the happiest woman in the world.

The boy was found in the United States on the training ship Franklin. A few days ago the father, who was in the interval, and who has been in a state of search for his boy, met the boy in the James Hotel in Washington. The boy is the happiest woman in the world.

Mr. Bolger went to Washington to see his son, who was in the army. The boy entered the army and never left it. Every mark and scar on the boy was recorded in the department.

The youth left his father's home to go to the dentist's. He was after that. He did not go to the dentist's, but offered a reward of \$500 for his son's discovery. He furnished pictures of the missing boy to the leading police department in the country. The departments at Washington, and every one responded.

All the foreign Consuls were in Washington a few days before he was killed. Pierre, the eruption of Mount St. Helens, wrote a letter to Bolger containing his interest in the quest and holding him.

The boy's disappearance was the boy alone has been able to undergo every comfort and luxury. He was a successful business man. His mother and two beautiful sisters, and all the family lived together in an atmosphere of happiness. [New York World.]

What Killed Louis Richter?

WHAT killed Louis B. Richter, 21, of Mascoutah, Ill.? Six months ago he was found dead in a room in the Richter farm, "read" his hand. "You will die," he said. More than five years ago, when one morning Richter's wife, who was breathing heavily, before she died, the stimulant her husband was uneasy as to the warning. [New York World.]

Perhaps this was all, for on Leila Braga, 17 years old, and at 48 Livingston street, Cincinnati, because of a gypsy's curse. An old woman allowed to tell her fortune, and, with blushing eyes, said: "Curses on you! You will die within two months!" For three days she threatened her husband, who thought she had succeeded, when the third day the girl drank a bottle of poison and died in agony.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Bell Four Hundred Years Old.

ONE of the rarest curios in the world, which is in the possession of Mr. Stratemeyer, a well-known dealer in antiques, 31 Broad street, this city. The bell was found on the estate of George Washington, first colonial executive, who lived in this street, this city. The relic was buried under ground by some workmen for a building. It was thick and the funder did not realize at first that it was a bell. He took it home, and, when he found out what it was, he sold it to Mr. Stratemeyer, who is something of an expert in antiques. The bell is 13 1/2 inches high, 12 inches in diameter, and weighs thirty-five pounds. The base is made of bronze, and the clapper is made of brass. The part by which it is hung is made of wood, and the clapper is made of brass. The bell is in excellent condition and is a valuable addition to any collection.

It is made of old bronze, said Mr. Stratemeyer. The bell is 13 1/2 inches high, 12 inches in diameter, and weighs thirty-five pounds. The base is made of bronze, and the clapper is made of brass. The part by which it is hung is made of wood, and the clapper is made of brass. The bell is in excellent condition and is a valuable addition to any collection.

They said that the inscription on the bell was "Dartilaga," meaning "I am of the Dartilaga."

They all agreed the bell was



## Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

### FICTION.

#### Colonial Figures.

A RECENT novel, entitled "The Coast of Freedom; a Romance of the Adventurous Times of the First Self-made American," introduces, as its author, the name of Adele Marie Shaw, although in a prefatory note the reader is told that Miss Shaw's brother, Albert Judson Shaw, has from "first to last made the production one of joint and indissoluble labor." The acknowledgment of indebtedness is also given to Henry Wysham Lanier, to whom suggestion of its central figure, it is said, the book owes its existence. The new name, Adele Marie Shaw, represents one of the promising young authors in whom Maine people feel a sort of proprietary interest, and they regard her first book with pride and pleasure. Miss Shaw is a graduate of Smith College, and has had the advantage of foreign travel with her brothers, and is said to be an ardent club woman. Several stories and sketches from Miss Shaw's pen have appeared in eastern journals.

The opening chapters of the novel, from their virile emphasis and style of structure, might seem to illustrate the masculine pen. But the vogue of the military novel, as presented by the young woman of the hour, would make conjecture hazardous. The official publications of the war departments of all lands might have furnished courses of reading for our clever American maid, if one is to judge from examples as "The Helmet of Navarre" and some of Miss Johnston's dramatic pages.

The great historian, Gayarré, often called attention to the romantic panoramas which were a part of the vast world—movements of our colonial history. In his "Fernando de Lemos," he has shown the vivid scenic quality of the time, when the black flag of Dominique You swept the seas—principally the Gulf of Mexico. The outlaw boasted that he saw in the state of civilization, or nature, much of war, open or clandestine, in the peaceful garb of the civilian, as well as under the cuirass of the soldier, and adapted his buccaneer standards to the examples of Laflite. Every vessel he took was scuttled and every soul perished. The outlaw claimed to know the fate of Theodosia Burr, and now that there is a tendency to apotheosis Aaron Burr, a renewed interest will attach to the confessions of the smugglers and pirates who kept the secret of her hapless fate.

In this recent novel the little heroine of the story is placed in as perilous a position as that of Theodosia, for she, too, was captured by the rovers of the sea. A period of history generally considered barren of romantic interest is shown to afford subject matter of diverse quality.

Frances Bellingham, early orphaned, had come from her great estate in England, under the care of her guardian, to Charleston, S. C. As her life stood in the way of inheritance, a dissolute relative caused her to be kidnapped and carried away by the type of pirates whom Gayarré mentioned as affording a picturesque study of a particular period. In the rescue of the little maid, young Roger Verring, the hero, is encountered. He had been placed on a merchant ship, the Araby Rose, by his Puritan father, as an effective course of discipline for the buoyancy of youth. The ship went in search of the gold of a sunken Spanish galleon. Like Stevenson's "Treasure Island," it leads into realms of piracy. The little maid, who was rescued by an act of great peril, won the heart of all the crew. After she had told the captain her name, and the story of her abduction, she was, by his declaration, made the Queen of the Araby Rose.

Some years later, the scene is shifted to Boston, where Capt. Phips, "the first self-made American," was Governor of Massachusetts Bay. The witchcraft delusion is shown with some faithful delineations of types and customs. The specific incidents which focalize analysis on the austere moods of the Puritan father and the contrasting character of the gentle mother afford insight into the diverse effects of tradition on temperament. The alert measures of Roger in rescuing the maid in numerous times of peril hold the reader's imagination, and the hero's scrupulous fulfillment of his obligations of duty—although he wavers from the tenets of his fathers—satisfies the reader's demand for action. The perversity of the lot of the heroine, who was early orphaned, abducted, thwarted, insulted and finally came near execution, because of her sweet pity and tenderness for animal life, affords the opportunity for the shade of Cotton Mather to cross the stage. One must protest against the popular impression of this worthy as one engaged altogether in witch hunting. His cruelty and credulity were the faults of his age. His books, "Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft" (1689), "Wonders of the Invisible World" (1692), and various other works, are a curious insight into his time. Cotton Mather was a graduate of Harvard College of 1678. He is said to have labored zealously for the benefit of the poor, for mariners, slaves and criminals. In Miss Shaw's characterization, Cotton Mather's diction is adapted to the oppressive and narrow fanaticism, in which even a black cat was not permitted a calm perspective. Hawthorne, in his studies of early Massachusetts, has shown the self-constituted judges of the hour in the handling of the so-called maledictress, Hester Prynne, of "The Scarlet Letter." The vanished world is continually to be reckoned with, in the estimate of the future, and the offices of pseudo-historic novels which aim at veracity, have their work to do. This story shows the signal advance which has been made in ideals of religious freedom. While the heroine seems to make Roger more trouble than is the ordinary lot of man in the succession of unfortunate adventures in which pirates, Indians, false friends, prisons, murderers and courts of law are in the vista, the love romance is one of exalted charm. Some capital vignettes may be found among the minor characterizations. While

the author's plot is somewhat weakened by and submerged in the prodigality of her descriptive tendency, the story is one of vital interest and can but prove an acceptable first work.

[*The Coast of Freedom.* By Adele Marie Shaw. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

#### A Strange Wooing.

The action of this story turns upon the attempt to capture Benedict Arnold after his treason, with its incidental events. The exploitation of historic material affords the opportunity for Washington, André, Clinton and other characters to appear on the scene. The pageant does not, however, interfere with the development of an engrossing story, which is told with a vivid pen. The bride won from the enemy, is a figure of piquant interest. The hero is headstrong and devoted and conventional.

The working out of the plot shows the social contrasts of life in New York, under the British, and the grim horrors endured by American soldiers in the old Sugar House Prison.

The book is well illustrated and the reader will gain a clear idea of the manners of the time when the forced marriage of a maid was her door of rescue. The story has a happy conclusion and leaves the hero a newly-appointed major under Putnam.

[*None But the Brave.* By Hamblin Sears. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

#### Racial Studies.

Hamlin Garland has offered no more worthy gift to literature than "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," which deals with the Indian problem of the Far West. In a series of spirited incidents one is shown the physical conditions which govern the life of the ranchmen and the Indians. The greed of the cattlemen is seen toward their helpless neighbors, as part of the



ADELE MARIE SHAW.

story where economic conditions are in a state of evolution, and the wild conditions of the ranges tend to that of the farm.

The publishers of "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" state that the author got the idea in 1897. At that time he went, in company with a young lieutenant who was stationed at Fort Custer, to see him inspect a drove of cattle which he had brought into the Crow Indian agency for sale to the government for the use of the Indians. The lieutenant, noting the poor condition of the animals, rejected the entire herd, in spite of the cattlemen.

Mr. Garland was impressed with the fine character of the young army officer, and Capt. Curtis took form in his imagination, in his possibilities as an Indian agent. The lieutenant who inspired the thought is said to be a captain, and is the head of the Forestry Department in the Philippines.

The action of the spirited story, the adequate pictures of scenery, the clear idea of the social types of the West, and, moreover, the strong appeal made in behalf of the needs of the Indians, make this tale of love and adventure one to be desired. The subject of Indian education is part of the instructive dialogue in pages like the following:

"Any attempt to make the Tetong conform to the isolated, dreary, lonesome life of the western farmer will fail. The redman is a social being—he is pathetically dependent on his tribe. He has always lived a communal life, with the voices of his fellows always in his ears. He loves to sit at evening and hear the chatter of his neighbors. His games, his hunting, his toil, all went on with what our early settlers called a 'bee.' He seldom worked or played alone. His worst punishment was to be banished from the camping circle. Now the Dawes theorists think they can take this man, who has no newspaper, no books, no letters, and set him apart

from his fellows on the bare plain, miles from a neighbor, there to improve his farm and become a man. This mechanical theory has failed in every case. Finally the Sioux, the Piegan, are living this life; actually they are always visiting. The Indians are unendurable, and so they will not cultivate the land or keep live stock, which would force them to leave home. If they were allowed to settle in groups of five they would do better."

The novel gives some insight into Indian life, where "Crawling Elk," when he lights his pipe, whiffs to the great spirits, seated at the cardinal points of the compass. The reader who follows this thought will be led into ethical problems of Indian sentiment. The question of the care of Indians may lead to new views of the value of Indian handicraft as compared with some forms of art which seems useless in their evolution. The art of making the Indian self-supporting may prove its ultimate expression in the handicrafts which have shown an artistic genius, as seen in Indian blankets and basket weaving.

[*The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop.* By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

### LITERATURE.

#### Entertaining Studies.

The professors of English literature of the University of Chicago, William Vaughn Moody, and Robert Lovett, have combined in the production of a history of English literature, from the earliest times to the present day, in a historical scheme simple enough to be comprehended by young students, yet accurate and substantial enough to serve as a permanent basis for however far the subject is pursued."

In the author's preface attention is directed to the thought that "More than any other branch of literature demands on the part of the teacher the attitude of respect toward the intelligence of the student. Literature being the vital and fluid thing that must be taught, if at all, more by suggestion, by stimulation of the student's own instinctive mind than by dogmatic assertion. The historian of literature deals with the most fascinating of stories, the story of the imaginative career of a gifted man in duty-bound not to cheapen or dull his theme, so far as in him lies to give those to whom he addresses a realizing sense of the magnitude of our inheritance in letters. To do this he must work in literary spirit and with freedom of appeal to the latent possibilities of the reader's mind."

The book shows careful consideration in its arrangements of space, and throws into prominence the important figures in each era. A full half of the space is set apart to the last two centuries. The space is given more space than the other centuries.

As an illustration of the characteristic power of observation and vigor of thought in this really great publication, one reads: "Almost all the great English writers have been absorbed in the attempt to instruct or inspire the huge, unleavened mass of society. The astonishing development of the mechanical arts and of commerce, while it has increased the mass of living, has led to an absorption in material interests against which nearly every great writer has had voice in protest and warning."

Social and the great distinguishing feature of the Victorian age and the demand for social justice has colored, in every way or another, the whole thought of the time. The most striking characteristic of Victorian literature is its conscious purpose. Both poets and prose writers worked under the shadow and burden of a sense of responsibility. Almost all of them have been men of doctrine, preachers of some crusade, or physicians offering some cure for man's perplexities and difficulties. Instead of the light-hearted interest in life shown in the Elizabethans show, instead of the transcendentalism of the generation of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Keats, we find as the prevailing mood, in every way and often troubled facing of the issues of life, which are recognized to be momentous. Nevertheless, the romantic impulse persists, and the whole history of the Victorian age may be conceived as an effort to open up to the masses of men those sources of enjoyment which, in the early part of the century, were known only to a privileged few."

The book, after a careful presentation of the Saxon and Norman-French period, deals with the Chaucer. The Renaissance, in which man comes from the medieval view to the problems of man and scientific experiment. There follows a study of Shakespeare, and the succeeding centuries which interested by the nobility of his thought. Many of the figures are set in the glowing chapters of the last two hundred years, in which the literary forms of the time are shown in their structural differences. The book makes the eighteenth century end with Burke, who pronounces "a romanticist, in feeling, though not in action, in thought."

"It is the feeling behind his thought that Burke's style is curious far-reaching eloquence, its substance is solid, massive, full of fact, apparently refractory and inert; yet it is constantly impelled by white heat by the flame of his passion. No man has been seen in England. He formed a school on the model of Bolingbroke, but he has a style of his own, to which his master was a strong influence. Imagery, irony, fervor, conviction; while in the moral matters the articulation of his sentences, the distinction of his paragraphs, Burke's style is the first time the possibilities of English prose have come to be of such importance."

The absolute clearness of the presentation of the studies distinguishes this book, which is one of the first time the possibilities of English prose have come to be of such importance. A full working bibliography, including the names of the twenty well-presented chapters.

and criticism, has been added to later study. History of English Literature by Moody and Robert Morris Lovett, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

### HISTORY.

work of special interest to the Moravians in North Carolina, which was a Moravian church in Europe as a means of religious liberty. Bishop from Europe on a journey to America, "Wachovia" is among the local life there 150 years ago by Dr. Clewell, from the original manuscripts, throws light on the life of the Indians. The Moravians were among the Cherokees and Creek Indians. The Captain of Wachovia went to his new home with his Bible in his hand, and his shoulder, or the congregation is armed and praying in the church, who perished at the hands of Indians in the chronicles and give interesting account of the erection of Fort Bethabara, a stockade became a place of refuge for the Indians.

The work has evidently been written of consecrated service to the history, and the building up of Christianity, though chiefly valuable as memoirs, the work is especially valuable in the historical scheme simple enough to be comprehended by young students, yet accurate and substantial enough to serve as a permanent basis for however far the subject is pursued."

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Practicing Shorthand.

A work of undoubted value has been prepared by Mr. Hickox, an instructor of experience.

Hickox, an instructor of experience, has prepared a series of sketches by a lecturer on natural history.

In a confidential preface to its playfellow, the author has written a series of sketches by a lecturer on natural history.

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[June 15, 1902.]

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## s Reviewer.

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some insight into Indian folk life. "Elk," when he lights his pipe, has at spirits, seated at the cardinal point. The reader who follows the author into ethical problems of life. The question of the care of vast new views of the values of life, compared with some forms of change in their evolution. The best Indian self-supporting may perhaps remain in the handwork for what artistic genius, as seen in his art weaving.

*The Gray Horse Troop.* By H. & Bros. Price, \$1.50. For sale at Los Angeles.]

## LITERATURE.

of English literature of the Unitarian Vaughn Moody, and Robert Morris, in the production of a history from the earliest times to our present scheme simple enough to be of use to students, yet accurate and to serve as a permanent basis for the subject is pursued."

preface attention is directed to more than any other branch of study on the part of the teacher as toward the intelligence of the student. The vital and fluid thing that it is, at all, more by suggestion, and is students' own instinctive mental assertion. The historian of English literature is the most fascinating of stories, the creative career of a gifted race; he is to cheapen or dull his theme, but to give those to whom he addresses the magnitude of our country.

To do this he must work in the with freedom of appeal to all the reader's mind."

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have come to be of such importance that they are now

published in this little work of faultless typography.

the paper, and neat binding. It is hard to tell which

of the various well-presented chapters is most valuable.

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

23

and criticism, has been added to the work as a guide to later study.

*A History of English Literature.* By William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morris Lovett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

## HISTORY.

Book Production.

A work of special interest to the Moravian church is entitled "Wachovia." This name represents a large tract of land in North Carolina, which was purchased by the Moravian church in Europe as a stronghold for the exercise of religious liberty. Bishop Spangenberg was sent from Europe on a journey of discovery. "The Spangenberg Papers" are among the treasures of the Wachovia Land Office, which is in North Carolina, and tell of the local life there 150 years ago. A work written by Dr. Clewell, from the original German and English manuscripts, throws light on our country's past, and gives new dignity to the chronicle of pioneer effort among the Indians. The Moravians of that day sent laborers among the Cherokee and Creeks, and the early resident of Wachovia went to his usual place of worship with his Bible in his hand, and his trusty rifle on his shoulder, or the congregation is shown "devoutly singing and praying in the church, while in front were stacked the guns, and the sentinel was pacing up and down to guard against sudden attack." The names of those who perished at the hands of hostile redmen appear in the chronicles and give interest to the story of the erection of Fort Bethabara, a stockade fortification, which became a place of refuge for many unfortunate during the Indian war.

The work has evidently been written in an earnest spirit of consecrated service to the cause of American history, and the building up of Christian civilization. Although chiefly valuable as memorabilia of limited area, the work is especially valuable to the Moravian church—"Unitas Fratrum"—an ancient Episcopal church, antedating the German Reformation by more than half a century. When the kingdom of Bohemia was stirred by the preaching of John Huss, a professor in the University of Prague who sealed his devotion with a martyr's death, the nationalists of Bohemia took up arms against Rome. The more spiritually-minded gathered at Lititz, about eighty miles from Prague, where they could carry out the reformation of Huss. This society assumed the name of Unitas Fratrum—Unity of Brethren. Persecution in 1621, in which twenty-seven noblemen met death on the scaffold, finally led to greater fervor, and the subject of foreign missions was a characteristic work of the order. In 1735 a settlement of Moravians was begun in Savannah, Ga., the first on the American continent. Adelaide L. Fries, in an interesting account of "The Moravian Church," appended to the volume, describes the permanent organization which was effected in Bethlehem, Pa., from which missionaries were sent among the Indians. The author of this book is the principal of the famous Salem College for Women, which this year celebrates its centennial, and his work is one of permanent interest and value.

*The History of Wachovia.* By J. H. Clewell, Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$3 net. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Poetry.

Miss Frances Guignard Gibbes, a descendant of one of the colonial Governors of South Carolina, who has been a student of the South Carolina University, has written a book of poems. Among them are sonnets which are commanded by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan as containing the highest type of poetic inspiration. Miss Gibbes's work is of bright, fanciful type, but her rhymes have not altogether adapted themselves to the harness of technique. Among the best poems of the little volume is "Making a Masterpiece." In the lyric of "The Mocking Bird" one reads:

"Illumined interpreter of life, that life  
Which sings as one, through many songs,  
What inspiration to thy soul belongs.  
What makes an inward whole the outward strife?  
The best in thy sweet, mingled melodies,  
Owing the tenets of philosophies,  
And such truths that dive as deep as life."  
The book is bound in red and gold, and contains the author's portrait.

*Poems of Frances Guignard Gibbes.* The Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.]

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Nature Studies.

A series of half-tone illustrations by various photographic artists of repute accompany a charming variety of sketches by a lecturer on nature studies at Cornell University. In a confidential preface, one is made aware of the nobility qualities of the brook, and introduced to its playfulness and companions. The birds, butterflies, insects, and flowers along its path are shown in the illuminating text, and the compilation of graceful fancies and out-of-door wisdom cannot fail to give a holiday mood to a dull hour.

*The Brook Book.* By Mary Rogers Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.35 net. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

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Publishing Shortland.

A work of undoubted value has been written by Mr. Hickox, an instructor of experience and executive ability of Boston. The author was editor of the American School of Thomas Jefferson; "Old Williamsburg in Virginia," "Duck Raising for Profit," "Floating Downstream in a Canoe," and "Butterflies and Moths," are comprehensive articles, and the entertaining narratives are supplemented with a profusion of beautiful illustrations.

Out West for June contains Charles F. Lummis's "The Right Hand of the Continent," an illustrated article concerning California, which is reprinted from Harper's Magazine. Elizabeth Grinnell describes "Child Birds in Our Gardens." "Two Days at Mesa Grande" is a study

of Mr. Hickox's own opinion is that the extended list of "Words of Different Meanings Similarly Pronounced" may be so regarded.

The handbook is a wise investment and an excellent study in business ethics.

*The Correspondents' Manual. A Praxis for Stenographers, Typewriter Operators and Clerks.* By William E. Hickox. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, 50 cents.]

## Every-day Experience.

This book consists of a variety of humorous poems on commonplace themes. "My Family Tree" and "When Papa Learns to Sew" are representative specimens of the humorous type.

*Songs Not Set to Music.* By Kate Mills Fargo. The Abbey Press. Price, \$1.]

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## The Bonny Blue Flag.

Poems of the South have been collected from old southern papers and placed in this memorial.

*War Poems.* By Helen Pleasant McDonald. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, \$1.]

## ECONOMICS.

*Dynamic Element in Finance.*

"The farmer's boy reading his almanac frames a concept of periodicity," says the author of this work, "if he has not already derived the notion from his own experience. In the almanac he finds the lunar period, the period of the tides and the period of the temperature. The almanac maker, however, has carried the notion beyond the hazy stages of common experience to the stage of statistical measurement, and finally has derived tables so accurate as to admit of prediction. Why this should not become eventually possible in economics has never yet been clearly shown. Such a result, however, can come only through the statistical half of economics. It should be remembered that time in itself has no causal connection with periodic movements in economic statistics, inasmuch as time is not a force. The causes of periodicity lie in the economic forces at work, but without knowing the forces—if sufficient periodicity exists—we may be able to derive the period as men predict the time of high and low tide before understanding the dynamical theory of tides." This is the assertion of the author of "Statistical Studies in the New York Money Market," preceded by a brief analysis under the theory of money and credit, with statistical tables, diagrams and a folding chart, which has been issued by the department of the social sciences of Yale University. The author of the erudite work is John Pease Norton, Ph.D.

The chapters are divided into a "Brief Analysis Under the Theory of Money and Credit," "Statistical Studies in the New York Money Market," "The Statistics of the New York Associated Banks," "The Growth Element," "Periodicity in the Loan Deviations," "Correlation Between the Call Discount Rate and the Rates of Reserves to Deposits," "Correlation Between the Call Discount Rate and the Percentage Deviations of the Total Reserves," "Correlation Between the Reserve and Loan Periods."

The author quotes the sarcasm of Bernard Moses: "We have plenty of statisticians, but no statistics," and says the reverse is perhaps nearer the truth. He considers that there is an abundance of excellent statistics, but a narrow dispersion of statistical method as it exists in other branches of science. "To make light of our statistics," he states, "is to cut huge lumps from beneath the ground work of economic science. Theory and statistics are the two legs of economic science."

The author states that "the peculiar likeness of panic to panic and crisis to crisis even during the few years covered by this study suggests a very careful gathering of facts on an extensive scale."

The aim of the work is largely to increase foresight in business, and a few instances of high correlations among economic phenomena have been presented. In the writer's own words, "The phenomena of economics lend themselves far more readily to the possibility of prediction than do the phenomena of meteorology."

"Such prediction, however, can only come through the finer methods of statistical analysis, and through concerted action in the assembling of facts." The beautifully-prepared map and charts showing the movements of the weekly averages of total reserves, are an interesting study, which repeat the author's statement that "tides, time of sunset, eclipses, all may be predicted for months or years. Time in economics is of no less interest in the business world."

In the study of correlation the methods of Karl Pearson are said to have been of great use. The book has been undertaken in the wish to apply the mathematical methods of interpolation and correlation to the financial statistics of discount rates and banking items, as published weekly by the financial journals. While the technical character of the work forbids extensive quotation, the student of economics will find its pages of fascinating interest.

*Statistical Studies in the New York Money Market.* By John Pease Norton, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

*Country Life in America* for June is an enlarged number, dealing with timely pursuits and things of summer and the outdoor world. "Monticello, Country Seat of Thomas Jefferson;" "Old Williamsburg in Virginia," "Duck Raising for Profit," "Floating Downstream in a Canoe," and "Butterflies and Moths," are comprehensive articles, and the entertaining narratives are supplemented with a profusion of beautiful illustrations.

*Out West* for June contains Charles F. Lummis's "The Right Hand of the Continent," an illustrated article concerning California, which is reprinted from Harper's Magazine. Elizabeth Grinnell describes "Child Birds in Our Gardens." "Two Days at Mesa Grande" is a study

of great interest. The sketch of the Big Tableland is a continuation of "The Exiles of Cupa," published in the last number, and is written by the editor. Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes describes "Lace Making by Indian Women." The work of the Sequoia League, and the translation of the "Dairy of Juniper Serra" combine with other timely and typical features to make the magazine of representative interest.

*Literary Life* for June contains a series of "Pertinent Personalities," and sketches concerning literature and recent publications. D. H. M. furnishes an appreciation of Andrew E. Watrous, editorial chief of the New York Press.

In the *Century's* group of papers on city and village esthetic improvement, Sylvester Baxter contributes to the June *Century* an illustrated paper called "A Great Civic Awakening in America," recounting what is being done by American societies organized to create and preserve beauty in public places. The record of achievement in this direction by one association alone, the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, is said to be a surprising one, calculated to stir the reader's pride and public spirit. A unique gift to a community is cited in that of Moses Richardson, a Boston merchant, who presented an inn to his native town of Templeton, Mass.

The title of "Current Encyclopedia" will be changed to "The World Today." The publication is now in its twelfth number. The plan of arrangement of "The World Today" is different from every other magazine published. The articles are arranged alphabetically, and the cumulative index in the back of every issue makes it very convenient for reference. The publication has met with a remarkable success.

In the *International Monthly* for June, Rabbi Gustav Gottheil describes the "True Nature of Anti-Semitism." August Forel concludes his sketch on "The Social Life of Ants;" Prof. Charles Diehl, of the University of Paris, in a learned historical essay, tells of "The Byzantine Empire and the Crusades."

*Collier's Weekly* for June 7 contains photographs of annihilated St. Pierre, with text; William J. Bryan's "The Birth of a New Republic," and Paul Leicester Ford's "A Checked Love Affair."

*Harper's Weekly* for June 7 contains a sketch of "American Women Who Will Witness the Coronation," and gives some interesting details of the catastrophe at Martinique, with a series of illustrations.

"The Press as Educator and Miseducator," by Henry W. Wilbur, is the theme of the Lecture Bulletin, Institute of Social Economics, for June.

*Gunton's Magazine* for June contains an article by Sixto Lopez, on "Do the Filipinos Desire American Rule?" "Warning from the Census," "The New Cuban Republic," and other varied articles are in the contents.

The *Designer* for July deals with "Fashions and Fabrics," and contains brightly-illustrated views of new toilettes, in which "Midsummer Millinery" receives due attention.

*Meehan's Monthly* comes with its usual themes of interest, concerning gardening and wild flowers. The June issue contains bright illustrations and timely suggestions for the care of flowers and forms of vegetable life.

"My Vacation Garden," by E. P. Powell, and "The Cañon of the Colorado," are leading articles of the *Independent* for June.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

"The Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors," in 800 pages, each with numerous portraits, and edited by Charles Wells Moulton, is announced by the Moulton Publishing Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

"In My Vicarage and Elsewhere," by Rev. Canon Ella Combe, is among the new volumes of John Lane, New York.

Rand & McNally's "Pocket Map of California" is an indexed county and railroad pocket map, and shipper's guide. The population is given according to the 1900 official census.

The *Salfeld Publishing Company* (Ohio) announce "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Murat Halstead.

The *American Gentleman's Library of Standard Authors* is the name Little, Brown & Co., the Boston publishers, give their list of limited subscription editions of such writers as Francis Parkman, Charles Lever, Alexandre Dumas, Capt. Marryat, Samuel Lover, William Makepeace Thackeray, Daniel Webster, Edmund Burke, Lord Lytton, Alphonse Daudet, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Macaulay. This library comprises nearly 300 volumes, and a handsome illustrated descriptive booklet has been prepared, a copy of which will be sent on application.

notable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on all. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

(The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.)

#### What Water Does.

**A** STRIKING evidence of the transformation that may be accomplished by the aid of water, in Southern California, is to be seen in the San Jacinto Valley. The traveler, after leaving Riverside, runs through a somewhat dilapidated and backward stretch of country—with exception of the flourishing settlement of Ethanac, where verdant alfalfa fields greet the eye, the result of irrigation from wells—until he arrives at Hemet, seventeen miles beyond Perris, in the shadow of Mount San Jacinto. Here the traveler, who visits this section for the first time, will be surprised to find a thrifty, handsome and attractive colony of pretty rural homes, surrounded by flourishing orchards of deciduous and citrus fruit and alfalfa fields, where ten years ago was only an arid stretch of sage brush and cactus.

The neat manner in which the trees are trimmed, and the profusion of shade trees along the sides of the roads, remind one strikingly of Redlands and Riverside. One thing that will strike the observant visitor is the remarkable freedom of the trees from any trace of scale. This is true even of the pepper, the olive and the oleander, which are specially liable to scale. The olive trees, especially, with their bright silvery foliage, look as if they had been scrubbed with soap and water. Just now, they are profusely covered with blossom.

The lands of the Hemet Land Company include about nine thousand acres, almost all level, with just enough slope to favor irrigation. The lands are divided into blocks of forty acres each, with named streets on all sides. These blocks are further divided into lots, containing ten or five acres. The soil is composed of disintegrated granite and decayed vegetable matter, forming a loam hundreds of feet in depth. Owing to the advantage of abundant sunshine and dry air, the valley has been found particularly adapted to the growing and sun-drying of deciduous fruits. Among the fruits most largely raised are apricots, peaches and pears. Several years ago the writer tasted some of these dried Hemet pears, and they were certainly superior to anything he had previously sampled, being, in fact, like crystallized fruit. Samples of the Hemet fruit may be seen at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. The Bartlett pear sometimes reaches a weight of one and a half pounds at Hemet, and it is common for them to weigh a pound apiece.

During the years when the olive proved a comparative failure elsewhere, it was successfully raised at Hemet. It is now believed by many that it is the presence of black scale on the olive which interfered with their bearing. As stated, the olive trees at Hemet are absolutely free of scale. The Hemet olives are pickled when perfectly ripe, and it need scarcely be said that no aniline dyes, or other objectionable compounds, are added to them.

A considerable area is planted to oranges, and the trees look healthy. The shipments of oranges from Hemet, during the season of 1900-1901, amounted to about twenty cars. It is expected that the growing of citrus fruits will become more general in the valley during the next few years.

Alfalfa yields enormous crops, being cut from six to seven times each season, and yielding from one and a half to two and a half tons per acre at each cutting, or a total of from eight to twelve tons of hay per acre, besides furnishing excellent pasture during the winter time. Two creameries supply a constant market for all milk produced in the valley, and large quantities of butter and cheese are made. Hemet-Burbank potatoes rank high in the markets of Southern California, commanding from 25 to 50 cents per sack more than others, so that they may be profitably shipped to distant points. Experiments have been made with sugar beets, which show that the valley is well adapted to their culture, and the building of a sugar factory is under consideration.

The secret of this phenomenal development lies in the magnificent water system which supplies the lands of the Hemet company. It was in 1890 when the Lake Hemet Water Company began the construction of the great Hemet dam, across the south fork of the San Jacinto River, at a point about forty-four hundred feet above sea level, and 2800 feet above the town of Hemet.

This dam is the largest piece of solid masonry in the West, with the possible exception of the dam recently completed in the Pecos Valley, of New Mexico. The dam was completed in 1895. It is 250 feet long, 100 feet thick at the base, and 122½ feet high, or about the height of an ordinary ten-story sky-scraper building. A wide valley extends from the dam several miles back into the mountains, forming the bed of what is now Lake Hemet, the source of the water supply for the town and the valley below.

In addition to the ample supply afforded by this great reservoir, the company has a partially-developed artesian belt near the head of a lake that of itself is said to be capable of supplying enough water for the whole tract. Nineteen wells have been sunk here, and have yielded by actual test over one hundred inches of water. Only a small part of the belt has been developed. Such a supply of artesian water, at an elevation of over forty-four hundred feet, is considered remarkable. In addition to these sources, the company has recently se-

cured the control of the watershed of the entire western slopes of the San Jacinto Mountains, has begun the construction of new reservoirs of large capacity, and has put in substantial diverting dams at several points along the other forks of the San Jacinto River. This will supply an immense surplus of water for the irrigation of some fine orange lands recently added to the company's tract.

Each purchaser of land in the Hemet tract has a contract calling for domestic and irrigation water. The water for irrigation costs \$2 per acre per annum. Each acre under the contract is entitled to one-eighth of a miner's inch of water, continuous flow, during the irrigation season, which lasts from April 15 to November 15. For orange culture or alfalfa growing, extra water in any quantity is furnished at 10 cents per inch.

The town of Hemet is a neat little place. No attempt has been made to boom the center of population, at the expense of the surrounding country. There is a comfortable modern hotel, standing in attractive grounds, several schools and churches, and large flour mills, which turn out from fifty to seventy-five barrels of first-class flour daily; also a broom factory, which supplies a large part of the brooms used in Southern California. The Hemet Deciduous Fruit Association has a large drying establishment at Hemet, and during the fruit drying season, from July 1 to November 1, from twenty-five to one hundred people are employed in handling the fruit of the valley.

With such a magnificent water supply, it is inevitable that the San Jacinto Valley will, before many years, be a second Riverside. Great, indeed, is the power of water in Southern California, for only by means of it can the desert be made to "blossom as the rose."

#### A Gas Well.

**A** BOUT seventeen miles southeast of Los Angeles, and about two miles south of Whittier, is a remarkable well, of which a brief description was published in this department some time ago. It was bored about three years ago, for water, which was found at a depth of about two hundred feet, in uncontrollable volume, coming up with such force that the drillers were compelled to shut it off. In the effort to get a better or more manageable stream, by sinking deeper, a powerful flow of natural gas was struck, which prevented further work on the well, at the time. The gas was ignited, and has been burning ever since, forming a conspicuous beacon, lighting up the country for miles around. An expert in gas engineering estimated, not long ago, that \$30,000 worth of gas was wasted there every day. The gas was encountered at about two hundred and fifty feet.

A second well is now being bored, within a few feet of the gas well, by the proprietor, Marcus Meyer, who hopes to get a water supply which can be more conveniently handled. He believes that for domestic use, on his ranch, water is more valuable than gas, but the value of the gas, if it was in this city, can hardly be overestimated.

The flame of gas when first struck, was the full size of the pipe—about eight inches—but it has since been confined to an inch and a half pipe, carried to the top of the derrick, seventy feet in height. The flame is several feet in length, betokening great force, and can be seen at night for a distance of more than thirty miles.

#### Tulare County Oranges.

**O**NE of the sections north of the Tehachapi, where they can undoubtedly grow good oranges on a commercial scale, is that along the foothills of Tulare county. Orange culture there is no longer an experiment. It is about ten years ago since Porterville, in Tulare county, took the first prize in a citrus fair in Los Angeles for seedlings. However, in considering this fact, it should be remembered that Tulare county is not very far north of the Tehachapi. On the other hand, Butte county, which probably holds the first rank in the "northern citrus belt," is quite a long way from Southern California. The Visalia Times recently had the following to say in regard to the development of orange culture in Tulare county:

"Walter Shippey, of the Earl Fruit Company, has lately compiled some statistics relative to the citrus fruit industry in Tulare county that are interesting, as they show the extent to which the country is being planted to oranges and lemons. His figures show that there are now 5455 acres in citrus fruits planted, of which 2000 acres are in bearing, and from which about 900 car-loads were shipped last season. The net profits averaged about \$350 per car, which makes a total of \$315,000 for the citrus crop the past season. This averages about \$157 per acre for the entire acreage in bearing.

"Of the total acreage planted of all ages, 4100 acres are in navelins, 175 are seedlings, 150 acres are Valencia Lates, 950 acres are lemons, and about 75 acres are in tangerines, grape fruit, etc. The acreage is distributed through the thermal belt as follows: Porterville, 1550 acres; Lindsay, 1800 acres; Exeter, 1080 acres; Lemon Cove, 600 acres; Antelope Heights, 350 acres; Antelope Valley, 50 acres; and Orosi, 15 acres. Seven hundred and fifty acres are being planted this season.

"It will probably be found that this estimate is much too low, as several months remain in which citrus land may be secured in time for planting.

The estimated yield for next year is given by Mr. Shippey as 1300 carloads, while five years from now he thinks there will easily be from 3500 to 4000 cars shipped. This will mean returns next year of \$455,000, while five years from now we will be receiving from this source somewhere between \$1,225,000, and \$1,400,000. This is certainly a good showing for the citrus belt in Tulare county.

"An important thing to remember in connection with the citrus industry of Tulare county is that the price

of land is still low. The best land will be purchased for \$100 per acre. Of the 100 acres counted for by Mr. Shippey the past season were shipped out by December 19, which demonstrates the question that we have the earliest season in for citrus fruits. We get our oranges on the market for giving and Christmas markets in the East, when demand is greatest and the prices are the best."

#### Arizona Placer Mining.

**I**T IS well known to those who have lived in the West that there are valuable and promising placers in various portions of that Territory. In most cases they are away from water, and have only been worked after a desultory fashion by Americans, with their wooden bowls, or "baskets," occasionally by Americans with dry washers, which prove successful and otherwise not.

One of these deposits is located in the northern part of the Territory, beyond Quijotoa, not in Mexican line. It was worked many years ago by Mexicans and Indians, who would pack the gravel a long distance to water, and there wash it. The short-lived Quijotoa boom, of eighteen months, some excitement was aroused over this deposit. Number of claims were recorded at Tucson, but bursting of the Quijotoa bubble interest has ceased.

Another similar deposit of placer gold is located in Cochise county, at the base of the Chiricahua mountains. Here, it is said that capital, including from Los Angeles, is about to undertake work. The following is from Los Angeles Finance:

"What promises to be one of the richest mining areas in the Southwest is in the initial stage of exploitation. This area lies in Cochise county, at the base of the Chiricahua range of mountains, near the town of Dos Cabezas, being about ten miles south of that place, has led to the name Dos Cabezas placer field. A coarse, high-grade gold is found in abundant quantity.

"The tests thus far made have yielded very promising results. One test of the ground resulted in a recovery of gold in the proportion of \$3 to the dollar, and another test showed \$6. It is said that the Mexicans not long since shipped \$1400 worth, which represented one week's work, and no work, either. The tests mentioned and others may not have run so high, although they are handsomely taken in connection with the achievement by the easy-going Mexicans, with a very effective method, established by the fact that the field is rich and will bear intelligent working with modern methods. According to returns from the mint at San Francisco, the gold obtained runs over one ounce.

"Both California and eastern capitalists are interested in the field and its development in every way is assured. It will be interesting to know that one of the chief factors in this will be a corporation, the International Development Company, capitalized for \$1,500,000, composed entirely of Los Angeles people. The officers of this company are as follows: Fred E. Dent; F. S. Gordon, vice-president; James J. Treasuror; F. K. Rule, Jr., secretary; Dr. J. F. R. Cunningham and T. T. Loy. The 520 acres in the field.

"The work thus far done has been with the International Development Company, but the International Development Company, using the Carter rotary dry washer, which is a very good article, has been convinced, as the result of satisfactory experiments, that 98 per cent. of the coarse gold of the field is through it.

"Among others who have become interested in the Southwestern Miners' Association; Dr. W. A. Hendryx, J. Irving Crowell, S. C. the Leonard-Freefield Co., all of Los Angeles; Gilber, and J. G. Jacobs, of Salt Lake City; Atkins, of Boston, and Guy W. Lee of Chicago, whose property adjoins that of the International Company, has six men at work and his development of the ground to be far better than he expected.

"Philadelphia capitalists are also becoming interested in the Territory, having sent out P. McNamee, known mining expert, to inspect it for them. Namara characterizes it as the richest place the largest in extent that he has ever seen."

#### Briquette Plant.

**T**HE new briquette plant at Gallop, New Mexico, just started up. The Santa Fé New Mexico

"The new briquette plant, located at Gallop, New Mexico, will be started up this week. The plant is experimental one, the object being to make use of coal dust that has heretofore been an entire waste by mixing it with other ingredients by a special process, making the product a very good article for fuel. If the experiment is a success, it will be of world-wide importance, as millions of tons of this coal dirt are now worthless at present."

#### Arizona Towns.

**T**UCSON is at present the largest town in Arizona. Prescott hopes soon to occupy that position. Prescott Miner says:

"Tucson is the largest town in Arizona at the present time, having a population of 12,000, and of that 2477 are children. Inside of five years Tucson, in the prosperity evident in this section of the country, indicates that we are just entering on the period of great prosperity that will cap the climax of Arizona's rating."

## WAYS OF WOMEN

By a Woman

designs for Painted Mouselines.

R. S. LOS ANGELES, writes me an elaborate design for a dinner gown, and a wrap to

A beautiful one would be to have a white mouseline—that soft, flowing fabric, with a full bottom flounce, at least three inches, enchantingly painted, and draped in two rows crosswise. The mouseline, one forming the head and shoulders, the other the skirt, is to be worn with a white mouseline sash.

A beautiful one would be to have a white mouseline—soft chantilly tabs fall down on the skirt have inset with long lines of vines painted in between, and lace and lace on lower part of back. The sash is a wide lace, with a large bow at the waist, and a narrow mouseline sash. The sash is worn most effectively a sleeveless, point, loose, three-quarter length, and exquisite in design. The effect

of the painted mouselines stands as the acme of an exclusive elegance.

As the painted mouselines stand in the genre of gowns, for both elegance and comfort, going to give you another model as a very effective one would be of white mouseline, the skirt cut so as to allow two shaped flounces, having the bottom edge of the tunie, b

lace. One on the front and two on the back, with painted long sprays of roses, exquisitely painted to perfection, the roses va

## GARDEN PARTY

Best shades of pink. The low-necked blouse on the back with beautiful insets on the short puff sleeves just a recurrence of the rose vine. Stunners over a white accordion-pleated blouse, with either of these a pink satin colonial ties, and pink lace. Speaking of house, there is little left to the imagination. One of the smart shops on Regent Street, Regent Street, has some coronation hose, which is exquisite. One design which is very good is a white silk, of white silk, the front worked in a floral pattern, surrounding a monogram of silver thread. Another pattern, while nothing could be

[June 15, 1902]

June 15, 1902.]

hwest.

low. The best land with water for \$100 per acre. Of the 300 acres Mr. Shippey the past season, on December 19, which demonstrates we have the earliest season in California. We get our oranges on the Christmas markets in the East, when the prices are the best."

Mining.

own to those who have lived in the valuable and promising deposits various portions of that territory, they are away from water, and there worked after a desultory fashion in wooden bowls, or "bateas," Americans with dry washers, which is successful and otherwise not. Deposits are located in the southern territory, beyond Quijotoa, not far from where was worked many years ago in the mountains, who would pack the gravel away to water, and there wash it. The Quijotoa boom, of eighteen years ago, was aroused over this deposit, as were recorded at Tucson, but with Quijotoa bubble interest in the

small deposit of placer gold is found at the base of the Chiricahua range. It is said that capital, including men, is about to undertake development. The following is from Los Angeles:

"To be one of the richest gold fields southwest is in the initial stages of development. The area lies in Cochise county, Arizona, in the Chiricahua range of mountains; in the town of Dos Cabezas, being about 10,000 feet above sea level. This place, has led to its designation as a placer field. A coarse, high-grade gold has been yielded very gradually, and the ground resulted in the proportion of \$3 to the cubic foot, showed \$6. It is said that a party has since shipped \$1400 worth of gold in one week's work, and not very far from the tests mentioned and others are so high, although they should be in connection with the day-going Mexicans, with the implements, establish beyond question that the gold is rich and will handily be won with modern methods and tools. Returns from the United States, the gold obtained runs

"and eastern capitalists have heard and its development in an area will be interesting to Americans. The chief factors in this development, the International Development for \$1,500,000, composed almost entirely of people. The officers and directors are as follows: Fred K. Ruth, president; James M. Steele, vice-president; James M. Steele, Jr., secretary; Dr. Joseph Steele, and T. T. Loy. The company has been with the International Development Company, a dry washer, which has had satisfactory experience in the coarse gold of this area."

"We have become interested in Col. Thomas Ewing, president of the Santa Fe New Mexico Mining Association; M. W. Irving Crowell, S. C. French Co., all of Los Angeles; C. G. Lee of Salt Lake City; C. G. Lee of Chicago. Mr. Ewing is that of the International Development better than he expected. Capitalists are also becoming interested, sent out P. McNamee, to inspect it for them, as it is the richest place found that he has ever seen."

"A plant at Gallup, N. M., the Santa Fe New Mexico Mining Association, located at Gallup, New Mexico, is being put up this week. The plant is the object being to make use of what has before been an entire waste of this waste into small articles of great ingredients by a special process. It will be of world-wide benefit, as this coal dirt are lying in great masses all over the world, present

"the largest town in Arizona, and to occupy that position. The town in Arizona at the present time of 12,000, and of that number of five years Prescott and the surrounding or border towns in this section at the present time are just entering an era of

"the climax of Arizona to come."

## WAYS OF WOMEN.

By a Woman.

Designs for Painted Mouselines.

A. R. S., LOS ANGELES, writes: "Will you give me an elaborate design for a handsome ball and dinner gown, and a wrap to be worn with the same?"

A beautiful one would be to have the skirt foundation of white mouseline—that soft, creamy white—and have a full bottom flounce, at least twenty inches wide, gathered on. On this flounce have a riot of glorious roses, enchantingly painted, and drape the skirt above the flounce, in two rows crosswise, with two scarfs of mouseline, one forming the heading to the flounce. Hold each scarf in place, by using at intervals, simulated buttons of pink brocade, and from each button let two short chenille tabs fall down on the flounce. The top of skirt have inset with long lines of chenille, with roses painted in between, and repeat these painted roses and lace on lower part of bodice, finishing with a décolleté empêtement of the same lace. The elbow sleeves of gauzy lace, finished with two wide lace flounces, and caught, each one, by a brocade buckle at the bend of the elbow, while the waist should be finished by a narrow mouseline sash. With this gown could be worn most effectively a sleeveless coat of Venetian point, loose, three-quarter length, being faultless in lines and exquisite in design. The effect of this coat, in addition, would be as beautiful as it is très grande mode, the acom of an exclusive elegance.

As the painted mouselines stand first among the ultra-moderns of gowns, for both elegance and beauty, I am going to give you another model along these same lines. A very effective one would be of white mouseline, having the skirt cut so as to allow the tunic to fall well over two shaped flounces, having each flounce, as well as the bottom edge of the tunic, bordered with Alençon lace. One on the front and two on the back have painted long sprays of roses, carelessly thrown, but painted to perfection, the roses varying in all the love-

fined than the black stocking embroidered in white and gold.

## Revival of Lace Jackets.

M. E., REDLANDS, writes: "I have an old lace jacket, such as was worn thirty years ago, and wonder if it could be used in any way by a young woman of 20. The jacket falls a little below the waist, and the sleeves I fear are hopeless, as they are tight-fitting, but long. I shall be grateful for suggestions, many of which I have already gathered, from answers given to others through these columns."

As lace is simply running riot these days from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet, it behooves anyone who is the happy possessor of the old lace coat of years ago, to bring it out while the fashion lasts. As in these days sleeves alone are such works of beauty, I do not wonder that you despair when you look at your small ones, but you can get an all-over gauzy lace, that

sleeves, with chiffon plissé undersleeves. This worn with your white cloth skirt would be charming for teas, or luncheons, with a smart lot. Or, if you have not enough Irish point to make the coat I have pictured, you could have one in a white ground brocade, with chiné flowers, having a collar and appliqués of heavy white lace, or of embroidered batiste, which would look equally as smart with your cloth skirt. In that case, I would have a sleeveless jacket, made of the Irish point, cut shorter than the first model, and left open in front, which would be perfectly delightful worn with light fluffy gowns, at a casino dinner, or any dressy afternoon function.

## Gibson Waist of Ivory White.

K. J. F., POMONA, writes: "Would you make an illustration for a Gibson waist of Ivory White?"

I will give you an illustration on this page of a waist combined with Russian lace, made after the Gibson model which would prove most attractive and dainty, for satin surah has much of the glimmer of Liberty satin. This bodice fastens at the left side, over the edge of the lace vest, and the top of the loose sleeves are held down to the arm by narrow tucks, each tuck having a double row of stitching, the same double stitching appearing on each tuck of the waist.

## A Recipe for the Chafing Dish.

A. G., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I have read with much interest your chafing dish recipes, and wonder if you can give me some way of fixing cold meats; also a frozen course for a luncheon."

Mince any cold meat very fine, until you have enough to make two cups full; add a cup of milk, one raw egg, pepper and salt, and a heaping teaspoon of baking powder; it will then be the consistency of thick batter. Fry in butter as you do griddle cakes, turning as each side browns. The addition of a little lemon juice and paprika improves them.

A delightful frozen affair is what is called Coupé Jacques, which is a combination of fresh and preserved fruits, and lemon ice, with sometimes the addition of a liquor. A champagne glass is half filled with bits of banana, pineapple and orange; this is covered with lemon ice, and ornamented with Maraschino cherries, and a spray of mint; also a spoonful of Maraschino cordial. You can thoroughly rely on both of these recipes, and will be delighted with their results.

## Garden Party Dress.

M. S. L., RIVERSIDE, asks: "Will you give me a design for a garden party dress, something transparent preferred?"

Nothing is more effective or better style these days than point d'esprit, which would be stunning with the skirt tucked around, in wide tucks having spaces the same width between the tucks, and a trimming of bands of black and white embroidery done on the material. One of these bands, quite wide, shapes the hip yoke, and another forms the heading of the flounce. The yoke of the tucked bodice, which fastens in the back, is made on the same idea as the skirt, with a band of all black lace let in the flounces of the sleeves, and edge of the scarf knotted at the left. Wide and narrow black velvet ribbon, showing tiny steel buckles, are used for further garniture, the effect of which you will get from the cut on this page. The transparent skirt should be made separate from the lining of silk, which should have a plissé flounce on the bottom. The latest fad is to leave the sleeves transparent, showing the arm through. A flat shepherdess hat of crimped white gauze, trimmed with tiny white roses and a parasol of black and white would be most charming with this gown, and the whole prove intensely attractive. D. R. MONTGOMERY.

## WHEN MAN LOOKS FOOLISH.

## INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED AT VARIOUS WEDDINGS TOLD AGAINST THE BRIDEGROOM.

[New York Sun:] "Well, the bride has at least one companion. Her husband can't possibly be a greater fool than he looked while the ceremony was being performed." Thus spoke a young woman to a Chicago Chronicle reporter on emerging from a church where a couple of her friends had just been made one. "But, then, I don't really think he looked more silly than the average man does under similar trying circumstances, and I have never been able to see just why this is so. The brides are generally a bit flustered, of course, and sometimes tearful, but they are usually calmness personified compared with the party of the second part."

"Not long ago I had quite a long chat with the pastor of our church on this subject. You know, Dr. Fourthly is quite an old man and has married quantities of people, so his knowledge of the matter is intimate. He told me that in his experience it was nearly always the man who showed extreme nervousness, the bride being usually quite cool. For instance, one man insisted on drawing out his watch every few moments until the girl took it out of his hand. Another had a cigar in his vest pocket and kept reaching for it until the close of the ceremony. And when it comes to handing over the fee at such times the men seem to go to pieces altogether. The doctor once held out his hand for the ring and the bridegroom put a \$20 gold piece in it. This surprised the clergyman so that he dropped it on the floor, where it rattled and rolled about in the most embarrassing fashion."

"I've been to a good many weddings, but I never yet saw a bride flustered in that way. In some cases they worry for fear that something may be bungled. Once I saw a poor girl picking her wedding bouquet to pieces in her nervousness, but fortunately she never realized what she was doing. But with all her excitement, she was ever so much more self-possessed in appearance than the groom. And Nell, whom we have just seen changing her name—look how cool she seemed. By the way, I think that was a lovely dress she wore. Don't you?"



GARDEN PARTY DRESS.



GIBSON WAIST OF IVORY WHITE.

will go very nicely with your other, and after it is plissé will hardly show the difference in design. Form flowing sleeves of the plissé lace, using the old ones as a tight undersleeve, and add length to your jacket by a plissé flounce, fastening it underneath so that the short tail of jacket will be held out, and finish around the waist by a bias folded belt of black panne, held out wide in the back by a handsome pearl buckle. Have the same plissé lace to form a drooping pony vest, and finish around the neck by a transparent lace band, run with narrow black velvet ribbon, as also a row of tiny black velvet buttons on either side of jacket to fasten the vest, not forgetting the same row of buttons on each sleeve, from elbow down. I am sure when it is finished you will not recognize the hopeless—as you supposed—garment of a few days before. This jacket could be lined with white if one wishes, but would be prettier if left transparent, as then it would conform beautifully into all the soft lines and movements of the body. This still being the case, if you mount it over a lining of a single thickness of chiffon. The style of low-necked and sleeveless underbodices of silk, in dainty colors, is being revived, as they were always charmingly dainty, with inlets and frills of fine lace, and always seemed to enhance the beauty of any transparent bodice.

Black and White Checks.

C. M. L., RIVERSIDE, writes: "Are black and white checks used again? What style of gown would you advise of them, and is white good style this season?"

The old-fashioned black and white checked materials, have had a decided revival, whether in wool, cotton, or silk, and Dame Modish has come to the opinion that they fill a place otherwise left vacant. In cottons they make most fetching morning gowns, while in silk, they are designed after the same models, as the black taffetas and prove most desirable for an all-round costume. On the Riviera, where the summer fashions are always launched, the majority of the ladies were dressed in white, or white set off with black motifs, or black with a sprig of white to relieve it. In short, all white, or black and white is la suprême élégance, so we see that though the combination has been used a long time, yet it is still to the fore, and nothing more used than it, and all white as well.

Irish Point and White Cloth Skirt.

A. R. W., REDLANDS, writes: "I have a handsome white cloth skirt which I wish to use this summer if you can give me idea for a waist; also quite a bit of Irish point. Would you use the lace for a waist and some on the skirt to have them correspond?"

I should put all my Irish point into a jacket, which is among this season's novelties, and these jackets are considered very smart, for that genre of dress. They are made on the loose, three-quarter length, of last winter's silk ones, with sometimes a certain part of the pattern of the lace filled in with French knots, in black. A full plissé vest of white chiffon, with either a wide square collar of lace or chiffon, with plissé ruffles of the same, finished around the neck with wide, transparent collar band. Use the Irish point in bell-shaped



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## HOUSEHOLD OF TWO ROBINS.

## FROM HOME BUILDING TO INDEPENDENCE SIX WEEKS—WHAT A HUMAN FAMILY SAW.

[New York Sun:] While April was yet young a pair of robins, bent on housekeeping, chose as the site of their home a spot just beneath the eaves of a suburban cottage. Their choice of this particular spot spoke ill for the intelligence of the pair, for they built the nest on top of a shutter which was held back against the wall of the house by a temporary stay, and might at any moment be swung round so as to bring down the nest. When what the robins had done came to the knowledge of the household, orders were given that on no account should the shutter be moved, and the new housekeeping arrangements went on undisturbed.

The nest, which looked from the ground like a rudely-shaped mass of sticks and dry grasses, was neatly lined within, and deep enough to insure the safety of the coming small occupants. Looking upward from the window the human inhabitants within the house could see the little robin wife on her nest; that is, could see her head and tail as they projected beyond her tiny habitation. Precarious as the perch seemed, the spot was perfectly defended against rain and the attacks of enemies. The taller children of the human household, by shaking on the broad stone windowsill could peep into the nest.

By the 29th of April there were two blue eggs in it, and a few days later there were four. The robins were about much of the time, so that the children were able to watch the progress of the prospective family without seriously disturbing the birds.

On the 4th of May there were three tiny young birds in the nest, blind, bare little creatures, nothing more than wide-mouthed digestive sacs. Whenever anyone looked into the nest these yellow mouths were opened their widest to receive the expected worm. A day later the fourth little bird had broken the shell, and the parents were busy bringing worms to keep filled those seemingly insatiable maws.

Oddly enough the parents showed little or no distress when the nest was visited by their human neighbors. Long association with men had made them trustful of their good intentions. Everybody took care, however, to avoid the nest when either parent was actually upon it.

In a few days the naked birdlings began to be covered with coarse bluish pin feathers, and in a little while with their astonishingly-rapid growth, the nest was full to overflowing. Much of the time an observer from the ground could see two or three yellow bills thrust up beyond the side of the nest.

In the middle of May one of the human neighbors was horrified to see a little bird apparently fall from the nest. The observer attempted to rescue the little bird from seeming danger, but the next moment all the fledglings came fluttering down, and it was plain that this was the first attempt at flight. Father Robin sat on the apple tree in a passion of excitement, calling wildly to his young, while Mother Robin hopped back and forth on the tulip tree hard by, vociferating instructions.

From time to time during the day the parent birds were seen skimming the ground in low flight by way of instruction to the young. At night the fledglings were found in some way to have got back into the nest. Next day they were out again, and by the third day the nest was definitely abandoned.

The stupid youngsters were seen about the lawns, chirping in alarm at the approach of every human being, and betaking themselves to heavy, uncertain flight when the danger seemed imminent. They were fully fledged, so far as outward show could indicate, save that their tails were ridiculously short. The short tails and round, fluffy bodies led a sagacious young person to remark their resemblance to small owls. The parents still fed the little ones, and watched over them day and night.

Thus in less than six weeks from the building of the nest, the young were hatched, fledged, taught the rudiments of flight, and set upon the highroad to independence. Before the summer is over only a close observer will be able to distinguish them from their parents. The difference in size between old and young will hardly be noticed, and only a person acquainted with the characteristic markings of the young robin will be struck by the resemblance of parents and children in the matter of plumage.

## CANNIBALISM IN NEW GUINEA.

## WHY SAVAGES ARE SO FOND OF THE FLESH OF MAN.

[Editor of New Guinea, in London Express:] That cannibalism is still practiced in British New Guinea after over thirteen years of sovereignty is no reflection on the Lieutenant-Governor and his magistrates. With an area of 50,000 square miles on the mainland and 300 islands in proximity, and a force of 150 Papuan police, it is wonderful that it is limited to so few districts. It is safe to prophesy that in five years' time it will be unknown within this portion of the empire.

It was just four years ago since I was first brought face to face with this gruesome practice. Scene, the north-east coast, 150 miles away from any government station—a district where we Church of England missionaries were the first to live among the natives.

In front of us a native grass hut with the skull and other bones of a victim of a cannibal feast hung up as trophies over the door, and the "consumer" justifying his action in the limited vocabulary that we possessed in common. He was a big-framed man, with nothing but a piece of cloth round his loins, a garment hammered out of the bark of the paper mulberry tree. He had a portentously big mouth, and he showed this in his full extent with a splendidly sound set of teeth. He was streaked his galoot up and down with one

hand, as with the other he pointed to the remains of his vanquished foe hanging over the door of his hut. "The government say it's wrong, and the missionaries say it's wrong, but it is very good!" This was his plea for cannibalism. He knows better now, does my village friend. Twice a Sunday for three years past he has attended divine service, and learnt that since the God-man lived on earth a human life, humanity is sacred and cannibalism is an outrage.

## White Victims.

The year 1901 was marked by a heavy roll of victims to cannibalism. Whether the number exceeded those of the previous year may be questioned. Each year, at any rate, we know better what is going on. Still, the fact that there were four white victims marked last year unenviably.

In February a party of diggers were making their way inland to the Yodda gold field, over some desperate country that experience alone can help one to realize, when they were cut off by a crowd of savages. Two were killed and eaten; another, a German, got away, but died a day or two afterward of exhaustion. The remains of the unfortunate men were found, and a party of their mates went out into the district and made horrible reprisals.

In April, on Easter Day, the "Queen of Seasons," James Chalmers, who for twenty-seven years had risked the dangers of missionary work among savage tribes, made his last attempt to win a wild district for civilization and the Prince of Peace, and the brave old Christian warrior met a similar fate with one white companion and twelve native helpers. The government had to treat the matter as they would the murder of peaceful settlers, and the expedition, being attacked by the cannibals, hammered them severely and burnt their villages.

I need not describe the other instances of cannibalism that occurred last year, except to say that I have in my possession the lower jaw bone of a boy of fourteen or fifteen, who was killed and eaten not more than three miles from the coast in September last. When brought to me it had still portions of flesh adhering to it. This happened some forty miles from our nearest mission station, and caused me special regret, because I had fixed upon that very place for our next extension, and had we established ourselves there a year ago that poor lad would be living now in peace and security. Objectors to missions, please take notice.

## Just a Bad Habit.

But why do these cannibal feasts take place? Is it pure savagery, or is it a natural craving for animal food, which cannot be satisfied in any other way? I would offer an opinion on this subject with considerable diffidence. It is, in fact, not easy to get materials for a definite conclusion at all.

When natives are in the cannibalistic state we are not sufficiently in touch with them to know their language and discuss it thoroughly. By the time we are able to converse fluently with them they have abandoned the practice, and when this habit is once given up I know nothing that the Papuan is so soon ashamed of, and, being ashamed of, does not care to discuss.

Besides, he is not accustomed to think out the reasons for doing a thing, and probably never had a reasoned reason, or thought why he did it, till we asked him. All we can get out of the villager, in answer to the question why he eats man, is such replies as: "It's flesh." "It's very good," or "It's our custom."

I think myself the consuming of the victim slain in the raid is the natural consequence of the raid. Tribes raid one another largely to take compensation for lives killed in a previous raid. "A life for a life" is the New Guinean all over, and as the balance is never kept quite level there is always an account to be paid off. Apart from this obligation, I believe the New Guinea savage regards as a change from the monotony of agriculture. The people in that island are not nomadic tribes, but live a fairly settled life in villages, and grow all their own vegetable food.

## Child Cannibals.

The Papuan rebounds from severe agriculture and goes on a raid. Having raided and killed, he consumes, as a natural consequence, because the "flesh is very sweet." He eats it as he would eat pig.

It is smoked on the fire and dismembered just in the same way. Then it is wrapped round in green leaves and tied up with vine, and carried home in little parcels on poles. The pole is balanced on the man's shoulder, and the little bundles decorate the pole on each side of the man's shoulder. The boys and girls eat it at once. Their parents put it before them, and they really do not inquire if it is pig or man. They eat it just the same. This, I suggest, is the true view of the horrid practice of cannibalism.

The idea that it is due to the natural craving for flesh meat is not borne out by my New Guinea experience, for the river district, where cannibalism is most prevalent in that land, is the area where native pig does most abound. The rivers have only to be somewhat flooded, and the pigs are driven on to the higher ground, where they are easily speared. I have heard of one part of the coast where only the arms and legs of human victims were eaten, but I have had no means of investigating this report.

As a Christian missionary, I would draw what seems to me the obvious conclusion that Christian missions in such a land as British New Guinea are powerful aids to the cessation of bloodshed and cannibalism, and on humanitarian and imperial ground, apart from any other, deserve far more general respect, not to add support, than they receive.

## INVESTIGATING NATURALIST.

"What a wondrous thing is the bee," wrote the eminent naturalist, who was dashing off a magazine article. Then he went out and stirred up the hive in order to see how the bees acted.

The following week he wrote the next sentence in his article, which was:

"We should be glad that a mule cannot kick as hard in proportion to its size as the bee does"—Baltimore American.

## HOW A JOCKEY LIVES.

## FACTS ABOUT HIS DIET, HIS TRAINING AND HIS LONGEVITY.

[Tit. Bits:] It is a popular fallacy, a well-known Newmarket trainer remarked to the writer recently that a jockey has to abuse his constitution to a great extent during the racing season, in order to keep his weight within the proper limits. This idea, however, is a somewhat exaggerated one. For while a jockey has to be very careful regarding what he eats and drinks, so that he may not acquire a superfluity of flesh, and take certain measures to keep his weight down, he by no means starves himself, as many people imagine. To deny himself proper sustenance would only result in him breaking down altogether after a short while and being totally unfit to ride.

In studying his diet a jockey has to consider two chief points. He has always to be sure that his food is of the very best quality, and that, while it is good for the constitution, its flesh-forming properties are practically nil. A jockey, for instance, will eschew such things as puddings and pastries, soups, pork, beef and other fattening foods, and will drink very little of anything, seeing that all liquids have a tendency to make one put on flesh.

But if he has to avoid such foods he finds quite as much pleasure and enjoyment in others, which do him just as much good and, at the same time, keep him in proper condition. A jockey who has a race coming off in a few days and who is pretty fit—that is to say, has no fear of going on the course over weight—will not stint himself in the way of mutton chops, tea, toast, flat fish, certain fruit, wine, and, in fact, anything which he thinks will agree with him.

It is only those jockeys who rapidly put on flesh in the off season, or during the intervals between the races, who adopt a strict régime of living. Then it is that they sometimes "put the muzzle on," to use a popular racing phrase. That is to say, they live on little or nothing for a few days previous to a certain race in order to get rid of all superfluous flesh and bring themselves down to the weight at which they have to ride.

On several occasions I have known jockeys who were particularly anxious to ride in certain races, but who were perhaps as much as six or seven pounds too heavy, to reduce that weight in almost as many days. It is then, of course, that they have to practically starve themselves, living on as little as they possibly can, and trying to reduce their weight by means of certain sweating exercises. But a jockey always knows how far to go, so to speak, and never abuses his constitution too much.

Walking and running are the two favorite exercises among jockeys who wish to keep their weight down. They usually wrap themselves in sweaters and other warm clothing, no matter how hot the weather may be, and go for a seven or eight mile walk or run, until the perspiration literally pours off them. Many also indulge largely in Turkish baths and wear excessive clothing when going for a gallop.

But it must be remembered that in the majority of cases our jockeys are naturally of somewhat puny physique, and it is probable that if they did indulge themselves in the matter of eating and drinking they would not put on a great deal of flesh or grow much bigger; you often see jockeys at Epsom, Newmarket, or Ascot, after a race enjoying a big dinner with as much gusto as any other men would do after a good day's sport.

It is always the smartest and smallest stable lads, who are serving their apprenticeship, who are given trials in races, and if they meet with any success, or have a little influence behind them, they are able to become regular jockeys and start earning money. A jockey does not train a great deal with the horse he is to ride in a race. The stable lads attend to its exercise generally, under the superintendence of the head trainer. The jockey attends to himself as much as possible, although, at the same time, he has to become acquainted with the horse he is to ride.

How long does a jockey last? That greatly depends on who he is and the success he meets with. On an average, however, most jockeys who have a fair amount of luck with their mounts ride from ten to twelve years. They then usually retire and invest their money in some sort of business, such as a public house or good hotel property. I know many jockeys who have done this. It is rather difficult to say what they earn as a rule, seeing that fees vary somewhat. In minor races the fees are generally five guineas for riding a winner, three guineas a loser, and two guineas for riding a trial. But in the big races the jockeys receive much larger remuneration, not to mention gifts from lucky backers. It is by no means uncommon for some of them to make as much as £2000 and £3000 a year. The winner of the Derby seldom receives less than £1000 from the owner of the horse.

## THE DEER AND THE NOVELIST.

Robert W. Chambers, author of "Cardigan," has been having some opportunities for good sport lately, of which he availed himself in the following manner:

Scene: The forests of a Southern State. Time: The present. Dramatis personae: Mr. Chambers and a Sporting Friend.

Mr. Chambers (sotto voce:) Hush! What's that? Sporting Friend (raising his gun:) Sh—sh—sh!

Mr. Chambers (raising his gun:) Sh—sh—sh! A buck two-pronged buck—and a doe. Gad, what beauties!

The deer pose prettily before the admiring hunters a minute, then scamper like rabbits through the underbrush.

Mr. Chambers (heaving a sigh of satisfaction;) Why didn't you shoot?

Sporting Friend (beaming with pleasure:) Why didn't you?

Mr. Chambers (blushing:) Why, you know, I—I—I, why, gad, I can't shoot a deer when it looks at me like that.

Sporting Friend (turning very red:) The deuce you can't! Well, do you know, that's just the case with me, old chap.

They shake hands cordially and, wreathed with smiles, proceed on their way with guns reversed and cameras in hand.—[Unidentified.]

notable Boulevard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression on all of us. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

## CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times does not undertake to answer, either in this department or by mail, inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects, of public interest, will receive attention in these columns. It should be remembered that matter falls in the Magazine section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication.]

## The Pomelo.

**A**SUBSCRIBER writes: "Now that grape fruit is so rapidly coming into favor again, will you please comment on its qualities, beneficial or otherwise?"

The Times has several times referred to the virtues of the pomelo, or grape fruit, in this department, and there is nothing new to say on the question. However, for the benefit of those who have not seen previous articles, a few further words may not be out of place.

Of all the varieties of the citrus family, known to man, the pomelo, undoubtedly, is entitled to the highest place. For use in a medicinal way, the entire fruit, peel, seeds and all, should be sliced up, put into a pitcher, and covered with about a quart of boiling water, then allowed to stand until it is cold, when a tumbler full of the liquid should be taken in the morning, before each meal, and at night. This will be found an excellent stomachic, a fine stimulant to the appetite, and, to some extent, a substitute for quinine, in malaria and fevers.

For a pleasant summer drink, an excellent plan is to squeeze the juice of half a pomelo in a tumbler, and then fill it up with carbonated distilled water, from a siphon. The normal appetite will crave no sugar with this drink. The ordinary method of eating grape fruit, plastered over with sugar, neutralizes most of its medicinal effects.

## California Health Resorts—Idyllwild.

**C**ONSIDERING that Southern California is, and has been for many years, a Mecca for health-seekers from all parts of the United States, and even from foreign countries, it is somewhat remarkable that so little should, so far, have been done to supplement the advantages which nature has given us, in the shape of an unrivaled climate, by establishments where invalids may receive all needful care and attention, in accordance with the most approved principles of modern hygiene.

In Europe there are hundreds—nay, thousands—of such places, many of them, like the noted baths of Carlsbad, to which reference was recently made in this department, having become celebrated all over the world, attracting every year thousands of patients from the most distant parts of the earth. In Europe, the invalid may have the choice of almost any variety of "cure" that has been thought of. There are mineral waters, for the alleviation of almost every phase of ailment, hot and cold mineral baths, diet cures, whey cures, grape cures, and a great variety of other kinds of establishments, where nature is assisted in throwing off disease.

Here, in California, nature has certainly done much for us, in preparing the way for such establishments, which in Europe bring millions of dollars every year into circulation. We have a long stretch of seashore, where surf bathing may be indulged in every day of the year, by those who are fairly strong, with hot salt water baths in a few places for the less vigorous. On the other side, are the pine-covered mountains, where the pure air of high altitudes brings new color to the faded cheek. Then, in between, are many places where healing waters bubble up from the earth. Some of these springs have acquired something of local reputation, and are visited by many Southern Californians and a few strangers during the summer months, but, with one or two exceptions, the accommodations at these places are crude, and little effort has been made to provide comforts and conveniences for invalids, who in many cases are willing to pay liberally for what they want. At the seaside, scarcely any effort has been made to cater to other than pleasure-seekers, and the same is true of the mountains.

The first pretentious effort to establish a health resort on a large, scientific and up-to-date basis was started about a couple of years ago, when the California Health Resort Company was organized, with a capital of \$250,000, the ninety stockholders being principally physicians, and numbering in their ranks a majority of the prominent medicoes of Southern California. A tract of nearly 5000 acres was purchased on San Jacinto Mountain, in Riverside county, embracing what is known as Strawberry Valley, which for many years has been a favorite camping resort for people living in the warm plains below. This valley is a mile above sea level, or, to be exact, 5250 feet. The valley is covered with timber, many of the trees being large, pine, cedar and live oak predominating. The scenery is grand and picturesque, resembling that of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. There are numerous springs of pure water on the property, and several streams that never run dry. At this altitude, the air is much drier than in the lower land, near the coast, the difference in relative humidity between Idyllwild and Los Angeles amounting probably to 50 per cent. As is well known, in diseases of the lungs, the dry air is an essential requisite. The question of humidity is of far greater importance than that of temperature. For this reason, consumptives have for many years been sent to the higher regions of Switzerland and Colorado during the winter months. The tract is surrounded by a United States forest reservation of 734,000 acres, so that it can never be contaminated from the outside. Back of the valley towers Mount San Jacinto, one of the highest mountains in Southern California, with an altitude of about eleven thousand feet. The altitude of Strawberry Valley is very similar to that of several of the most noted health re-

sorts of Switzerland. For instance, Davos, a favorite resort for consumptives, is 5105 feet above the sea. In that latitude there is, however, much more snow, although in winter and sometimes in the early spring months a considerable amount of snow falls at Idyllwild, as the new resort is called.

About a year ago the sanitarium at Idyllwild, containing fifty rooms, was opened. It is a neat, attractive and cheerful wooden building, fitted with every modern convenience, including electric lights, hot and cold water baths, and so forth. There are wide verandas all around the building, where invalids may rest in the sun or shade, according to the hour of the day. In the building every comfort has been made to maintain perfect hygienic conditions. The floors are bare, except for a few rugs. The bedsteads are all of iron and brass. There is no paper on the walls. Every time a guest leaves, the room is thoroughly cleaned and fumigated, the bed clothing is all boiled, and the tableware is also boiled after each meal. There are no cupboards in the sanitarium, except in the toilets, and no expectoration is allowed around the place. Each consumptive guest is furnished with a small pocket flask, of which there are several patterns, to use for expectoration. These are collected every morning, emptied and thoroughly boiled and disinfected. There is a corps of trained nurses and a resident physician.

The system followed at this institution is similar to that which has become popular during the past few years at several German institutions for the treatment of consumptives, where the results have attracted much attention among physicians throughout the world. It involves a combination of the fresh-air cure, which has come into such vogue of late, and a copious diet, the patient being urged to eat as much as possible, the idea being that he should assimilate sufficient nourishment over and beyond the everyday needs of the body to compensate for the waste that has been caused by the disease. Under the influence of the constant breathing of pure air, night and day, it is astonishing what a large amount of food these consumptives can consume. In addition to the three regular daily meals, they are served with fresh milk twice daily, at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Under this system, some of them have made remarkable gains in weight within a short time.

The patients live practically in the open air, the windows of the bedrooms never being closed. In addition to the sanitarium building, there are around it, under the trees, a number of neat cottages and tents, the inmates taking their meals at the hotel, unless they are brought to them. The tents are left open at one side, a screen being placed before the bed.

Dr. McNeil, the resident physician, who takes a deep interest in the institution, states that the chief difficulty he has to contend with is in getting some patients to carefully follow the directions. It requires a considerable amount of will power and self-control to get back to nature, whose laws may have been violated for many years. It is, of course, much easier to take something with a high-sounding name out of a bottle, but then health is not regained in that way. The company has issued a circular, containing a number of excellent suggestions for invalids, a copy of which will be reproduced in this department next week.

This institution is an excellent thing for Southern California, in more ways than one, because it furnishes a place where consumptives, who would be a menace to those around them, may be properly cared for, with benefit to themselves and those whom they might infect. It would be a good thing if some of our architects would take a trip to Idyllwild, and get a few notes on the subject of hygienic building. The plumbing bill of the sanitarium, alone, amounted to more than \$10,000.

For those who are in good health, the company has established a pretty resort, about half a mile distant, so that the invalids may be kept by themselves, and not be interfered with by those who are simply "on pleasure bent." The trip to Idyllwild is made by train to Hemet, a four hours' trip, and thence by stage, with a careful driver, in four hours more, to the sanitarium. Invalids, who think they might not be able to stand the exertion of so long a trip, would do well to go down the previous day to Hemet, where there is a comfortable hotel, and proceed up the mountain on the following day. Full information in regard to the route, and so forth will be found in the advertising columns of The Times.

There is room in our mountains, at our mineral springs, and at the seashore for many other institutions of this kind, for the world is, unfortunately, full of invalids, and there is only one Southern California.

## Medical Schools.

**A** LOS ANGELES physician, who says he has been educated in both the allopathic and homeopathic schools of medicine, states that hospital statistics, both abroad and in this country, point to a slightly larger proportion of cures under homeopathic medication than under the allopathic system, and that this is particularly noticeable in mental and nervous diseases. He declines to give any opinion as to whether the cures are accomplished because "the less medicine the better" or because of any particular advantage of either system.

A good many unprejudiced and experienced observers will answer for him that the greater success which he says is achieved by the homeopathic system of medicine is doubtless due to the fact that they administer their remedies in such minute quantities as not to seriously interfere with the efforts of nature to throw morbid matter out of the system, and so cure the patient.

## Following Directions.

**S**OME curious stories are sometimes told in regard to the manner in which young nurses implicitly follow the letter rather than the spirit of the instructions given them by physicians. A story of a somewhat similar kind was recently told in regard to an old-time resident of Los Angeles, who had become bedridden, through paralysis of the lower limbs. He had all his life been addicted to a liberal use of distilled liquor, and consequently, when the doctor permitted him only two drinks of whisky daily, mixed with a little medicine, the occa-

## Cut Price Sale of

C. D. F.

A Great  
Sale Price, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next Week—Mr. Ralph StaTHE IDOL INDU  
EXTENSIVE BUSINESS WITH  
AGENCIES.

[London Answers:] In the capital there is established a firm of its kind—whose chief business are strange "gods" are made of bone and cork. The firm has agents in East Africa, from the Natal coast to the Zanguebar; but it is in the north of the country where fetishism is most popular. The Zanguebar firm transacts the chief business.

It has also a branch in the Senegal, which embraces Coomassie, Abomey, Lome, Angora and Benguela, places mostly savages—carry on extensive trade and stones for gods.

Now, various sorts of savages have their gods, and chiefly their idols are crude hands. But a spirit of man has developed even in the savage breast.

"Let it not be assumed that the shortage of supply and the high price of steak is an evil. On the contrary, it is a probable blessing, could be raised to a price that would make it still be of good result, because it teaches those who depend almost entirely upon it their dietary and learn to enjoy many gods which they are now ignorant.

To many, especially in the cities, there are but three foods—meat, potatoes and bread. The weary monotony of this program satisfied but indefinite longings for a widening of appetite and surely affect spirits and laborer goes to his work filled with meat, meat, meat.

At noon he finds cold meat and bread in a dinner pail and at night he is confronted by meat, potatoes, sometimes separate, sometimes combined, greasy stew, sometimes chopped into hash. This thing fills him, but in a finer sense it can be said to feed him. Physicians have discovered that meat and unchanging diet lowers vitality and health.

"At such a time as this, when prices have been so high by the wholesale dealers that retailers are buying by dozens because the masses can no longer afford meat, there is a chance to find what things it contains which are at least as digestible as beef.

It is a wide range of sea food, farinaceous products served in a hundred forms, as well as bread, meat, vegetables, how seldom does the housekeeper give them to them.

A hearty and sustaining meal can be had from a vegetable soup, followed by potatoes, onions, parsnips, egg plant, with two or three kinds of bread, then by asparagus, spinach or dandelion, afterward by a fresh and cooling salad, as of lettuce, beans or tomatoes, then by cheese, pudding, fruit, coffee. Meat eating is largely a habit, and to some it is a habit acquired with difficulty. If it is a table, fruit and constructions made of flour and eggs are added, butter, cheese and milk, a range becomes possible that makes one independent of food. It can do no harm to those who consider themselves forced to economize in the matter of meat, experiment with these other foods. They will find themselves the gainers in health, as well as pocket."

The menu referred to would not be "hearty" unless the cheese should be made the main dish, and then that, as well as the fruit, should be as a main course of the meal, not at the end. This meal would not contain sufficient protein to the ration. The writer should have added to it fare one of the valuable pulses—beans, peas or beans, also nuts, all of which are highly nutritious, more so, indeed, than meat, pound for pound.

The following article on the same subject in American Medicine:

"The lessened consumption of meat is a good thing, unless the cheese should be made the main dish, and then that, as well as the fruit, should be as a main course of the meal, not at the end. This meal would not contain sufficient protein to the ration. The writer should have added to it fare one of the valuable pulses—beans, peas or beans, also nuts, all of which are highly nutritious, more so, indeed, than meat, pound for pound.

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[June 15, 1902.]

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## Illustrated Magazine Section.

THE IDOL INDUSTRY.  
AN EXTENSIVE BUSINESS WITH MANY FOREIGN AGENCIES.

[London Answers:] In the capital of the Sultan of Zanzibar there is established a firm of traders—the only one of its kind—whose chief business is dealing in idols. These strange "gods" are made of ivory, brass, wood, iron and cork. The firm has agents scattered throughout East Africa, from the Natal coast right away to Zanzibar; but it is in the north of this particular territory where fetishism is most popular, and it is there that the Zanguebar firm transacts the greater part of its god-dealing business.

It has also a branch in the Senegambia part of Africa, which embraces Coomassie, Abomey, Benin, Loango, Oape, Angola and Benguela, places where the natives—most savages—carry on extensively the worshiping of gods and stones for gods.

Now, various sorts of savages have various kinds of gods, and chiefly their idols are crude images, fashioned by crude hands. But a spirit of modern enterprise has bridged even in the savage breast, and the custom of the savage making his own fetish, or god, which has been observed from time immemorial, is now giving place to the newer method of buying idols in the cheapest market; hence the reason for the Zanguebar idol-dealing firm coming into existence.

They are ready to supply to the savage tribes gods great and small, loving or warlike, made of paper, wood, or ivory, or the most precious metal, on terms which pay them and please their dusky customers. And no credit is given, and no risk is run in worthless cheques or bank notes, for the bill is paid in the local territorial currency—namely, in yams, bananas, rice, palms, maize, beans, nuts and beans; or in gold metal, palm oil, ivory, gums and cowries, or in cattle or slaves. This merchandise is converted into money in the capitals.

Some of the idols are dreams of first-class workmanship, for the Zanguebarians have imported workmen from various parts of the world, whose whole labors are expended on the monsters upon which the poor savages look with eyes of tenderness and veneration. Ivory and certain of the wooden gods are principally made on African territory—those of the cheaper kinds—but the more pretentious and expensive gods are made in France, Germany and England, in factories the existence of which nobody on this side of the world has hitherto ever dreamed.

In the heart of the metropolis of the Midlands is the English factory; there is another at Nimes, in France; and one at Gries, in Germany.

The orders are sent direct to these establishments from Zanguebar, so that there is need for no surprise if their existence is unknown. The business is unique, since it has no competitors and nobody traveling about Europe for orders.

The very best of the idols come from the English factory, since it is situated in the world's center for hardware and nickel stuff, and where gold and silver articles are made every week by the thousand, and where the greater bulk of the world's metallic production is concentrated.

The tribes of the Senegambian district of Africa believe that every misfortune proceeds from, and can only be averted by, their gods, so that in order to propitiate them the poor misguided souls have their fetishes or gods made in rich metals; that is the general practice. A chief will readily pay 500 barrels of palm oil (260 lbs.) for the native fetish, which may consist of a golden monster in the shape of a fiendish head with eight eyes, or a serpent with three heads fixed to a long pole of ivory.

The Solomon Island tribes do not usually erect their gods in the open; they are placed inside the houses, and are monstrosities of the more sober sort than those of most tribes. The gods are fishes, snakes and birds. The natives are good customers of the god merchants, who receive from them for an ornamental fetish fish, the outlines of which are foreign to the naturalist, perhaps two or three crocodiles, or a batch of fifty parrots, each parcel being worth about £25, while for a carved ivory bird, which resembled more of a dog than a bird, diamond and gold nuggets to the value of £250 settled the bill of King Benjarmassin of Molucca.

The European-made gods cost any sum from £50 to £100.

In the valley of the Mombas there is in every village what is called a sacred house, which contains, among various objects, many priceless treasures, though hardly any things in the way of idols. The natives call them "Thanga," and they consist of human heads fastened on a pole, with precious stones and gold and silver bars or plates ingeniously inserted in the face, figures of men and alligators of the most outrageous description, but nevertheless made of gold and smoothed in precious stones, and knucklebones of various animals encased in glittering frames composed of diamonds.

Most of these fetishes are made to order in Birmingham, not three hundred yards from Broad street, which city lies next to the East African, Congo, Gaboon, and other tribes hundreds of idols.

There are hundreds of gods worshiped by savages, there being at least one for every conceivable happening known to humanity, and they range in size from one inch to a hundred feet high. The strangest god of all is "Kintaka," who is the terror and the love at the same time of the Gaboon blacks. He looks like an ordinary morsel, judging by the quantity of feathers and old rags with which the body is dressed up. As a matter of fact, however, the great god, which stands some nine feet high, is made—principally at Nimes, in France—out of solid cobblestones of gold, and though the carving is hideously done, yet is so beautifully done as to warrant the bill coming to, as a rule, one thousand guineas.

The traders are paid with ivory—enormous tusks weighing from one hundred to over two hundred pounds, and fetching in the wholesale market from £50 to £70 per hundredweight.

Of course the business comes to the traders in a very honest way. None of the minor chiefs get to hear

of the white man—the traders' traveler—being in the district. This astute individual has already seen the witch doctor—the creature who rules the tribe, so to speak—and has prevailed upon him to provide the tribe with a brand-new god.

Business on "equitable terms" is done. The savage buys a "palaver," at which he declares the "gods" want propitiating, and this, of course, takes the form of a new god.

Another way is to steal quietly into the sacred grove of a native village and set up an idol unobserved. When the natives see it they are paralyzed and wonder how it got there. The first act is to fall down and worship it. The trader comes along, makes explanations, and leaves the village enriched with a quid pro quo in precious stones, metals, shells or slaves.

Either of the gods "Siahmantin" or "Sasubonsum" is made of ivory, and both stand six feet high. They are the most hideous-looking creations you could possibly imagine, the former having five great eyes bulging forward, and four lips, with horns projecting from the side of the head; while the latter is a bull's head, with six eyes as round as saucers and a capacious mouth. These two are the most malignant of all the gods of the poor savages, and the latter spend half their lives in propitiating them. In ivory they cost about £500 apiece, which amount is paid in ostrich feathers, gums, hides, and the other forms of local currency already mentioned.

## THE VIOLET.

Half hidden in a wealth of leaves  
The modest violets lie,  
Perfuming every passing breeze,  
Blue as the bending sky;

Protected from the day's hot glare,  
Content to dwell unseen

In some secluded, shaded nook  
Unknown to flower queen.

The fair white lilies nod and smile  
On stems erect and tall  
And fragrant roses red and white  
Bloom on the garden wall;  
Carnations stand in lowly guise  
Of colors rich and rare  
And scatter spicy scents in clouds  
Of incense on the air.

Carnation, rose nor lily fair  
Possess th' subtle power  
To please with all its varied charms  
As the sweet violet flower.

When some wild storm casts them to earth  
Or falls the dashing rain  
More sweet the odors they exhale—  
Atonements made for pain.

Oft viewing them the years unroll  
And a vision will arise  
Of a half shy and graceful girl  
With tender violet eyes

Within a farmhouse white and high  
Among the orchard trees  
Where, through the golden summer days  
Are heard the birds and bees;

Where meadows stretch thin verdant lengths  
E'en to the forest wild  
Where th' dogwood bloomed by rugged paths  
Oft trodden when a child.

And, yet, she dwells amid these scenes  
Unmindful of the show  
And glitter of a noisy world,  
The swinging to and fro  
Of restless crowds—her heart attuned  
To Nature's moods, her ear  
Hears music in its varied themes  
Not all the world can hear.

When storms of grief swept o'er her path  
With hush and sullen roar  
More fragrant seemed her gentle life  
Than it had been before;  
And, so, it seemeth not unmeet  
When violets I see  
To think of that far-distant friend  
So near in memory.

RENA HOWARD.

## NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

A story is going the rounds as to Booker T. Washington's test of a gentleman, and it is to the following effect: He was a young man and a stranger in Boston. As he walked along the street, burdened with two heavy bags, he felt a hand slipped under his and one of the bags taken from him. The man who thus relieved him he learned to know afterward as Dr. Edward Everett

Hale. That was a good test, and the story is a good one—for Boston. But let us suppose that he had been staggering along with his load in New York and had felt a hand slipped under his own, relieving him of one of his bags, whose hand would that have been? Chauncey Depew's, Richard Croker's or whose? Would he have ever seen that bag again?—[Bridgeport Standard.]

## TOOTH TALK

No. 6.

## The Modern Medical Trend.

Somebody a good while ago said, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and everybody has been saying it ever since. Some years back medical science discovered that the original sayer of this old saying knew what he was talking about, and then began a new era in medicine. The present trend of medical progress is toward the prevention of disease, and results most marvelous are being accomplished. For particulars read the medical journals.

## The New Dentistry

Dentistry lagged. Dentistry has always lagged behind the medical profession. Lagging dentistry says: "I'll fill the cavity and the tooth will last a while, then when it's gone I'll bridge in an artificial one." The new dentistry, prophylactic dentistry, removes the cause of decay, fills the cavity, recommends proper care of the teeth and no more cavities come. Prophylactic dentistry is so exact a science that it does even more for the teeth than preventive measures in medicine have yet been able to do for the general health. The things that need to be done to keep the teeth in health are few and definite, and prophylactic dentistry does them all. Prophylactic treatment keeps the teeth white, firm and sound, prevents fillings coming out and the enamel wearing rapidly or chipping off, and cures all diseased conditions of the gums and mucous lining of the mouth. Prophylactic dentistry is the most economical because it really saves the teeth and costs no more than the best of the other kind.

## Bridge Work

There are two kinds of bridge work—good and bad. That that isn't altogether good is bad. I have no respect for inferior materials or inferior mechanical work in dentistry. Good materials are to be had by paying for them, and the old kind of dentistry is so wholly mechanical that there is no excuse for a dentist being less than an expert workman. I am not the only dentist who uses good materials and makes good bridge work, but I am the only dentist employing prophylactic science in preparing the root to which the bridge is attached. Another distinctive feature is my system of special adaptation of the crown to the root. This is important because it insures so perfect a fit that no place is afforded for the accumulation of food and the propagation of bacteria beneath the margin of the gums. I have seen many a crowned root utterly destroyed as a result of bad adaptation and consequent decay. My gold crowns are heavier than those commonly made, which insures greater strength and durability of bridge work. I am also able to crown a great many roots that others would have to extract, because I make twenty styles of crowns and every root can be suited.

## Consultation

Let me examine your teeth and tell you what prophylactic dentistry can do for them. Will also tell you the cost of work needed.

## Walter T. Covington, D. D. S.

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First Entrance North of Christopher's.

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Makes good complexions perfect and bad complexions good. Does all that a cream should do, and nothing that should not be done. Beautifies instantly, removes wrinkles and blemishes, and keeps them removed.

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[June 15, 1902.]

## Illustrated Magazine Section.

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fort, whether the patient is a confirmed  
drinker or drunkard. Impos-  
sible to be imbibed. No  
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Temperance Union, Los Angeles,  
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need of medical treatment to aid us in our  
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modate all.

an & Stores  
244 S. Broadway.

One lady, who was forty-eight years old, protested  
vigorously against giving or receiving a kiss; another,  
who was about the same age, said, "Yes, you may kiss  
me, but you must do it in a gentlemanly manner." Such  
was one of the ways in which proposals are made.

## DRESS IN AFRICA.

SOME VIEWS OF AFRICANS ON THE CLOTHES  
THE WHITE MEN GIVE TO THEM.

[New York Sun:] They tell in West Africa of a fine  
old fellow, a convert to Islam, who came into one of the  
settlements of the Sierra Leone one day with his son,  
who both were astonished by the appearance of a civil-  
ized native arrayed in a swallow-tail coat, a tall silk hat  
and a standing collar. Turning to his son the astonished  
old man said:

"Look here, boy, if you ever forget Islam and become  
Roman (Christian) you may come to look like that."

Every now and then lantern slides are shown in our  
churches and Sunday-schools of the boys and girls at  
mission stations in tropical Africa togged out in clothing  
such as the American boys and girls wear in a far  
sicker climate. Somehow the little things in their un-  
accustomed garb do not look comfortable.

The New Africa, published in Liberia, said recently  
that among the natives of the interior one of the most  
effective arguments against Christianity is the European  
dress. The educated blacks in West Africa are begin-  
ning to protest against the practice of introducing Eu-  
ropean clothing among the natives.

The Weekly News of Sierra Leone recently asserted  
that the health of many of the young women along the  
coast was being impaired on account of the notion they  
had imbibed that it is pretty to have a small waist.  
The writer assures the women that they cannot expect  
to escape the perils of childbirth if they persist in tight  
living. He adds: "The forms of our aboriginal women  
are beautiful. Many of them resemble in shape the  
classic statues that are seen in the European picture  
galleries. This is the shape of our aboriginal sisters  
who have no perils of childbirth."

Another article in the same newspaper said a while  
ago that out of every 1000 children born in Freetown  
60 die within the first year of their existence. The  
paper attributes this great mortality largely to the prac-  
tice of tight lacing among the women who wear Eu-  
ropean clothing.

## STATISTICS OF COURTSHIP.

SOME MYSTERIES ON HUMAN LIFE ON WHICH  
SCIENCE THROWS NO LIGHT.

[London Express:] To a foreign statistician the  
world is indebted for some very interesting data in re-  
gard to the most approved methods of courtship in civ-  
ilized countries. These data were compiled from dec-  
laring figures of love and the statistician obtained the fol-  
lowing figures: Eighty-one of the 100 men vowed that  
they could not live any longer without the adored ones;  
seventy-one held the ladies' hands in a tight grip; sixty  
kissed them on the lips, ten on the right hand; two on  
the tip of the nose and one on the shoulder; eighteen  
were so timid that they could hardly speak; twenty-  
six lost their eloquence through certain qualms of con-  
science; twelve said in deep chest tones, "Thank God,"  
and eight frankly admitted that they were "inexpress-  
ibly happy."

By studying the conduct of 100 men whose suits were  
rejected the statistician obtained the following equally  
interesting figures: Forty of them rushed in a frenzy  
out of the room; twenty-one said that the life henceforth  
had no more value in their eyes, and that they would  
commit suicide; fourteen became suddenly tongue-tied  
and irrational; six calmly resigned themselves to the in-  
evitable; five avowed their intention of immediately  
emigrating to America; three tore out some of their  
hair; two bit their lips till the blood came; one stuck  
his hands into his trousers pockets and whistled a pop-  
ular song; and another looked up toward heaven and  
began to say the Lord's Prayer.

Of the ladies, 87 per cent knew beforehand that the  
proposals were about to be made to them. Seventy of  
them sank, as though embarrassed, into the arms of the  
loved ones, and only four fell gently down on a chair or  
sofa. Fourteen covered their blushing faces with their  
hands; eight threw their arms passionately around the  
necks of the men; two said, "Please speak to mama,"  
and one sneered.

One lady, who was forty-eight years old, protested  
vigorously against giving or receiving a kiss; another,  
who was about the same age, said, "Yes, you may kiss  
me, but you must do it in a gentlemanly manner." Such  
was one of the ways in which proposals are made.

and received. The study is an interesting one in several  
ways, and should prove especially instructive to mem-  
bers of the fair sex.

## THE CORONATION FUR.

FACTS ABOUT THE STOAT WHICH FURNISHES  
ROYAL ROBES.

[London Express:] A few facts about the little animal  
whose skin is now in such great demand to make  
the coronation robes of the peers and peeresses re-  
splendent may not be uninteresting. The stoat, or, as  
it is generally called when in winter dress, the ermine,  
is a little creature much like a weasel, to which it is  
closely allied. The most marked difference between the  
two animals is the somewhat larger size of the former,  
while its tail retains the black tip when the rest of the  
coat changes its color to white.

It is only in winter time that the coat has the white-  
ness which makes the fur in such great demand, for in  
summer the color of the upper parts of the body is a  
dull mahogany brown, while the under parts are a pale  
yellow sulphur, in contradistinction to the pure white  
of the weasel. The average stoat is about 9½ inches in  
length, with a tail measuring about four inches. Like  
related species, the ermine is a very restless, brave and  
bloodthirsty little creature, and can both climb and  
swim well. These animals, which make their homes  
among rocks and stones, in walls and the like, are to be  
found in the northern regions both of Europe and  
America.

In all the more northern parts stoats invariably as-  
sume the well-known white winter dress which makes  
their fur so valuable an article of commerce. For in-  
stance, this change always takes place in the highlands  
of Scotland; but in the northern English counties, like  
Northumberland and Durham, though frequent, it is by  
no means universal. If we go further south the change  
of color becomes more and more rare, taking place only  
occasionally in counties like Cambridgeshire and Lin-  
colnshire, while in Cornwall and Hampshire it is almost  
unknown. Most scientists attribute the reason of the  
change of color to the effects of temperature, but others  
point out that the transformation has been known to  
take place in cases of captive specimens which have  
been continually kept in warm rooms.

## THE BAPTISM OF BELLS.

Bells were solemnly baptized like children—a custom  
which is still extant in the Roman church. This is probably  
not a primitive practice, and cannot be traced fur-  
ther back than the reign of Charlemagne. It is first  
distinctly mentioned in the time of Pope John XIII (988),  
when he gave his own name to the great bell of the  
Lateran church. Sleidan gives an account of the cere-  
monial to be observed. "First of all, the bells must be  
so hung that the bishop may be able to walk around  
them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low  
voice he minglest water and salt, and consecrates them,  
diligently sprinkling the bell with the mixture, both in-  
side and out. Then he wipes it clean, and with holy oil  
describes on it the figure of the cross, praying the while  
that when the bell is swung up and sounded faith and  
charity may abound among men; all the snarls of the  
devil—hall, lightning, winds, storms—may be rendered  
vain, and all unseasonable weather softened. After he  
has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim he forms  
seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within.  
The bell is censed, more psalms are to be sung, and  
prayers put for its welfare. After this feasts and ban-  
queting are celebrated, just as at a wedding."—[Gentle-  
man's Magazine.]

## A VOTING TELEGRAPH.

There is only one reference to mechanical voting in  
the thirteen reports on foreign Parliaments which have  
just been issued. This occurs in a memorandum on the  
subject of divisions in the Reichstag and Prussian Land-  
tag. As long ago as 1869 a motion was introduced in  
the Prussian lower house in favor of establishing a sys-  
tem called the voting telegraph, an electric invention  
designed by the firm of Siemens & Halske. Each mem-  
ber was to have at his place a handle to turn to right  
or left as he wished to vote "yes" or "no," and this han-  
dle could be turned only by the member to whom the  
seat belonged, each member being provided with a spec-  
ial key. The time for taking the votes of the lower  
house would according to this scheme have occupied  
less than two minutes. There were no practical ob-  
jections made to the machine, but it was rejected, partly

because no pressing need existed for shortening the divi-  
sions, and partly on account of the advantages of an  
oral process of voting.—[London Chronicle.]

## LONGEVITY OF DOGS.

The age to which a dog lives in the ordinary course is  
always a somewhat interesting subject, especially at the  
present time, when so much is done in the way of breeding  
for early maturity. For instance, we have both  
collies and fox terriers becoming bench champions be-  
fore they are well out of their puppyhood, but it is sad  
to say that in a majority of such cases the overshown  
dog afterward rapidly degenerates or dies an early death.  
A correspondent writes to the Field of the death of his  
fox terrier at the advanced age of eighteen years, having  
been born in 1884. He was either a son of a grand-  
son of Brookenhurst Joe, his late owner does not know  
which. This is, no doubt, a case of unusual longevity; but  
instances of dogs living to fourteen and fifteen years are  
common. Dr. Leeney records the death of a dog of Lord Ogilvie's at twenty-three years old, it arising  
from an accident; while W. L. Little-Geach about the  
same time mentioned two of his own dogs, one of which  
was then living hard on to twenty years old; the other had  
used when over that age. The well-known fox  
terrier Bedgrave Joe was born July 31, 1868, and died  
January 13, 1888, while another aged terrier was one  
of a working stamp which came from George Carter  
of the Bedale, born in January, 1880, and died February  
13, 1900. In several of the above well-authenticated  
cases of longevity death either arose from accident or  
was brought about by the owner owing to the growing  
feebleness of the poor creature. No mean can be struck  
as to the average age of the ordinary dog, but this  
might be taken at ten years as he is now.—[Pall Mall  
Gazette.]

## TO SHIP TONS OF HONEY.

Battle Creek, Mich., will not only supply the world  
with health foods, but honey as well. A stock com-  
pany is being organized to start an apiary on a mam-  
moth scale. A far mof 100 acres well adapted for the  
growing of white clover to furnish food for the bees.  
This, with what bees take from the flowers and other  
adjacent clover fields, is calculated to furnish food for  
the making of tons of honey.—[Detroit News.]

## NECESSITY OF WEARING GLASSES.

ARTICLE BY DR. C. C. LOGAN.

It is really dangerous to go to any ordinary optician or  
eye specialist for glasses as the human eye will accept  
the wrong glass at first easier than it will the right one,  
and because there are so many serious diseases of  
the eye which cause pain in and around the eyes, head-  
ache, blurring the vision, burning sensation when reading  
or in the sunlight, which need treatment and not glasses,  
and if neglected will often cause blindness.

If you need treatment they are as ignorant of the  
fact as any school child. Why? Because diseases of the  
eye is a scientific accumulative knowledge which has been  
handed down for several hundred years and which, like  
the law, requires a scientific education and experts to  
teach and interpret it to you. In the University of  
Vienna where they have the largest clinic and the best  
eye specialists in the world, the student must study the  
anatomy and physiology and diseases of the eye three to  
four years before they are allowed to study diseases of  
the eye and refraction under their famous eye specialists,  
and it takes months of hard work and study before you  
are able to discriminate between a diseased condition of  
the optic nerve, the retina, or an incipient cataract com-  
ing on the crystalline lens, or an error of refraction, and  
after diagnosing the disease, being able to apply just the  
right treatment.

Many chances of curing serious eye ailments are de-  
stroyed by going to some optician with your eyes who  
assures you that you need glasses when you do not.  
Any clerk in a jewelry, department or instrument store  
can get a diploma as a "graduate optician," "doctor of  
optics" or "doctor of ophthalmology and otology," in from  
one to three months from any optical college in America  
and call himself an optician, expert optician or eye spec-  
ialist without ever having been inside of a medical col-  
lege. An optician has to at least study diseases of the eye  
three to four years and graduate in medicine. All opticians  
calling themselves opticians without being M. D., are  
mere pretenders.

Dr. Logan of the Los Angeles Optical Co., 319 South  
Spring St., is the only optician in this city who has his  
office on the ground floor. He will save you \$5.00 to  
\$10.00 on the optician examination, and gives you the  
best glasses at a reasonable price.

notable Foulard silk sale ever held in California. We have many times substantiated our headquarters for the Pacific coast—but this great sale will leave an indelible impression in memory. Of all textiles used for gowns there are none so durable, so handsome or so stylish as

[June 11]

# NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND

*The man who drinks the first cup invariably wants the second. No two ways about Hawaiian Blend—good enough for every man 365 days of the year. One-pound packages at all grocers. Imported, roasted and packed by*

Newmark Bros.

Los Angeles, Cal.

**RICH AROMATIC DELICIOUS**

# RUBIDIUX CHOCOLATES



Summer  
... Girls

Who know good candy—and what summer girls do not?—know Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolates. The surest, safest, quickest line to the summer girl's heart is via the Rubidoux Chocolate route. Confectioners, druggists and grocers sell them everywhere you go. And they're the finest confection any dealer sells. 30c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.50 boxes. Rubidoux Chocolate Flakes 10c, 30c, 50c, and \$1 boxes.

Bishop & Company

Popular Purveyors to the Palates of the People.

**BISHOP & COMPANY**  
LOS ANGELES

Don't forget that  
the use of Puritas Dis-

tilled Water for the shampoo  
and toilet, brings back the lustre  
to the hair and softness to the skin  
that the alkaline city water has taken  
away.

The better toilet parlors in this city  
use and indorse Puritas. So do hundreds  
of careful women who use it in their  
homes and consider pure water a  
toilet requisite.

5 gallons, 30c. Phone  
Exchange 6, Ice &  
Cold Storage Co.

OS ANGELES THE  
TOMORROW and Wednesday  
Bargain Matinee Wednesday  
WARRIOR AND DAY  
66 "UNCLE"

PEOPLE ON THE STAGE—  
PEOPLE ON THE STAGE—  
"Uncle Tom," Grand  
Prices, 25c and 30c. Night  
Prices, 30c and 35c.

OS ANGELES THE  
ONE NIGHT ONLY—SPECIAL—  
Ex-Assistant

By Members of the  
Professional Football Association  
Last week—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday  
and Sunday Afternoons and  
Prof. SPOT'S

C HUTS—THEATRE  
THE GREATEST 5  
Last week—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday  
and Sunday Afternoons and  
Prof. SPOT'S

FAMOUS DIVING HORSE . . .

GREATEST OF ALL.

NEXT WEEK—PICK

Admission—10 cents. Ladies and Children  
Sunday and Holidays. CHILDREN FREE

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STRICH FARM—

125 GIO



"One of the strangest sights in the

ELECTRIC THEATRE  
TONIGHT and EVERY NIGHT  
FINISH. The greatest reproduction of the 20th Century. Program in

MEEHESY'S BIG CUP  
blankets, immense collection of

EXHIBIT—Sea Shells, natural wood novelties,  
Broadway or 544 S. Main St., where

FINEST FURS—Stored  
247 S. Broadway, opposite City

CAMPBELL'S—Established  
1890. Goods, including  
Goods, including

SUPERB ROUTES OF

TIME TABLE—

Trains leave Los Angeles:  
8:00 a.m., Redondo Ry.  
8:20 a.m., Santa Fe.  
10:15 a.m., Redondo Ry.  
10:10 a.m., Santa Fe.  
11:00 a.m., Redondo Ry.  
1:30 p.m., Santa Fe.  
2:00 p.m., Redondo Ry.  
2:30 p.m., Santa Fe.  
3:00 p.m., Redondo Ry.  
3:45 p.m., Redondo Ry.  
4:30 p.m., Redondo Ry.  
Returning trains leave the beach  
7:00 a.m., 7:40 a.m., 8:00 a.m.,  
8:20 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m.,  
2:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 5:30 p.m.,  
6:30 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:00 p.m.  
Sundays only.  
\* Wed. and Sat. only.

SANTA CATALINA  
Thrilling Electric

Next Sat.

NEW STEAMER

Rapturous music by our celebrated  
band allows three hours on Island  
same day. Four boats over Saturday  
meeting with train leaving Los Angeles  
from S. P. ARCADE DEPOT  
FROM SALT LAKE FIRST STOP

Trains  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC—11:30 a.m.  
SALT LAKE ROUTE—11:20 a.m.  
\* Sundays excepted. \* Saturdays only.

SHRINERS' DAY  
On MTS.

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A ride through the San Gabriel Mts.  
Aitadena over the most wonderful  
in the world to the summit, 5000 ft.  
All of Southern California at your  
Ticket Office 250 S. Spring St.

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\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. The